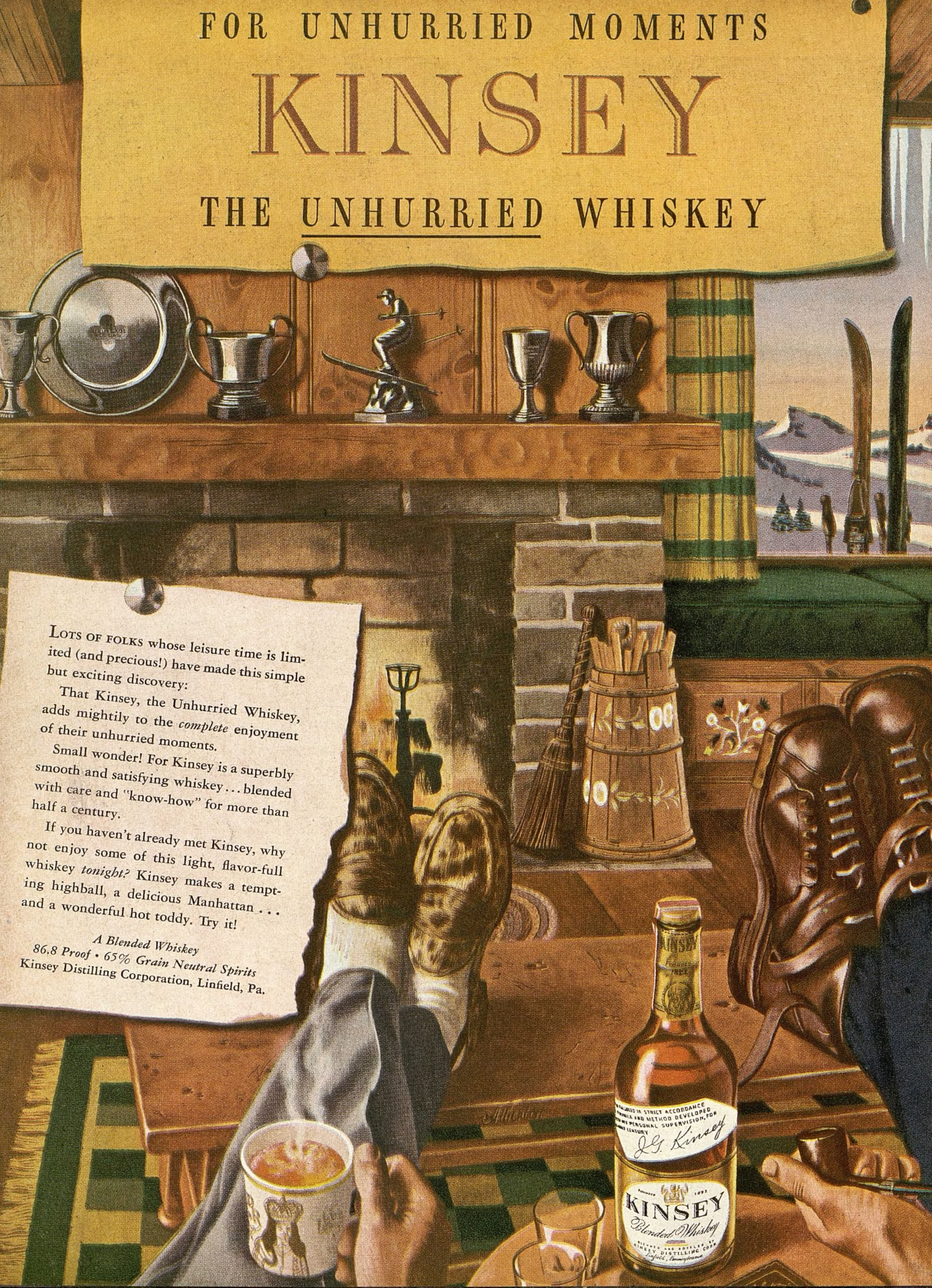
Liberty

NOV. 11, 1944 10c

Book: ISLAND IN THE SKY

A dramatic aviation novel

JESSE JONES on DISPOSAL OF GOVT. WAR PLANTS



FOR UNHURRIED MOMENTS

KINSEY

THE UNHURRIED WHISKEY

Lots of folks whose leisure time is limited (and precious!) have made this simple but exciting discovery:

That Kinsey, the Unhurried Whiskey, adds mightily to the *complete* enjoyment of their unhurried moments.

Small wonder! For Kinsey is a superbly smooth and satisfying whiskey . . . blended with care and "know-how" for more than half a century.

If you haven't already met Kinsey, why not enjoy some of this light, flavor-full whiskey *tonight?* Kinsey makes a tempting highball, a delicious Manhattan . . . and a wonderful hot toddy. Try it!

A Blended Whiskey
86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Kinsey Distilling Corporation, Linfield, Pa.

KINSEY
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KINSEY
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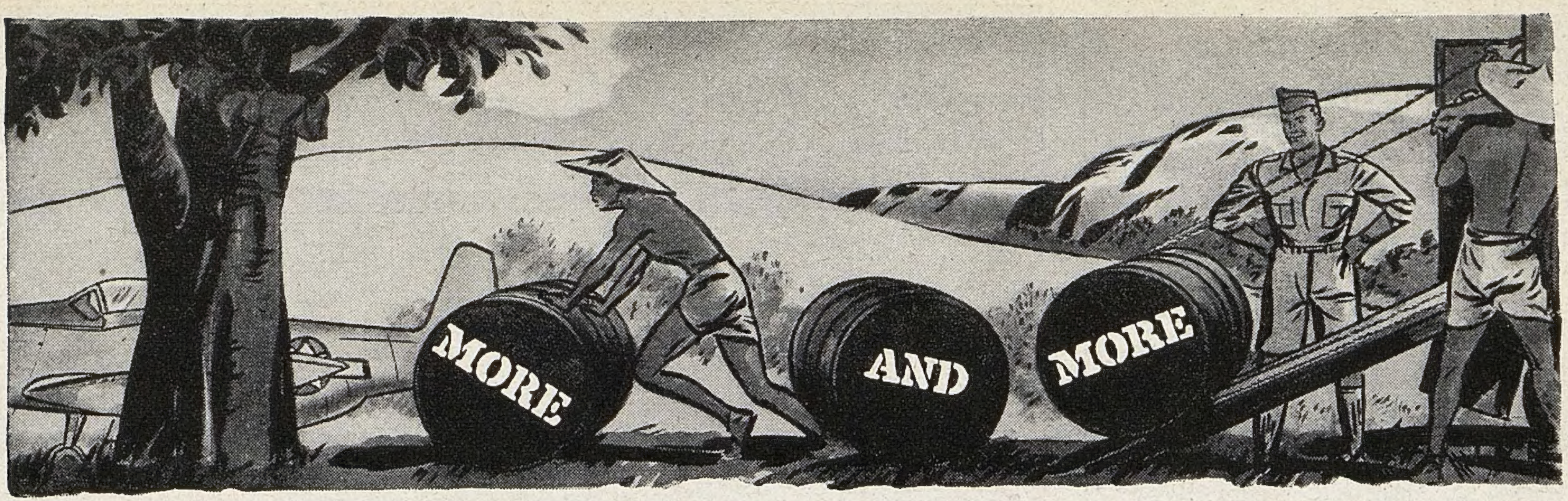

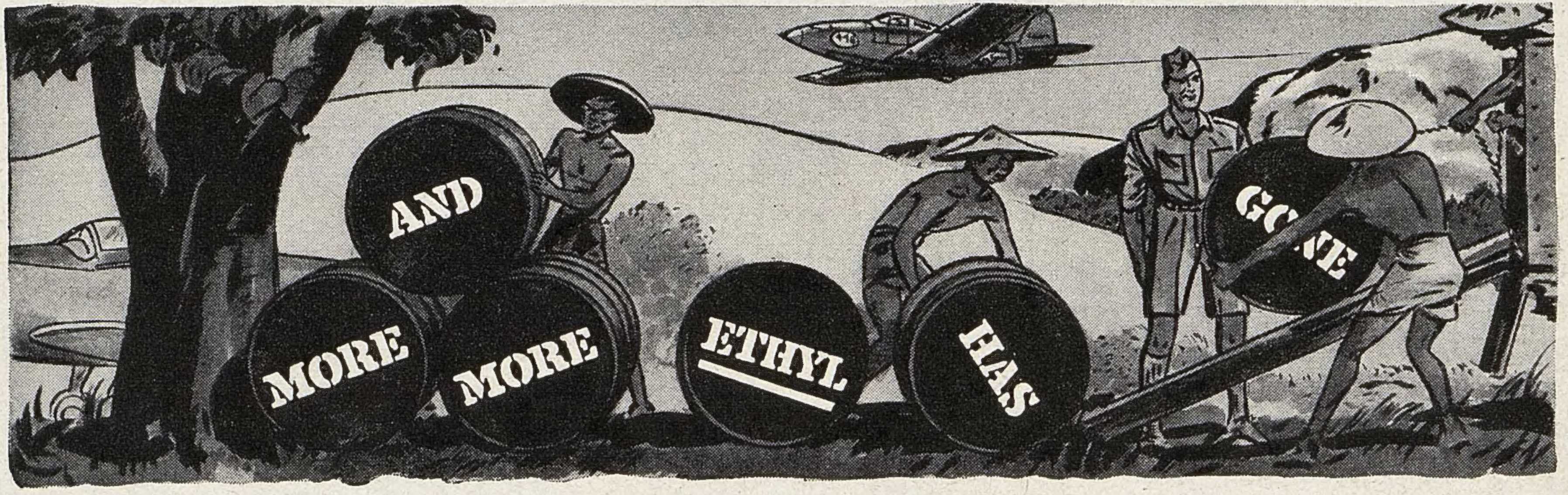

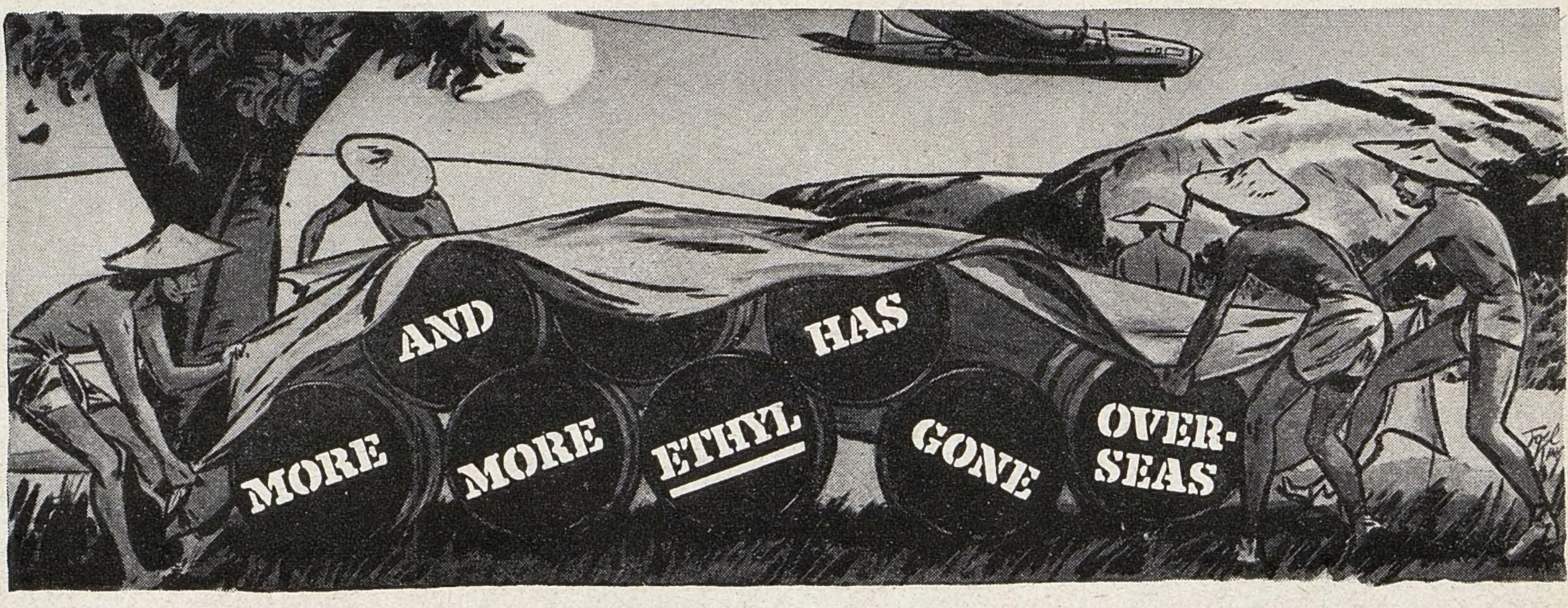

Even the collapse of Germany can't cancel military needs for high octane gasoline. Millions of gallons will be needed to finish the Japs . . . and in the Pacific the *quality*, as well as the quantity, of gasoline is of tremendous importance. Higher quality gasoline gives airplanes greater range, helps them carry bigger bomb loads over vast distances, lets them stay in the air longer to patrol huge areas.

That's why practically every gallon of fighting gasoline—aviation and motor — is improved with Ethyl fluid. Military gasoline quality comes first. And that's why government agencies have limited the quality and quantity of gasoline for your car.

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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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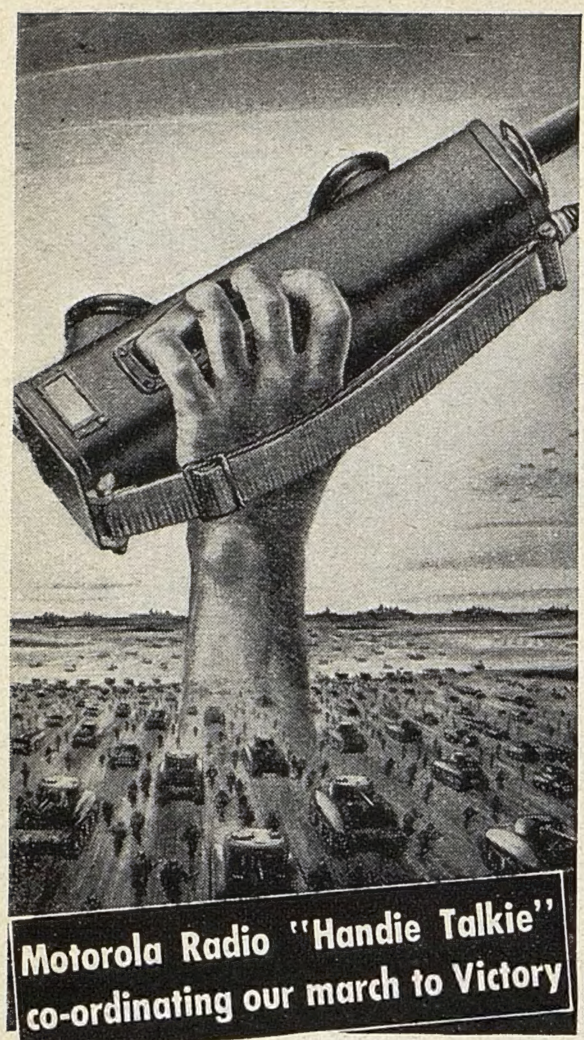
Motorola Radio "Handie Talkie"
co-ordinating our march to Victory

The story of every great Victory of our armed forces has been a story of teamwork... split-second timing and miraculously unified attack. Radio ties all combat arms together ... makes of them an irresistible team.

Motorola Radio Engineers have developed, built and delivered in great quantity such battle-famous radios as the "Handie Talkie", the "Walkie Talkie", the Cavalry Guidon Set, and the powerful two-way unit that moves on wheels.

There will be Motorola Radios soon again for your Home and Car. F-M, Television, other Electronic developments? You bet! Motorola will have them all!

LIKE THE "HANDIE TALKIE", THIS TINY PORTABLE WAS A NOTABLE MOTOROLA RADIO FIRST!

Thousands know the Motorola "Playboy" as the smallest, most powerful personal portable radio on the market. It plays richly, beautifully, on planes, trains, everywhere. The new post war Motorola "Playboy" will be a "Honey"!

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Cover: All the Comforts of Rome in a 19th Century Jeep!

(G. I.S JOSEPH BASILE, EDWARD BARANSWSKI, MIKE PORTANTIERI, AND GIRL FRIENDS, SNAPPED IN FRONT OF THE VICTOR EMMANUEL II MONUMENT)

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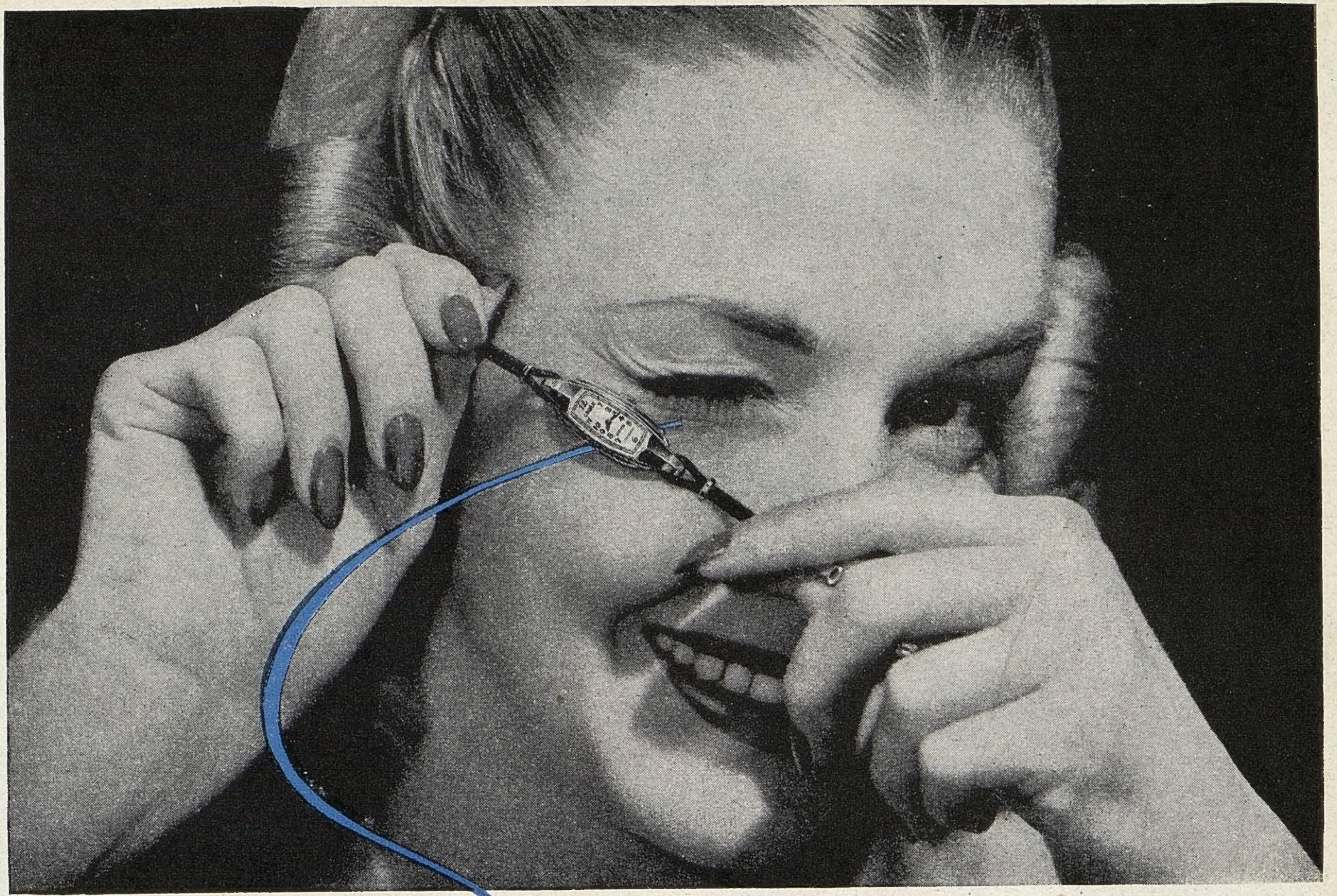
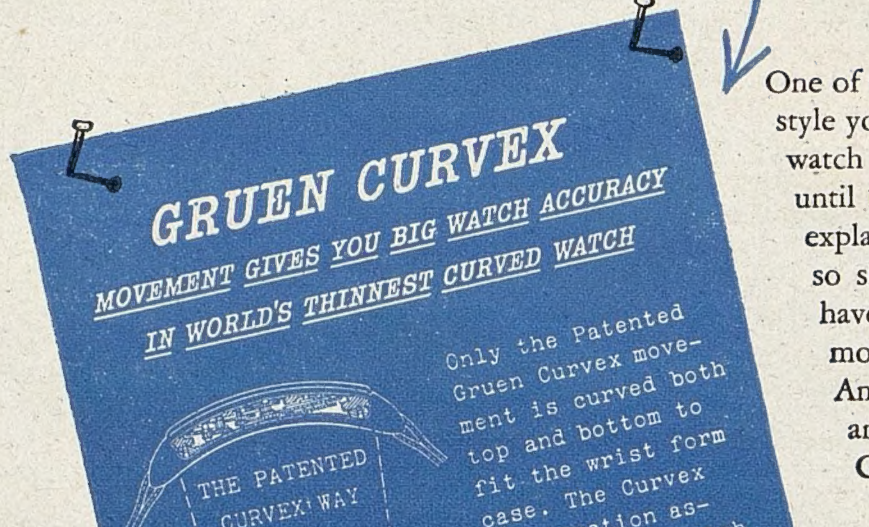
LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER



Precision is a millionth of a Wink!



GRUEN CURVEX

MOVEMENT GIVES YOU BIG WATCH ACCURACY IN WORLD'S THINNEST CURVED WATCH

Only the Patented Gruen Curvex movement is curved both top and bottom to fit the wrist form case. The Curvex construction assures pocket-watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.

An ordinary flat movement inside a curved case.

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. Patented U. S. Patent Nos. 1855952. Re. 20480, 2263330, and 2194452. Canadian Patent No. 370997. Copyright 1944 by The Gruen Watch Company.

One of the hardest things to find in a watch that has the thinness and style you want is—*precision!* This combination is so rare, that the watch that has it, the Gruen Curvex, is protected by patent until 1959 . . . A glance at the blueprint of the Gruen Curvex explains how "big-watch" accuracy has been built into a watch so slim, so beautifully curved that leading fashion designers have voted it "America's best-styled watch." It is just one more reason why Gruen has been the name for precision—and America's choice—since 1874 . . . To get the ultimate in style and precision, ask your Gruen jeweler to show you the patented Gruen Curvex or the equally famous patented Gruen Veri-Thin.

While we have been manufacturing large quantities of vital precision instruments for war we also continue to produce fine Gruen Watches for civilian use . . . but of course the demand for these watches far exceeds production possibilities today.

THE PRECISION WATCH

Illustrated above— Curvex Countess, 17-jewel Precision movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case . . $47.50. (Federal Tax included).

GruenWatches from $29.75 to $250; . . . with precious stones to $4,000. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. In Canada: Toronto, Ont.

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BUY A GRUEN WATCH, BUT
BUY A WAR BOND FIRST

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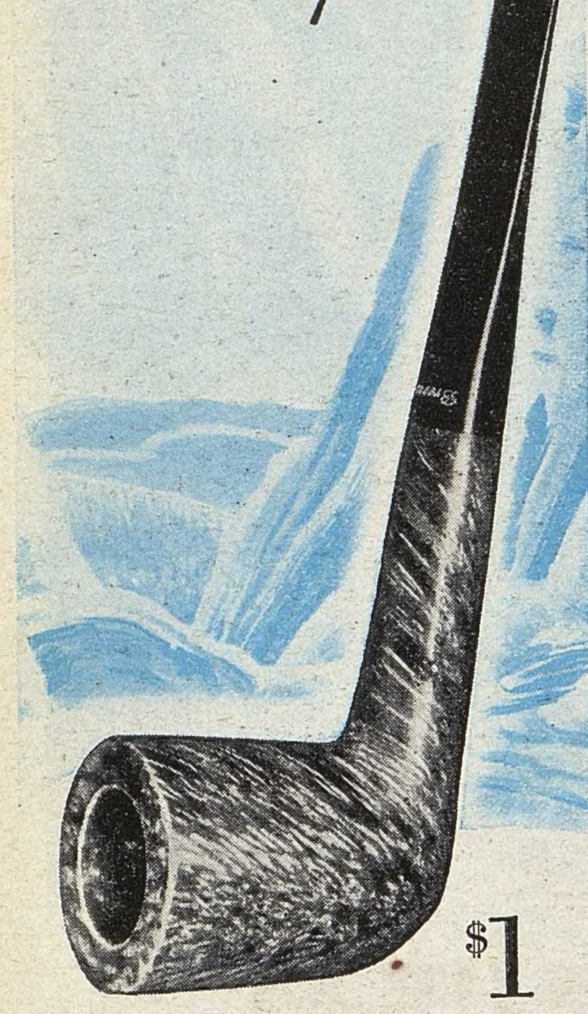
GRUEN . . . MAKERS OF THE PRECISION WATCH . . . AMERICA'S CHOICE SINCE 1874

The new
Breezewood
Pipe



$1

A Pipe from America for Americans—and very light in weight!

Found! deep in the Great Smoky Mountains, an uncharted virgin forest of great old pipe burl—and from it comes Breezewood, a pipe astonishingly light in weight, amazingly sweet-smoking! An American pipe, made from American burls—Breezewood is a nationwide success with pipe smokers everywhere! Buy one at your dealer's, enjoy this sweet-smoking pipe—today!

I GUESS IT WEIGHS 6 OUNCES
I GUESS 4 OUNCES
I GUESS 3½ OUNCES

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your Hands for Other Tasks
The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you whenever your hands are busy.

The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

AS ELECTION DAY DRAWS NEAR!

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This is an open letter to Governor Dewey: You are spending time and money running around telling people *your* interpretation of things President Roosevelt has said and done.

What *we* want to know is: WHAT ARE *YOU* GOING TO *DO*, IF YOU ARE ELECTED? What are your foreign policies? What are your domestic policies?

If you want our votes, isn't it only courtesy to tell us these things?

How are you going to end the war any sooner than F. D. R.? By disgraceful and disastrous capitulation to Hitler and Tojo? I don't believe any of our boys want to come home under any such conditions, any more than they did in 1918.

COCK-A-DOODLE-D-D
?
SIR!
FC

I dare you to tell us what the great Republican leaders, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover said and did from 1921 to 1933. We love to hear the story about two chickens in every pot and two cars in every garage, but we do not like to remember the loss of our homes, our bank accounts, and the starvation and misery we suffered.

Let's hear a speech or two from you on these questions before Election Day.—*B. E. Bartley.*

WATERTOWN, S. D.—I'd like to say a few words to Mr. Paul Hunter. Sir: You challenge Mr. Dewey to show that he is as capable to choose military leaders as is Mr. Roosevelt. Just how would you expect any candidate to do this? The only living person who has had experience as President during a war in which this nation was engaged is Mr. Roosevelt. He is the only person who can show by actual experience and performance just how he functions during a war. No one else has had the experience of choosing military leaders. You seem to think that it would be impossible to select a new President during a period of war.

I believe that it is proper to judge the capabilities of the two candidates on their *general* capacity to choose the right men to work with them. On that score I submit that Mr. Dewey has made an enviable record of selecting the right men for the right places. You are challenged to prove otherwise.—*Arthur H. Hasche.*

SOLDIERS' MAILBAG

S. C.—Been a reader of your fine little magazine for some time now, both in civilian life (glorious old days!) and in my three Army years. For a long time I've intended to write you and tell you how much we fellows enjoy it and how welcome it was overseas (E. T. O.). We liked one story in particular—Johnny Himself, by Isabel Way and Ruby Thomson (September 16 Liberty). Where have you been hiding these authors?

That story was written with warmth and humanness. The authors certainly know their sheep, too. We have several sheep men in our outfit and they couldn't find a single flaw in the tale.—*Cpl. Bob Burke, Pvt. Joseph Nettleton, Pfc. Steve Jordan.*

BOOK PARADE

STILLWATER, MINN.—For the second time I should like to compliment you on Books in Review by Joseph Anthony.

This column is a great feature. For example, The Emperor's Physician, by J. R. Perkins, mentioned in Liberty, September 9, is decidedly worth while.—*W. L. McIntyre.*

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

SHREVEPORT, LA.—On the Camera Eye page of Liberty, August 12, there appeared the beautiful picture of a young lady who won a "beautiful legs" contest over 6,000 others—Miss Jenice Hansen. I fully agree with the judges. The others would have to be something from heaven to be ahead of Miss Hansen! Cpl. John M. Karl (see below), who said sharp things about her lovely figure and legs (September 23 Vox Pop), should be ashamed to be so jealous! Anyone can see that the way the picture was snapped made her legs appear not as really lovely as they really are!

I think Miss Hansen is very lovely. I believe she would hold a close run for Queen of Pin-up Girls. She deserves a chance, don't you think?—*A. Richard Burns.*

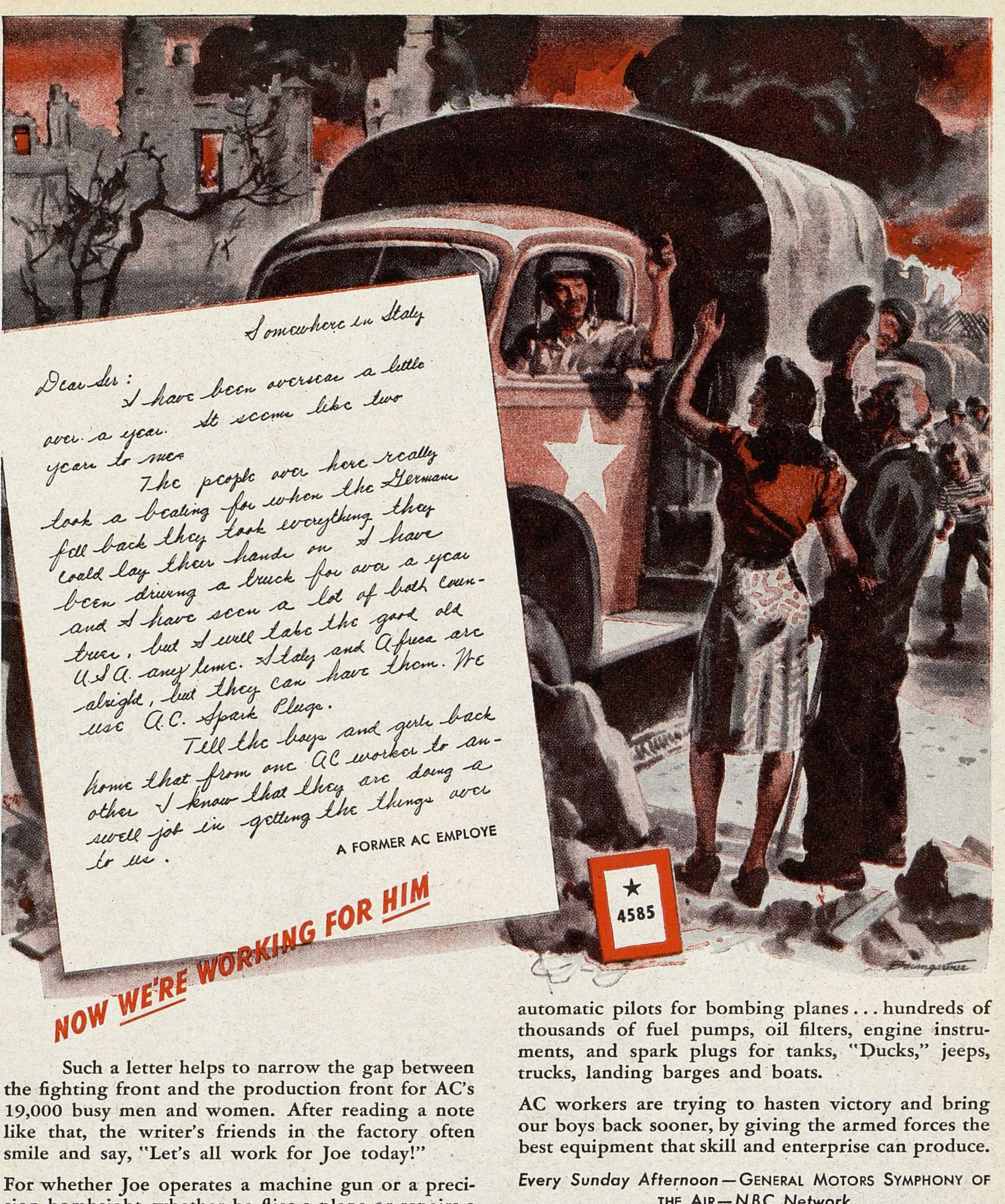
ANOTHER YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

ARDMORE, OKLA.—Thanks very much for printing my letter about the girl with the prize-winning legs in your September 23 issue. I just had to do something and that was it. I wouldn't be at all surprised if I heard from Miss Hansen! However, a picture of my wife in a bathing suit will put Miss Hansen to shame, and not only in legs alone! Hope I've started something! —*Cpl. John M. Karl.*

THE CRITIC

c/o FPO, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Out here, our Liberty is a little yellowed with age when it arrives, and in the case of the July 29 issue I was glad, because it postponed the time when I'd have to read the condensation of the world's most ego-

(*Continued on page 8*)



Somewhere in Italy

Dear Sir:

I have been overseas a little over a year. It seems like two years to me.

The people over here really took a beating for when the Germans fell back they took everything they could lay their hands on. I have been driving a truck for over a year and I have seen a lot of both countries, but I will take the good old U.S.A. any time. Italy and Africa are alright, but they can have them. We use A.C. Spark Plugs.

Tell the boys and girls back home that from one AC worker to another I know that they are doing a swell job in getting the things over to us.

A FORMER AC EMPLOYE

NOW WE'RE WORKING FOR HIM

Such a letter helps to narrow the gap between the fighting front and the production front for AC's 19,000 busy men and women. After reading a note like that, the writer's friends in the factory often smile and say, "Let's all work for Joe today!"

For whether Joe operates a machine gun or a precision bombsight, whether he flies a plane or repairs a truck, at least one of AC's 400 *kinds* of war products is vital to him.

AC's workers have built more than 225,000 Browning .50 caliber machine guns ... more than 16,000 bombsights ... millions of AC ceramic aircraft spark plugs for bombers and fighters ... more than 5,000 Sperry automatic pilots for bombing planes ... hundreds of thousands of fuel pumps, oil filters, engine instruments, and spark plugs for tanks, "Ducks," jeeps, trucks, landing barges and boats.

AC workers are trying to hasten victory and bring our boys back sooner, by giving the armed forces the best equipment that skill and enterprise can produce.

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—*NBC Network*

BACK YOUR FIGHTING MAN! BUY MORE WAR BONDS

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Wines with a past...
for your pleasure today
Haines Hall

Gala Day long ago A day of bright music and happy laughter. For *this* was a festival day—celebrating a bountiful harvest from the vineyards of *Italian Swiss Colony.*

A few years before—in 1881—the Colony's pioneers found this ideal place for wine-growing. Here, they planted prized European vine-cuttings. Here, with skill and patience, they made superb wines that captured gold medals at world expositions.

Today, the third generation carries on the traditions of this unusual Colony. And today, the results of those traditions are *yours* to enjoy. Try the Colony's fine table wines ... you'll find real pleasure in the superb color, fragrance, and flavor of Tipo Red or White, or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne.

Enjoy, too, Italian Swiss Colony's sweet dessert wines, such as Private Stock California Port, Sherry and Muscatel. They're equally fine and equally famous.

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY
CALIFORNIA
BURGUNDY

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

3 GENERATIONS OF WINE-MAKING SKILL AT ASTI, CALIFORNIA

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(*Continued from page 6*)

tistical story, You're Only Human Once. Never have I encountered such unadulterated conceit. Now I'm convinced the Good Book omitted a very important beatitude: "Blessed is he who tooteth his own horn, for it shall surely be tooted."—*Sanford J. Hooten, C. W. T.*

MISS BERGMAN, WE LOVE YOU!

NORTH ISLAND, N. Z.—I hope you don't mind me writing you from way Down Under, but I just want to tell you that I think Liberty Magazine is the best magazine I have ever read. I only hope a few more will come over this way. I always pass my copies on to boys in the services, and they agree with me that Liberty is absolutely tops.—*Ngavi Bergman.*

WORDS FROM A WASP

EGLIN FIELD, FLA.—As one of the women that Time grudgingly allowed to be "hard-working, rule-abiding," I am writing to thank you so much for your favorable editorial on the Wasps. (It's Not the Women Who Are Hysterical, September 23 Liberty.)

I have been a Wasp from the very beginning—almost two years—and in all that time we have been hoping to be militarized. We feel as though we are doing as much, at least, as the WAC, the Waves, and the Marines.

We have been working for many months—doing the dirty little routine jobs that A. A. F. pilots do not like to do—flying out our hearts and sometimes our lives for the Air Corps. We have put up with a lot of little things—being laughed at; being "outranked"; having no authority over enlisted personnel; being pushed around by civilians—but these things are unimportant to most of us (to all who have stayed in despite everything) because of a love for flying and love for our country. We are always being accused of being too "eager," but this is a compliment to us.

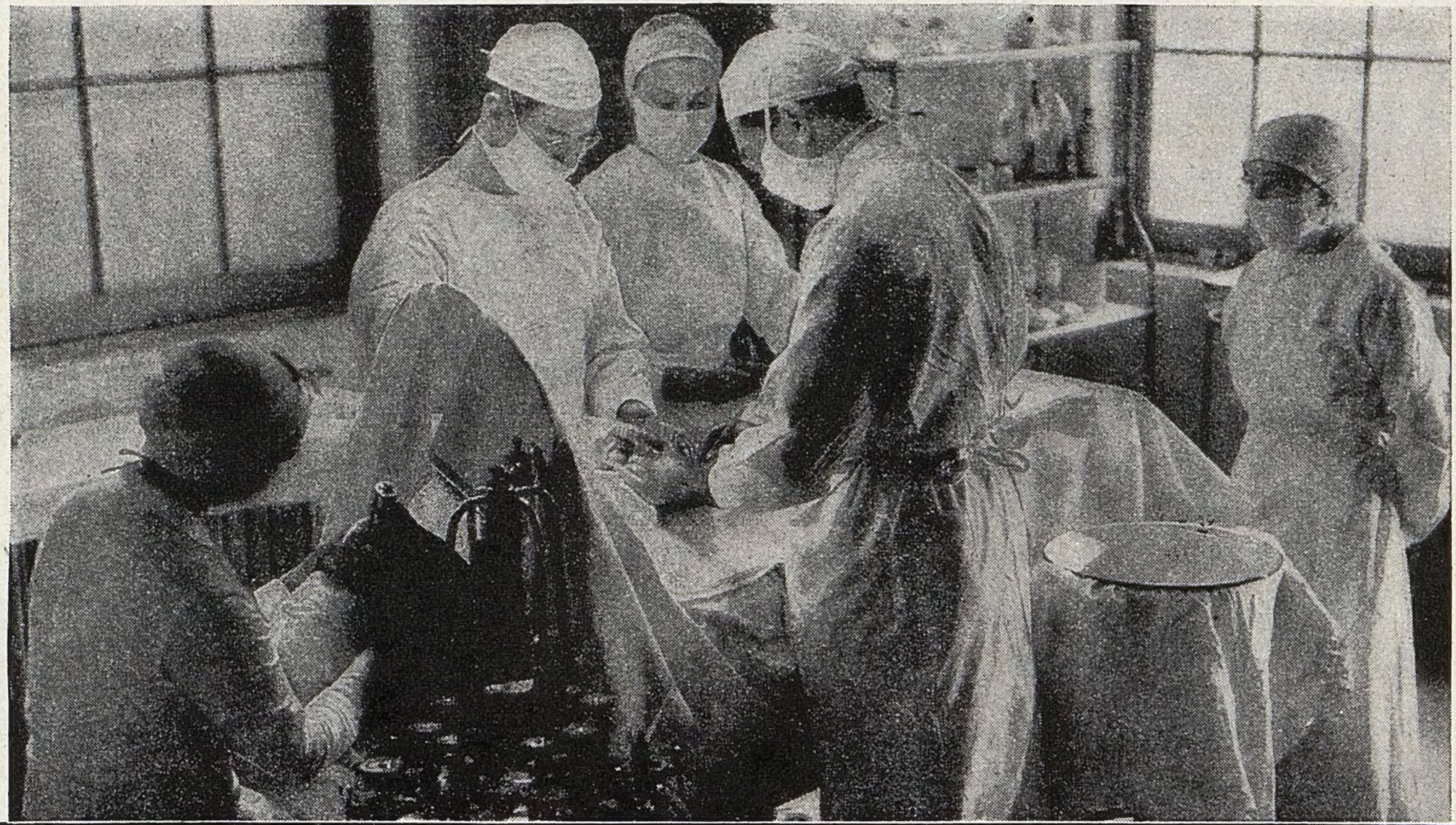
It seems strange that we fly airplanes worth thousands of dollars and are entrusted with military information that could very well affect national security, but we can't even get insurance or hospitalization. These and many other points we want the people and Congress to know. What can we do?—*Isabel C. Fenton, Wasp.*

A STING FOR THE WASPS

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Referring to your editorial on the Wasps: Why use these women when the Army has about 15,000 men who are trained pilots doing K. P. or what have you as buck privates?

I hold an A and E rating with CAA, a commercial license, blind-flying and instrument rating, and a multi-engine rating. I'm qualified to fly both land and water craft, have an 0-975 H. P. rating, and 3,700 hours' flying time. I'm now holding the high honorable rank of pfc. in the Army. Why? Because I have a minor defect in *one* eye. A waiver would overcome this. My experience has proven my ability. I dare you to print this.—*Pfc. H. W. C.*

HOSPITAL and DOCTOR BILLS PAID!



HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

3¢ costs about A DAY

COVERS SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

- Do you know that an average of one person out of every ten becomes a hospital patient each year? More than 35,000 patients enter hospitals daily. You, or one of your family might be next! Don't go into debt or bankrupt your savings when Sickness or Accident strikes. Be prepared — protect yourself NOW!

PAYS BENEFITS FROM FIRST DAY

This dependable Hospitalization Plan PAYS YOUR BILLS FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY of Hospitalization, exactly as provided. Do not confuse this policy with the others that skip paying benefits for the first 7 or 14 days.

PAYS FOR LOSS OF INCOME!

In addition to Hospital and Doctor Benefits cash payment will be made for LOSS of TIME from work, due to accident disability, at the rate of $25 a week up to a total of $300.00, as stated in the liberal Loss of Time provision of the contract.

ISSUED TO INDIVIDUALS or FAMILIES

You or members of your family may be protected against Hospitalization resulting from Sickness or Accident. Everyone, in good health, from 6 months to 70 years of age can apply for policy.

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Any recognized Hospital and any Doctor in the United States or Canada may be selected by you. You are not required to enter any particular Hospital under this liberal Hospitalization plan.

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$25 Each Week LOSS of TIME $300

From work, by Accident up to 12 weeks.

DOCTOR EXPENSES $135.00

Maximum benefit for additional Medical or Surgical care while in Hospital due to injuries.

$1000.00

ACCIDENTAL LOSS of LIFE, LIMBS or ENTIRE SIGHT

Many other liberal benefits. All as plainly stated in Policy.

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A Specialty
LIQUEUR

From the city, long famed as the home of the bon vivant, comes Herbsaint, the famous drink of the connoisseur. Made from a secret age-old formula, Herbsaint is delightful as a frappé and so easy to prepare. So sip your Herbsaint Frappé slowly to fully enjoy its delectable smoothness and subtle bouquet.

mix a frappé

Fill a large glass with cracked ice, add a half teaspoon of simple syrup or sugar, two ounces of Herbsaint, two ounces of carbonated or plain water, stir vigorously with a spoon until glass is well frosted. Remove most of the ice and enjoy.

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Liberty
HEAVEN BELOW
WHAT POSTWAR BASES DO WE NEED?

NEXT WEEK

HEAVEN BELOW

By E. H. Clayton

Liberty's Book Condensation

Thirty years of sharing the everyday lives of the Chinese people, in peace and war, went into the writing of these lively reminiscences. Chinese students, housewives, business men, dreamers, patriots, and bandits rub elbows in Mr. Clayton's colorful parade.

BASES FOR FUTURE DEFENSE

By Michael Degnan

Yes, we'll need new bases after the war, but don't fall for the talk about wholesale land-grabbing. Here's what military men say our defensive scheme requires.

THE JOB OF PROVIDING JOBS

By Sylvia F. Porter

How much real planning is being done for postwar jobs? Are we getting action, or is it all talk? This writer checked the nation to find out.

NEWS FROM HOME FOR CAPTURED MEN

By Juliet Bridgman

Our men who are prisoners in Germany and Japan get a bang-up little newspaper, tailored especially for them. You can bet it hits the spot.

THE PRIVATE WAR OF FLAIRWING FOUR

By Russell Annabel

The foggy Aleutians have dropped out of the news lately, but the war from there still goes on. It's a dangerous, deadly business against the northern Jap islands.

GLAMA TURNER

By Ted Shane

Lana Turner and the sweater made each other what they are today, but the sweater's on its own hook now. Lana's going formal. Here's the yarn!

HIGH SCHOOL WILL BE DIFFERENT

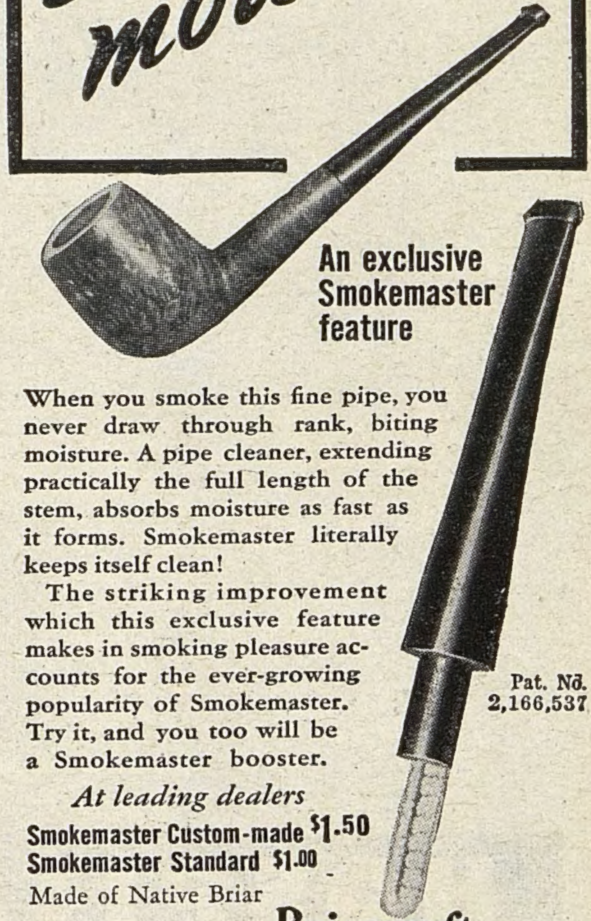
By Helen Weigel Brown

The war taught us how much our high-school grads didn't know. Now teaching is being overhauled to use new methods to reach new objectives.

THE ICE STORM

By James Aswell

After more than forty years of faithful service, Ira Hackett was pitched out of office. But the old sheriff had one last job to do—and a freak storm helped him do it.



Sidetracks moisture

An exclusive Smokemaster feature

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The striking improvement which this exclusive feature makes in smoking pleasure accounts for the ever-growing popularity of Smokemaster. Try it, and you too will be a Smokemaster booster.

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Made of Native Briar

Briarcraft Smokemaster

Many Smokemasters are going to the Armed Forces. If your dealer's stock is temporarily depleted, he'll be glad to set aside the model you want, when he receives another shipment.

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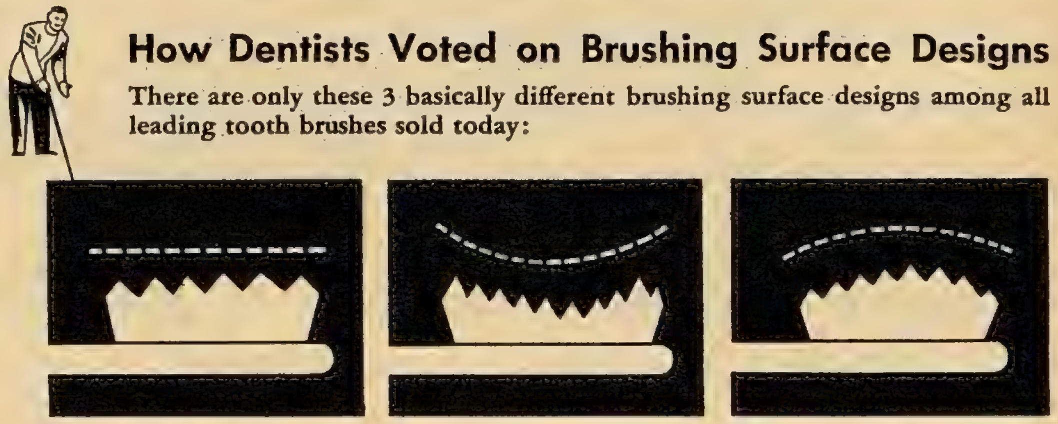
There are only these 3 basically different brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes sold today:



Straight Line Design
Tufts all set in a straight line

Concave Design
Tufted higher at ends, lower in middle

Convex Design
Tufted higher in middle, lower at ends

When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design"!

Every PEPSODENT Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend for cleaning teeth best

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In an impartial, nation-wide survey among 30,000 dentists . . . Straight Line Design won over the other widely used types. 2 out of 3 dentists declared it most effective for cleaning teeth!

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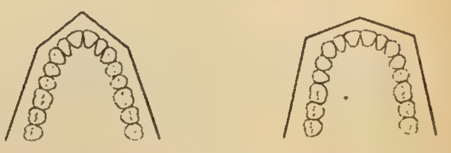
In a nation-wide survey, just completed, an independent research organization asked 30,000 dentists: "Which tooth brushing surface design, in your opinion, is most efficient for routine home brushing of teeth?" By overwhelming odds, the answers were: "Straight Line Design!" And that's the design you get in every Pepsodent Tooth Brush! 2 out of 3 dentists declared Straight Line Design *cleaned teeth best!* Dentists preferred it 2 to 1 over the other two designs combined!

Moreover—Pepsodent's brush head is small and compact, easy to use. Feels comfortable even *far back* in the mouth, where teeth are hardest to get at.

So, when choosing your next tooth brush — get the design most dentists recommend. Remember, 2 out of 3 dentists chose Straight Line Design as the design that cleans teeth best!

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best

Despite popular belief, it is a fact most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines.



These diagrams represent the two extreme types of dental arch. Even in these extremes, note that most teeth are in relatively straight lines. Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs. Actually, Pepsodent's Straight Line Design cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

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Thick, juicy halibut steak, broiled to a mouth-watering golden-brown . . . a truly luxurious highball made of Seagram's 5 Crown—*every drop pre-war quality* . . . A double privilege that lucky America alone is privileged to enjoy!

Chef as well as distiller know materials must be superlative—and skill surpassing—to create such taste-delights.

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So with really fine whiskies rare indeed, it's more important than ever to remember . . . *good taste* says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"

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DOCTOR LULLABY

BY EDWIN DIEHL

Some folks have strange hobbies. Here's a man with the strangest of all—talking people to sleep. But insomniacs cry for him

THE phone jangled into life at 3 A. M. in Max Mann's Park Avenue apartment. The fifty-five-year-old industrialist opened one eye, removed the persistent instrument from its cradle, yawned, and said sleepily, " 'Lo?"

Slumber specialist Max Mann.

"Mr. Max Mann?" said the operator. "Los Angeles calling."

A man's voice, high-pitched and hysterical, came across on 3,000 miles of wire. "Mr. Mann! Thank God I've reached you! I haven't slept for seven nights. Please, will you help me? I've *got* to get some sleep."

Mann said, "I'll try. Where are you now?"

"In bed," said the man. "But I can't—"

Max Mann sat up, ran a strong hand through his Einsteinian hair, and said, "Good. Now listen to me. Complete co-operation is necessary. Stretch out in bed. Place the phone by your ear, but let both your arms fall to your sides."

Across the continent the man's wife followed instructions and darkened the room. Mann went to the record player in his bed-room and turned on a recording of organ music—Handel's Largo. Years of experiment have taught Mann that perfect conditions for sleep call for subdued lighting and soft music, and against this background his voice brings a lullaby to which the most inveterate insomniac must succumb.

Mann spoke in a voice tender, pleasant, almost narcotic. It was the voice of a kindly man, low, velvety, soothing. "How many of us, in sheer despair, have uttered this prayer: 'Oh, if only I could sleep!' It is not by magic or by hypnotism that I seek to help. It is through an earnest wish to befriend, to help you overcome the tenseness of your mind."

He told the sleepless man of his experiences in life, the sorrows, the good things; of his travels in foreign countries. Then: "The room is dark. Close your eyes and breathe—deeply. Inhale . . . exhale. Let your mind go blank. Relax. Relax every muscle. You will feel drowsy . . . very drowsy. Your hands, your arms and legs are growing heavy. You are sinking into sleep . . . deeper and deeper. How wonderful it is to sleep. . . ."

His voice went on against the organ music for almost ten minutes. Then he was suddenly interrupted by the man's wife:

"He's asleep! I hardly dare to believe it!"

It seems astonishing that a man in New York could put another man to sleep in California, but slumber specialist Max Mann has been doing this every night for more than a decade for a regular group of more than 1,000 "clients." For thousands he can't reach personally or over the phone, he has made a phonograph recording. For additional thousands he has written a book, Put Yourself to Sleep, and if you can read past page 15 without drifting away to dreamland, you must have swallowed the coffeepot, grounds and all.

If Max Mann weren't a wealthy manufacturer who likes to play the role of sandman as a hobby, he could probably make an additional fortune with his talents, but he accepts no fees for his help. A recognized psychologist, he studied with Adler, one of the most distinguished psychologists of all time. But Max Mann combines this full-time career with another. He is the head of a large food company, owner of several others, and a director in more.

Sleep-inducing is only one branch of his work in psychology, but it wasn't until twelve years ago that giving people an ersatz verbal Mickey Finn became a hobby with Mann. It began during the depression when a friend, frustrated with grief and failure, came to see him. The chap couldn't sleep. In despair, he had taken to walking the streets at night.

Mann spent several hours with his friend, attempting to offer some measure of comfort by helping him to relax. Then, slowly and quietly, he *argued* his friend to sleep. His secret was—and is today—to put a person's mind completely at ease by removing all thoughts of troubles and anxieties by subtle suggestion in his silky-toned voice. By now he can help almost any chronic insomniac find dreamland in five minutes—not for just a few hours, but for a normal, relaxed night's sleep.

All kinds of people flock to Mann's New York apartment to find relaxation—stars of the theater and the concert stage, foreign diplomats, harried business executives. The comfortable atmosphere of the apartment—with its heavy drapes and thick rugs, the works of great masters lining the walls, the soft lighting—all blend harmoniously to help these people lose their anxieties in talking with Mann. Despite his liking for scarlet shirts, fantastically bright-colored ties, and peppered sports coats, when Mann is talking his guests frequently have trouble staying awake. Many a visitor has slumbered over his after-dinner coffee, but Mann takes no offense. Rather, it is a compliment.

Mann made his phonograph recording, Relax and Sleep, following an incident with a lady who came to him for help but refused to sleep in his presence because she had false teeth and snored. So he placed her in a private chamber and spoke to her from another room with a microphone. He succeeded in putting her to sleep and it gave him the idea for the record. Today the recording is even used in some hospitals.

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With the war under way the AAF picked the Jacobs engine for twin-engine trainers to school the bomber pilots and bombardiers.

A pre-war engine, developed during the Depression years, the Jacobs had proved itself a simple, rugged engine that stood up for long periods in all kinds of work and weather, with little maintenance. No government money went into its development. Ready for quantity production, thousands were ordered.

Four years ago, the Jacobs was rated by the AAF as good for 350 flight hours between major overhauls—a long service shift for an engine handled by student pilots, taking more take-offs and more time at full throttle than engines used in any other type of flying.

As the flight hours piled up, it was found that the Jacobs was good for more than 350 hours; and the service period was extended again and again. Today, the service period of the Jacobs is as high as 1,200 hours—equivalent to 180,000 air miles of flight, not counting taxying, and ground time.

Because it has delivered more than three times the original specified service hours, the Jacobs not only speeded up training schedules, but saved the AAF and the taxpayers millions of man-hours in shop time and maintenance.

Built to work, built to last . . . the Jacobs will mean more in peace than in war—when safety and low costs are essential to commercial flying.

The engine also certifies the ability of Jacobs to put extraordinary value in precision-built mechanisms . . . represents a reliable guaranty of value in anything that carries the name plate—"Jacobs, Pottstown, Pa." . . . Watch for it, and you won't go wrong! . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

JACOBS · Pottstown, Pa.

He wrote his book on sleep as an experiment, to see if the written word would help insomnia victims. When he learned it, too, was successful, he submitted it to a publisher. He likes to tell of sitting in a Lake Placid hotel lobby where he overheard two women discussing sleep. One woman produced a copy of his book from her bag and said: "This is my fifth copy. I wouldn't travel without it." It proves that Mann's system can be used repetitively with success.

Mann permitted his recording to go on the air once, and the studios planned a Slumber Time program on a coast-to-coast basis as a follow-up; but the network's legal minds stepped in and said no. They foresaw women falling asleep over hot stoves and automobile drivers falling asleep at the wheel all across the country.

Another time, Mann started to make a motion-picture short, but production was quickly halted. Exhibitors refused to risk having their audiences fall asleep before the main feature and demand a refund at the box office.

Today Mann is working to perfect a method to combat the hideous insomnia suffered by soldiers returning from battle. It is a type of insomnia different from the usual sufferer's, and will require a plan adaptable to mass use.

Mann's own sleeping habits can be summed up quickly. He has none. For one thing, the phone may ring half the night, with calls coming in from Washington, Boston, or Chicago from men and women who can't sleep and who have important work to do the next day. He keeps a portion of this evening period open for answering his mail from those seeking help or thanking him for it. (On the basis of that mail, incidentally, California is the most sleepless state in the nation, and Los Angeles is definitely the capital of Insomnia.) But Mann still gets his rest. He has learned the knack of snatching forty winks ten or fifteen times during the day. He knows it is nothing less than folly to neglect that one third of your lifetime's hours which makes possible your full use and enjoyment of the other two thirds of them.

HOW can you form dependable sleeping habits? Well, it's impossible to reduce Mann's technique to a formula since he himself is part of it, whether he contacts you personally, by phone or recording, or through his book. But here are some of his hints that should be helpful:

1. Try to regulate your sleep by setting a specific time to get up rather than a special time for going to bed. This is extremely important. If you begin the other way round, as so many people do, you will be trying to force sleep at a time when you may have no desire or inclination for it. However, if you are late in retiring one night, but get up at your specified hour in the morning, the following night you will be extra tired, and thus will get your full measure of sleep.

2. Fresh air is important, but realize that in winter if the room is too cold, or if you don't have sufficient covering, this will interfere with relaxation and with proper regulation of body temperature. The room temperature should not be below 65 degrees.

3. Generally, if you are healthy, you will sleep more soundly if you use no pillows.

4. Make no conscious effort to sleep; don't count sheep or telephone poles. Preferably, try to let your mind go blank.

5. Relax. Stretch out in bed and slowly allow every muscle in your body to relax. Breathe deeply.

THE END

A view of the battered Navy Liberator, Thunder Mug, in which Commander Norman M. (Bus) Miller, U. S. N., is credited with sinking 66 Jap ships.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Robot-Bomb Menace

There is no avoiding the fact that the Nazi robot bomb has been an important and portentous development of aerial warfare. There is no use underestimating the damage caused in England by these explosive-carrying pilotless planes, and there is no getting away from the fact that the war might have taken quite a different turn had the Germans launched their attacks in June last year instead of June this year.

The robot bomb cannot win the war for Germany, but the development of the robot bomb is ominous for the future. At its present stage of development it has a limited range of effectiveness, but for the future it could have a powerful bearing on warfare.

When the Germans boasted of a secret weapon, they weren't fooling. The robot bomb is definitely a secret weapon and the Germans did a good job of gearing it to today's warfare—they protected their launching platforms from our bombing attacks to an amazing degree. And it took months of concentrated effort to build up a partial defense against their attacks.

As this is being written, the Germans have not yet launched their boasted V-2 robots, which are said to be of much greater explosive power than the V-1s which have been pouring into London. But there seems to be no doubt that the Germans have been experimenting with a larger and more deadly variety.

What the Germans have done is to combine very heavy artillery with wings. The Nazi boast that robot bombs would be sent to New York was an idle boast in 1944, but it may not be an idle boast in the future. Robot bombing is a new science with broad implications.

In the present situation the robot bombs have only a one-way value. That is, they would be of no real use to the Allies because we can do a far better and more effective job with our airplanes. And the Germans can only direct their bombs into a large metropolitan area, such as London, where something is bound to be hit. It is a new type of warfare against civilian populations, where damage to military installations and industry is negligible.

Although each robot bomb is expendable which means that almost a full-size airplane with explosives is blown up never to be used again—it saves a great deal of manpower. No pilots are used, whereas in aerial warfare of the traditional type the loss of manpower is bound to be considerable. But an airplane can drop its load of bombs on a specific target. The robot bomb merely goes to a large area and drops somewhere.

The B-29—a Million-Dollar Item

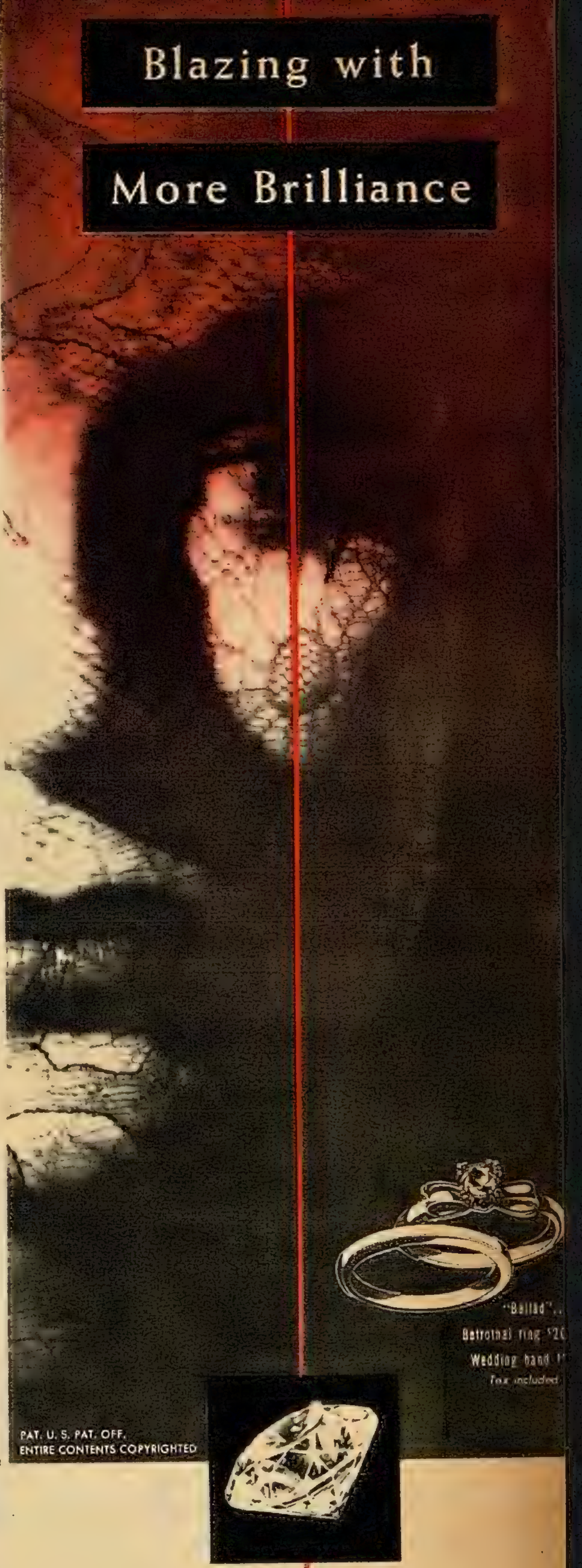
Each B-29 Superfortress costs more than a million dollars, and it's no wonder, when you consider the tremendous number of parts that go into one bomber. One small part of a B-29, the engine nacelle, houses the engine and powerplant auxiliary equipment, including two superchargers, electrical lines and controls for fuel, oil, and carburetors, intercooling systems, heaters, and filters. There are four nacelles on each B-29, built into the leading edge of the wing.

There are no less than 3,000 parts in a single engine nacelle. The job is so complex that one company, Fisher Body Division of General Motors, devotes 1,000,000 square feet of floor space to building nothing but nacelles. Upward of 18,000 jigs, fixtures, tools, and dies were required to achieve assembly-line production. There's nothing simple about building mammoth airplanes these days.

The Eighth Fighter Command

For one week's work we take our hats off to the Eighth Fighter Command operating in France. Beginning August 7, when the Germans had begun to gather up transport and equipment in Belgium for a move westward to delay our troops, this fighter command attacked these concentrations day after day with 750 fighter-bombers (Republic P-47 Thunderbolts, Lockheed P-38 Lightnings, and North American P-51 Mustangs).

Within a week they had immobilized 884 locomotives, destroyed 1,631 railroad cars and damaged 5,716, destroyed 461 additional oil cars and damaged 320, destroyed 187 additional ammunition cars, destroyed 598 trucks and damaged 446, and destroyed 128 other vehicles.



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All of us telephone people sincerely appreciate your patience and understanding in this war emergency.

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Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones will have a large share in settling the problems of reconstruction.

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH GOVERNMENT WAR PLANTS?

BY BETTY MILTON GASKILL

FEW men in the country have seen the problems involved in the reconversion of our government war plants as clearly as Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones.

Jones, a millionaire from Texas, shrewd and practical, is a weight on a dozen of the government's most important economic boards in Washington. He is responsible for the reasonable theory that the business interests of the country need not be incompatible with the interests of the people. With one eye on business and industry, and the other on government planning and regulation, he has probably wielded more power in the last five years than any man in the country, barring Franklin Roosevelt.

Mr. Jones has answered the questions most frequently asked concerning one of our biggest postwar problems, that of the government in business. Here, in simple fashion, he high-lights the difficulties and the dangers, and in some cases points to the answers in the disposition of our great government war plants.

Jesse Jones, a man who ought to know, discusses the problem presented by Uncle Sam's vast industrial holdings and what to do about them

"The fact that our war effort has been so all-inclusive causes people to wonder how we can get back to normal life," says Mr. Jones.

"Some have used the uncertainties of the future and the success government has had with industry during the war to advance economic theories which they believe this country should adopt.

"Some in industry, and some who speak for industry, have magnified the plight of industry at the war's end and the difficulties they foresee in the conversion period.

"Let us examine some of the realities of the situation, in order that we may determine as best we can what the reconversion problem will be."

QUESTION: Exactly how many war plants does the government own?

MR. JONES: More than 5,000 plants and projects of all kinds and descriptions have been financed by the government to fight the war. Eighteen hundred and sixty of these plants have been authorized by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, through the Defense Plant Corporation. The rest were built by the Navy and War Departments and the Maritime Commission.

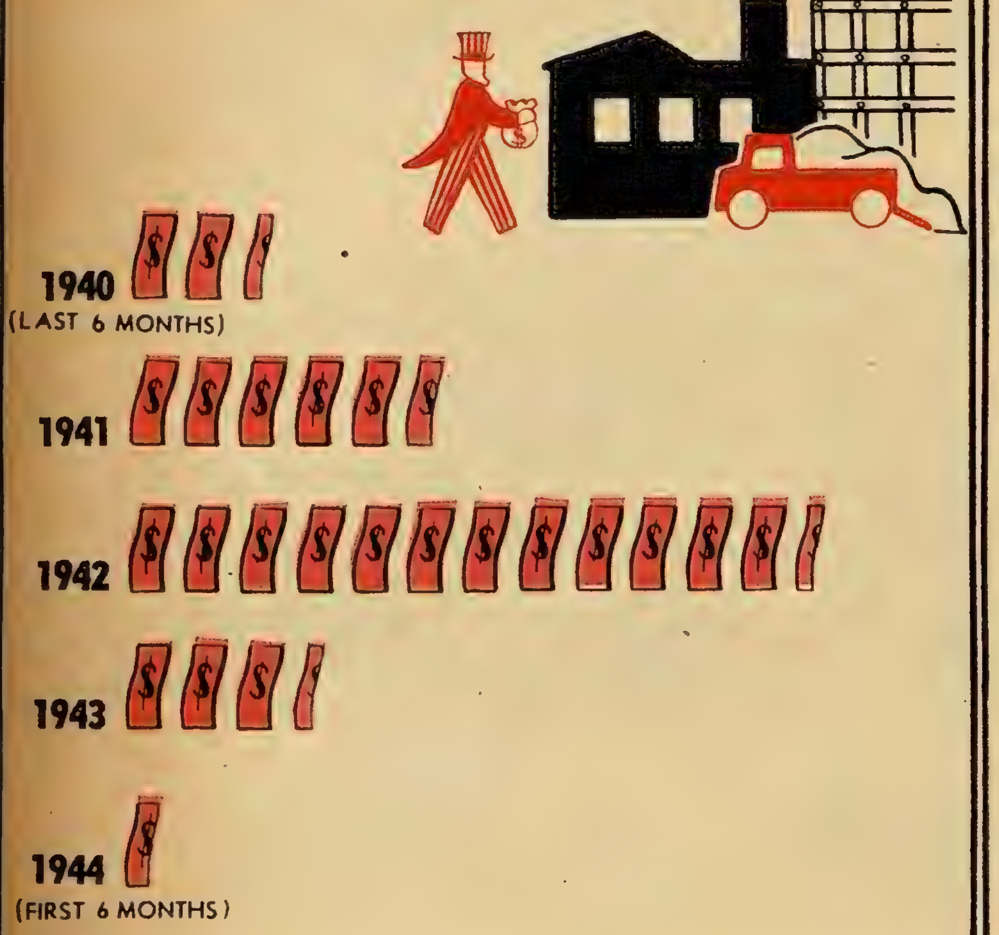
QUESTION: Precisely what is the Defense Plant Corporation?

MR. JONES: The Defense Plant Corporation, a division of the RFC, is that government agency which actually owns many of our war plants and facilities. It was created in 1940 and is staffed by RFC personnel.

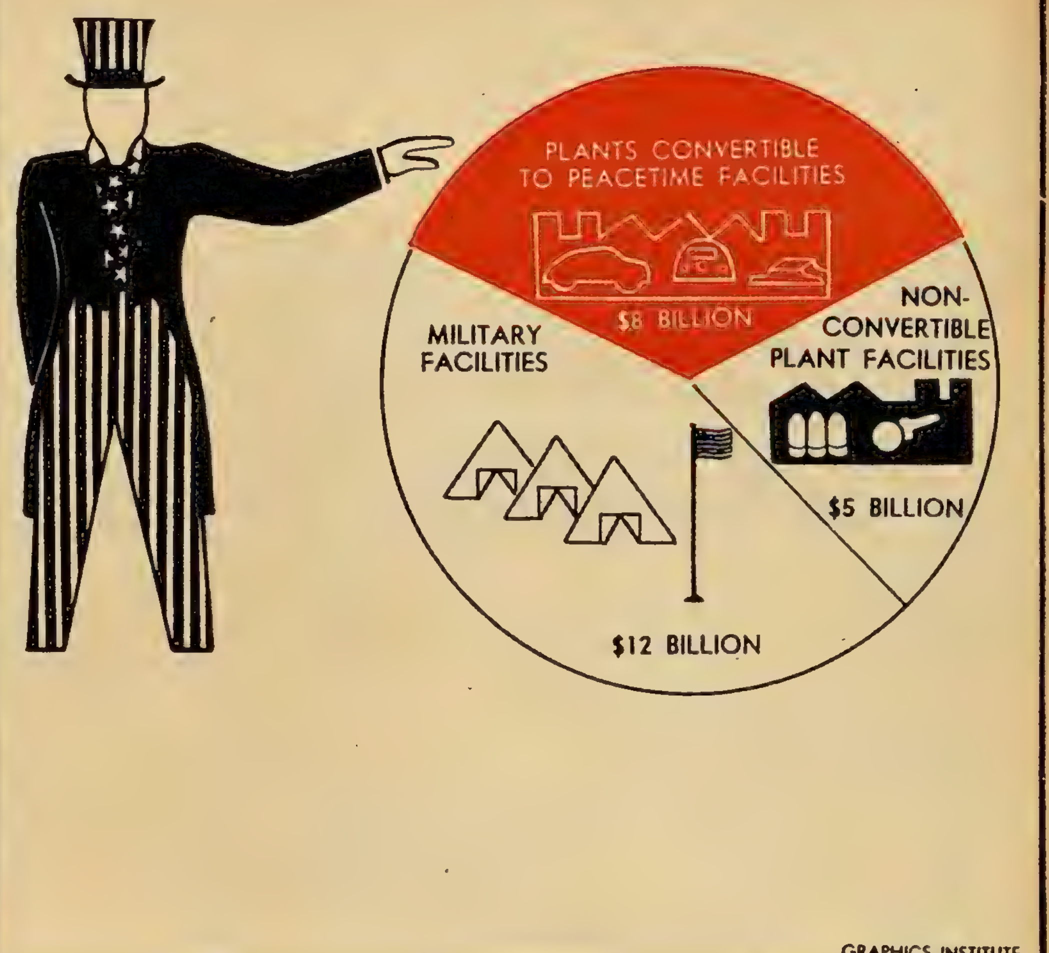
The Corporation always acts upon the recommendation and sponsorship of the armed services, War Production Board, Maritime Commission, Petroleum Administration for War, Civil Aeronautics Authority, Office of Defense Transportation,

$25 BILLION OF WAR CONSTRUCTION FINANCED BY FEDERAL FUNDS, 1940-1944 . . .

(EACH DOLLAR BILL REPRESENTS 1 BILLION DOLLARS)



. . . BUT ONLY $8 BILLION HAS BEEN INVESTED IN PLANTS CONVERTIBLE TO PEACETIME PRODUCTION



GRAPHICS INSTITUTE

or other departments and agencies of the government having the responsibility of procuring essential war materials.

The RFC has leased many of these plants to industrial operators for the period of the war, and many of them are operated for the account of RFC. In the former, RFC gets a satisfactory rental or other compensation for the use of the plant; in the latter, the operator gets a fixed fee for his services in operating the plants.

QUESTION: How much money does the government (or, in other words, the taxpayer) have tied up in these war plants?

MR. JONES: Twenty-five billion dollars is the figure now generally accepted as the one with which we must deal in putting our economic house in order as far as industry is concerned. However, only eight billion dollars' worth of government plants and facilities will probably constitute our reconversion problem.

To begin with, probably 40 per cent of government construction has been for camps, airfields, supply depots, etc. The final disposition of these must be carefully considered, but it is reasonable to presume that these assets, which cost, say, ten billion dollars, will not have great recovery value, and certainly will not enter into the competitive industrial situation in time of peace. We can also deduct two and a half billion spent in enlargements and additions to our naval bases and establishments.

We can also offset, in any consideration of the normal postwar economy, more than five billion dollars which the government has invested in manufacturing facilities for explosives, ammunition, guns, combat vehicles, etc. Some of these facilities should be retained as stand-by; others, after a cooling period, may be scrapped; but when we consider the production of peacetime goods, they will not be a primary factor, except perhaps as to buildings, power equipment, etc.

Thus the eight-billion-dollar government plants and facilities which remain are nowhere nearly so big a problem as we have been led to believe by those who toss around the twenty-five-billion-dollar total. In the four prewar years, when government expenditures in the construction field were normal, the average annual rate of expenditures for construction was between seven and eight billion, or just about the same amount of money as is involved in our plant-reconversion problem.

QUESTION: Will we spend any more money for war facilities between now and the end of the war?

MR. JONES: The peak of government construction has passed. It is estimated that only four billion dollars will be spent by government for construction this year, with a much lower level to follow. Furthermore, such expenditures by government are now less than the normal depreciation and obsolescence in peacetime. Private industry is investing practically no money in this field, and there is much private and municipal construction awaiting available materials and manpower.

QUESTION: How many of our government war plants can we expect to be reconverted into something useful after the war?

MR. JONES: It is my conviction that every plant that can be used in the production of something useful in our peacetime economy should be saved. But, as I have said, many government war plants and projects will not be capable of competing in private industry. Those that can be used should be fitted into our economy. Many should be kept as stand-by facilities. The others will be chargeable to the cost of war, and the salvage will not be great.

QUESTION: Will the plants that can be converted to peacetime production be sold by the government to private industry, or will the government itself remain in business after the war?

MR. JONES: There will, of course, be differing opinions. No doubt some will advocate that government stay in business and operate the facilities with federal funds. Others may urge that we scrap a large part of this war expansion in order to remove undue competition. Still others will be looking for bargains, hoping to buy from the government at sacrifice prices.

We should, of course, be on guard against undue pressure from any of these groups, for if there ever was a question which must be settled in the national interest it is the future utilization of this vast new industrial empire.

Where any industry is able to absorb government facilities in its line, on a basis fair to government, that policy should be adopted, the government selling or leasing the facilities on fair and reasonable terms.

In those industries where government facilities approximate or far exceed those in private hands, the solutions will be more difficult. For instance, we could very easily destroy private investments in some industries, but certainly we should not and will not.

In the adjustment of all these problems, I have no fear that the government will not deal fairly with industry, because I believe that the people of our country want to maintain the principle of private initiative and private enterprise.

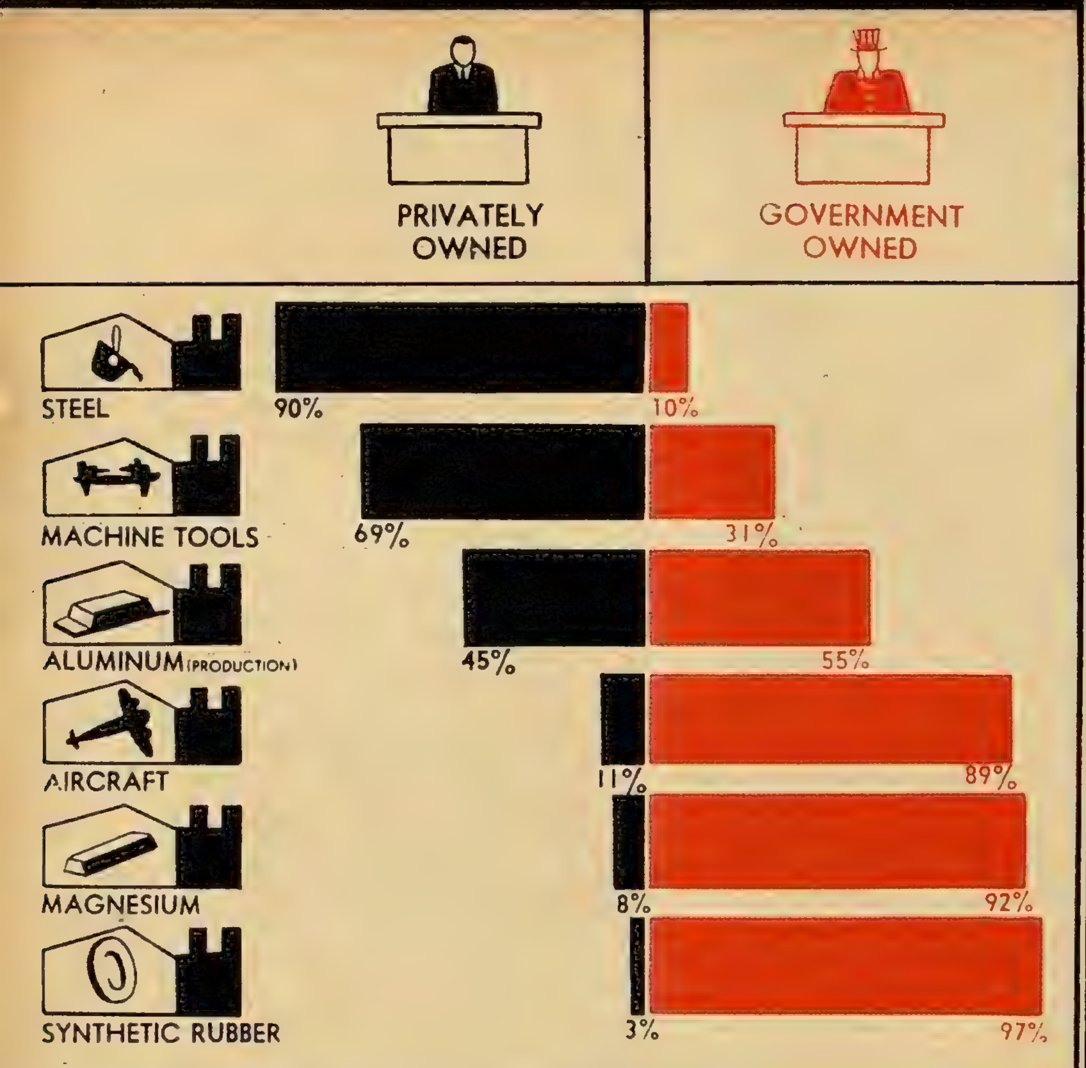
In some instances, government must continue to have a hand in business. It must make investments and take risks where private capital cannot afford to, just as government had to take risks and do most of the financing for expansion of our industrial facilities to meet the demands of war.

QUESTION: Industrialists complain of high taxation these days. Will business and industry actually have enough money to buy these government plants when they are put up for sale?

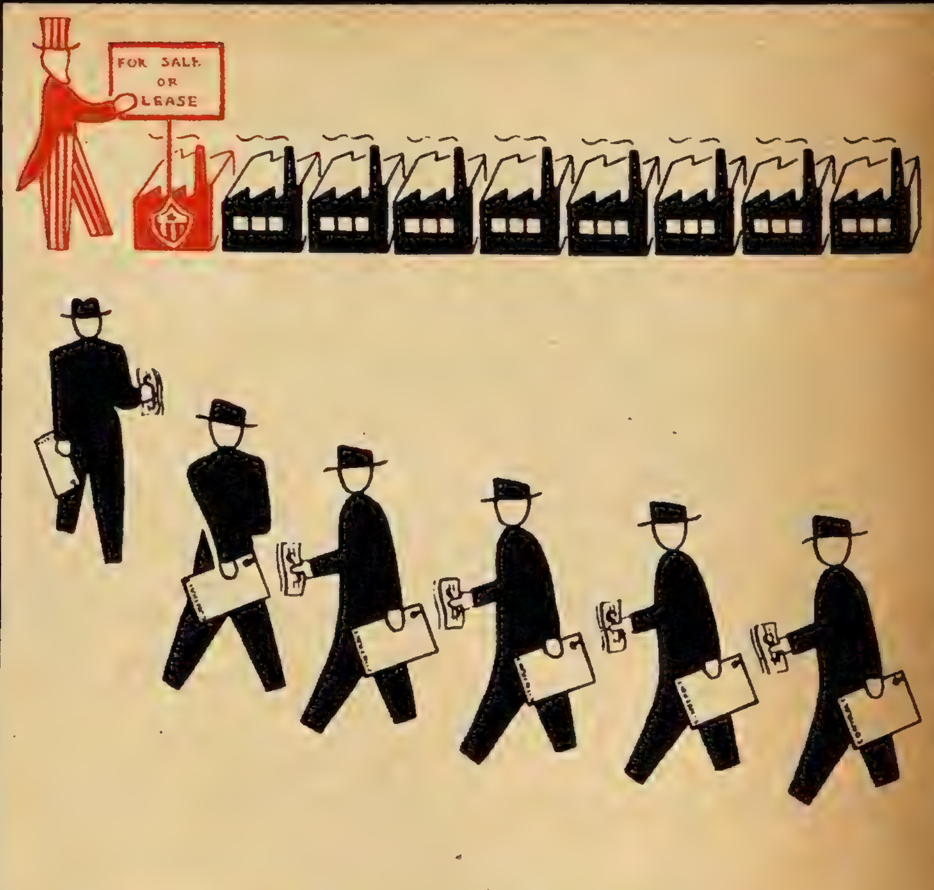
MR. JONES: Government controls and taxes have limited profiteering, but American business is certainly not operating at a loss, or at disadvantage to its cash and credit position.

Recent studies by the Department of Commerce indicate that the financial position of business is comfortable. Working capital, including cash, government bonds,

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP IN SPECIFIC INDUSTRIES



A POSTWAR PROBLEM: HOW TO DISPOSE OF GOVERNMENT FACILITIES



ONE-NINTH OF ALL FACILITIES FOR PEACETIME PRODUCTION WILL BE GOVERNMENT OWNED

inventories, work in progress, etc., at the end of 1943 amounted to forty-seven billion dollars. The maximum charges against this for depreciation, taxes, claims, etc., were approximately thirty-six billion, leaving eleven billion dollars net backlog which the producers, manufacturers, and distributors have at their disposal for reconversion. How much this will grow during the remainder of the war is anybody's guess, but it will grow.

QUESTION: If some industries are in bad shape, can they expect help from the government?

MR. JONES: The government's Reconstruction Finance Corporation is equipped through experience and training to give industry whatever financial help is needed. It has the authority and the organization for any task that may confront it. It is available on a nonpartisan basis wherever and whenever the normal sources and agencies of finance are not prepared to act.

IT wants to stabilize credit, but is not interested in competing with private business. It definitely knows how to lend money prudently yet on terms that borrowers must have to succeed. Banks are learning to give such terms. There is no reason why a bank should not make sound industrial loans maturing over a period of years, and every reason why it should.

QUESTION: What about small business?

MR. JONES: The RFC will be ready and willing to help the small units as well as the big ones. Small business can play a part in reconversion, just as it has in war, through subcontracts and some prime contracts.

The RFC has made thousands of loans in amounts under $100,000 in the war effort, and some as low as $5,000. Probably 4,000 of these loans average not more than $26,000. It has made many large loans, but applications from the small manufacturers have had preferred consideration.

Certainly there has been no lack of credit available for war work, regardless of the size of the contract. However, almost all of it has been at government's risk. There will be no lack of credit for industry, little or big, postwar.

QUESTION: What would be considered a "fair price" for industrialists to pay the government for one or more of these war plants?

MR. JONES: No formula can be evolved for disposing of these properties that will fit the many different kinds and sizes. But a point I should like to emphasize is that disposing of government plants and facilities is not a job that can be hurried, unless we are willing practically to give them away.

Already some have suggested ten or fifteen cents on the dollar as a fair price for a government plant or for government facilities now placed in private plants. Such bargain hunters would do irreparable harm to business and industry. It should be possible for us to evolve terms of sale or leases fair enough to encourage risk-taking but on terms of sound business negotiation.

QUESTION: What is the largest single investment made by the government in a war industry?

MR. JONES: Our biggest single investment in manufacturing facilities for a single industry is in aviation. We have built and own 521 plants for the production of aircraft, aircraft engines, parts, and accessories, at a total cost of two billion seven hundred million dollars. The total of square feet of airplane-plant space alone (35,000,000) would cover a solid city block 200 feet wide and thirty-three miles long.

Of this investment, the largest DPC (Defense Plant Corporation) commitment for facilities now in operation was for an aircraft-engine plant costing $173,357,236. The smallest commitment was for machinery for a plant making jewel bearings, costing only $14,251.50.

QUESTION: What is the smallest single investment made by the government?

MR. JONES: The DPC has financed numerous small plants, as well as large ones. The smaller plants make parts without which the larger factories could not turn out the completed product. For instance, a Flying Fortress is a complicated assembly. Many of its parts, such as precision instruments, are made by small plants which specialize on one or two items.

The cost to DPC in 120 of these plants is $100,000 or less, among which is one for $29,888.28 for wind-tunnel models; one for $28,227.32 for assembling quartz crystals (vital in radio equipment); one for $47,366 for microscopes; one for $61,655 for ship windlasses. Many other small concerns have benefited indirectly from DPC financing through subcontracts and purchase orders from the large manufacturers.

QUESTION: You mentioned earlier that in some industries government's share was now, due to the war expansion, larger than those in private hands. What are some of these industries?

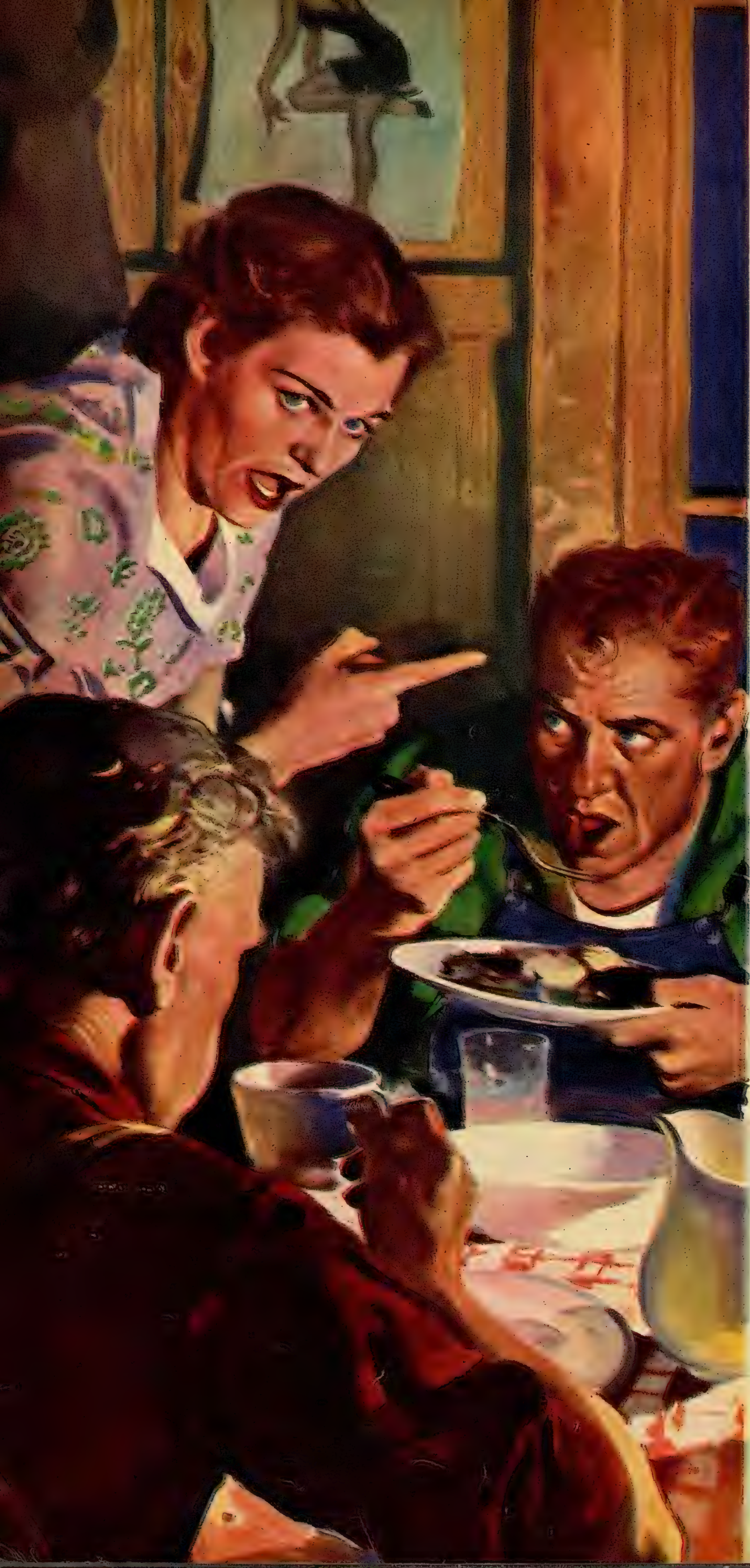
MR. JONES: Magnesium and aluminum are two such industries. We have built and own nine plants for the production of aluminum having an annual capacity of 1,200,000,000 pounds. This is more than the capacity of all privately-owned aluminum plants. We have built and own forty-five plants for the fabrication of aluminum, and our total investment in aluminum facilities aggregates $760,000,000.

In magnesium, private industry will own only about 8 per cent of the total production of the country at the end of the war. The government has invested approximately $430,000,000 in plants for its manufacture.

Obviously, the government will be in a position to smother private industry in the manufacture of magnesium and also to dominate the aluminum industry, because government alone will have more than enough capacity to supply the entire peacetime needs for aluminum. These situations will require wisdom and fairness; otherwise private investments in these industries would be destroyed.

QUESTION: Will the expansion of the steel industry constitute a large postwar problem?

(Continued on page 67)



WHISTLE

BY NEILL C. WILSON

TRUDGING down Slate Ridge behind his burro, Rest Callum thought he had specks in his eyes. Or saw a mirage. Yep, a woman was sitting down yonder. In the middle of the desert. In a rocking chair.

The burro, Shortfuse, evidently saw her too. He stopped so abruptly that his water cans jangled.

A woman. In a rocking chair. Out on the desert in the sunset. Knitting.

A little wildly, Rest Callum searched the rest of the scene. Yep, that was his and Will Holt's two-chimbleyed cabin down there beside the mesquite trees. That was their unfenced dooryard with the tin cans lying about. That was Whiskystraight, the other burro, nosing a tossed-out ketsup bottle. That was the gully where he and Will had their gold mine. And two miles off, across the salt flats, was the Central Nevada Railroad. But who, in hexumbobulation—

"Good evening!" said this figure in the rocking chair, when Rest and the burro drew close. "If that's fresh water, put some of it in the house. And for landsake wash your face."

"Yes, ma'am," gasped Rest, who'd almost forgotten what it was like to be bossed by a woman.

"And you'd better bring in some firewood."

Rest moved for the safety of the shack. Things had happened in here too. The floor had been swept. The two tables, that he and Will always kept as far from each other as could be, had been pushed together. Will's hundred pin-up girls were now only three; not the most beautiful, only the most clothed. Will's stove was cold. Rest's was piping hot. A strange trunk and mattress held down one corner.

Yep, somebody had moved in.

Had that matrimonial-club program on the radio brought this on? Will often listened to it. Rest did too. It sort of made their male seclusion extra snug. Had Will deliberately sent for one of those designing women? Let Rest, his long-time partner, walk straight onto this dynamite-laid ground without yelling what kind of a charge was set?

Something bobbed outside the rear window. It was Will's grizzled head. Rest Callum made for that window. He all but shouted "*You* Will Holt!" But he checked himself. In a long time, he and Will hadn't addressed a direct word to each other. What had caused the falling-out Rest couldn't remember, but the stern habit of not speaking—Will through plain mulishness; Rest through splendid strength of character—had become their way of life. The resulting peace and quiet had been wonderful. So Rest only put his face to the opening.

Will Holt was shaving at the outdoor bench and mirror.

Will's face was screwed with anguish, for his black beard was that sort. His eyes met Rest's. They were stricken eyes. Not at all the eyes of a blissful bridegroom-to-be.

"Before you go back to work," she directed. "I want a curtain around my bed."

ACROSS THE VALLEY

A desert mining camp inhabited by two grizzled prospectors can be upset plenty when a determined woman plunks herself down to stay—particularly when she's buried three husbands already

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

Rest distinctly wanted to know more about how-come. "Whiskystraight," he called to the burro nuzzling the ketsup bottle, "you been home all day. What's this old fool up to?"

Will straightened, wiped his face—the towel was startlingly white—and turned to the beast. "Whiskystraight, you and Shortfuse better remind Rest Callum right here and now that half of this cabin and half the Old Gopher Mine belong to me. Tell that to your brother jackass, this short-eared, redheaded one inside the window, will you?"

Which was strange. Rest had never disputed Will's share in mine or cabin.

A brisk voice spoke from the doorway at Rest's back. "Rest Callum, how about firewood?"

"Yes, ma'am. Going for it." So she already knew his name.

"You can bring in my rocking chair too."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And wash and *shave*."

"Ye-es, ma'am."

"And for heaven's sake change that shirt. I won't have such a shirt at my table. You have another shirt?"

"Yes, ma'am. Somewhere. It's got no buttons."

"Of course not. I'll sew some on. Landsake, it was high time I took hold around here! Supper will be ready in twenty minutes. You like dumplings?"

"Yes, *ma'am*. But how—who—" Rest still wanted light.

"I'm Mrs. Barberry. Does that mean anything to you? It will, before you're older. I'm forty-five and I've buried three husbands and I don't stand nonsense from any man. That plain? Now scat."

Rest scatted.

THE supper was a success. The clean red tablecloth with the two lamps in its center—his lamp and Will's, shined and trimmed—looked cozy. The stew was rich and brown, and the light-as-fluff dumplings were done right through. It was underdone dumplings, Rest recalled now, that had caused that bitter clash between him and Will. He couldn't recollect which partner had cooked them, but there had been words. The last they'd ever spoken to each other, or, as far as Rest was concerned, the last they'd ever voice until Will spoke first.

Mrs. Barberry, sitting here now between the hostile cronies, was a rather neat formation. Rest had to allow that. She was about five foot four, heft about one hundred sixty, and every inch and ounce of her womanly. But managerial. Her gray-blue eyes pinned the men like forks.

"Will Holt tells me," she informed Rest, "you're a terrible trial to live with. He says you're so ornery and stubborn that you won't say a word to him. He tells me he puts up with you around here because he wants to see how long before you'll give in."

Rest gaped at Will. Will's eyes refused to meet his. They stayed fixed on his plate.

"But you don't look so difficult to me," she went on, "if you're handled properly. I never saw a man yet that I couldn't handle, if I put my mind to it."

Rest's uneasiness rose. It looked as if life was going to be considerably changed around here. If Will had only hollered a warning before lighting this fuse!

"I take it," Mrs. Barberry pursued, still inspecting Rest, "you are thoroughly lazy."

"Does Will say that? I do my share!" Wait till he got Will outside!

"Then what does 'Rest' stand for?"

"Why—" Rest had never told his full given name to anyone. It was overfancy for his taste. But Mrs. Barberry had her gray-blue forks into him. "It's short for Orestes, ma'am," he said miserably.

Will gave a delighted snigger.

"And what does 'Will' stand for?" demanded Mrs. Barberry sharply, turning to the sniggerer. Will's grinning face froze. "Come, come," she said impatiently. "If it's William, say so."

"It's—it's Wilmont," acknowledged Will unhappily.

Rest Callum guffawed. "Did you hear that, ma'am? *Wilmont!*"

"I see nothing to laugh about," retorted Mrs. Barberry. "Wilmont and Orestes both are names that pleased your mothers, or they wouldn't have chosen them. Wilmont Holt. Orestes Callum." It seemed to Rest that she weighed the names like a couple of apples, one in each hand. His uneasiness grew.

"I'm real pleased to find two men on this property," continued Mrs. Barberry. "When I came up on the train, I worried that there might be only one."

Rest's alarm smote inside of him like a double jack on a drill. So he was in this too! Couldn't Will, that scheming old prospector among the rocks of love, stake his own claim?

"But I knew, the minute I set foot here, that you're a pair of good-for-nothings when nobody's in charge of you. In the morning I want to see the mine. Every inch of it."

Will was beyond speech, so Rest answered. "Yes, ma'am. But it don't go in far. Only sixty feet."

"Sixty feet! How long have you two been working here?"

"Seven years."

Shocked, Mrs. Barberry stared from one to the other. Until this moment, Rest had thought he and Will had dug a pretty good tunnel. But of course they hadn't exactly felt driven.

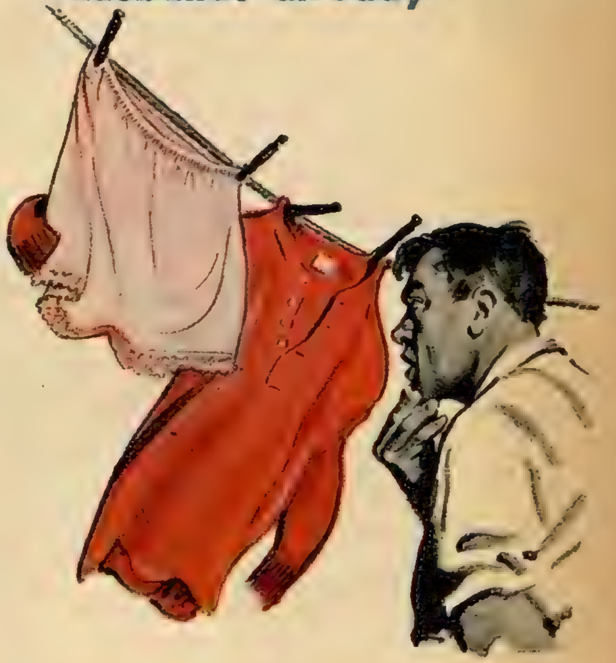
Will found his tongue. "We don't work in there all day. Or every day. Or on the same day both together."

"Evidently not!" Mrs. Barberry proceeded to take hold. "All I can say is, from now on the hours in that mine will be from seven to five for the pair of you, with chores before breakfast, and Sundays for a good catching up. Wilmont Holt, put that ketsup bottle down! Half an inch a day, after this, will be enough. And now, the dishes! Tonight Orestes washes, Wilmont wipes."

Rest wanted to explain that dishes weren't of nightly importance in that house, but Will spoke first. Will said, "Yes'm."

"Yes, ma'am," Rest heard himself echoing.

Dishes done—in two rinsings, for Mrs. Barberry was particular—they sat awhile outdoors. They looked at the purple crests of the Burnt Hills in the east, the Confusion Mountains in the west. It came over Rest that there was a certain comfort to having a woman between them here. He stole glances in the twilight. She had right neat feet and ankles. Curves that were no use denying. A mighty pretty tilt to her head.



One pink whajamacallit flapped against a shirt, which hooked a sleeve about it.

The cattle-freight-and-passenger train of the Central Nevada tooted across the valley on its southbound run. Usually it sounded four toots. Tonight it blasted six.

"That's Jim Hunnaker. He's engineer," said Mrs. Barberry. "He always ate at my hotel in Winnemucca."

Rest pounced on that information. So Mrs. Barberry ran, or had run, a hotel at Winnemucca? "What became of your hotel, ma'am?"

"It burned down. One of my lodgers forgot my rules. He smoked in bed."

One of Rest's own pleasantest habits was to smoke in bed.

"I've always liked railroad men," she confessed. "My first husband was a fireman and my second a brakeman. But I went clear off the track with Number Three. He was a mining man."

"That's mighty bad," accounted Rest.

"We'd better turn in now." Mrs. Barberry was once more the manageress. "You two will take the east end of the room. My end will be the west."

REST had been wondering about this delicate point all evening. East and west were practically one in a ten-by-fourteen-foot cabin. But Mrs. Barberry had it all planned. "Put the chairs down the middle and the tablecloth over them. And you men go to bed first."

"Yes, ma'am," assured Rest, relieved. "Though it ain't important about us. We don't generally take off anything but our boots and hats."

Mrs. Barberry didn't answer. Only gasped. He was shy about continuing the subject, but felt he had to.

"But we'll blow out the lamps before it's your turn, and we'll face the wall."

What Mrs. Barberry burst out with was: "Well! Sleeping in your clothes! It was high time I came!"

(Continued on page 56)

PRESS ASSOCIATION, U. S. NAVY

From top strategist U. S. Admiral Nimitz come the battle plans that power the Central Pacific campaign.

BLUEPRINT FOR BATTLE

BY MORRIS MARKEY

When the fighting men go into battle, they're acting out thousands of pages of script. Here's how the men behind the scenes write the plot

ON a low table in a guarded inner room there stood a neat pile of paper-bound volumes. The pile was about three and one half feet high. Some of the pages were printed, but most of them were typewritten on ordinary mimeograph paper, and there were about 7,000 in all. They represented the combined labors of nearly 1,000 men over a period of months. On the cover of each volume was a yellow sticker: "Top Secret."

The volumes contained the plans for the Battle of the Marianas.

Perhaps no more than a dozen men would be required to know the complete plan as it was unfolded on those pages. All the rest of the scores of admirals and generals and Navy captains and colonels taking part in the operation would study only those sections concerning the forces under their immediate command.

A corporal of Marines or an AOM2c on a big carrier would never see the plans at all, or indeed know very much about their existence. But his life, his success in battle, would depend upon them.

A campaign such as that in the Marianas begins in Washington. Well, not precisely that. The Pacific Command knows that the Marianas must be taken next, in order to carry out the pattern of the grand strategy. But the Combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington must decide certain questions before the actual planning can begin:

Will this action, at this particular time, fit in with the over-all plans for the global war? Does it mesh with the plans of the Chinese, and Mountbatten and Stilwell, and MacArthur? Can we afford the immense concentration of strength and matériel, or are they more needed somewhere else? Have we a reasonable expectation of victory?

Satisfying itself upon these matters, Washington says to Pearl Harbor, in effect: "The campaign for the Marianas is approved. It should be launched not earlier than June 1 and not later than June 30. You may proceed."

The most important man in the Central Pacific, the man who must make all the final decisions there, is Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. The Central Pacific is a naval war, and he is the top Navy man there. But Admiral Nimitz is not the only important man. Perhaps it would be more accurate to call the Pacific war an amphibious operation on a gigantic scale. The Navy delivers the infantrymen and all their complex supplies to the scene of the objective. Its carrier decks provide the battle air power. And it gives protection against the Japanese fleet, once the land battle is joined.

The Army provides preliminary long-range bombardment with land-based aircraft, and it also has fighter and bomber units standing by to move into such enemy air strips as are captured. The Army and the Marines do the fighting ashore. The Seabees stand by to repair and convert when the infantry has gained control.

Among the people who sat down with Admiral Nimitz to lay out the general plan for the Marianas Battle were these:

Of the base organization at Pearl Harbor, Vice-Admiral John H. Towers, deputy commander-in-chief; Vice-Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, Nimitz's deputy chief of staff; and Vice-Admiral William L. Calhoun, commander, Service Forces. From the Army, Lieutenant General Robert C. Richardson, Jr., and Major General Willis H. Hale, commander of the Seventh Air Force.

From the field command, the people who must direct the campaign in the face of the enemy: Admiral Raymond A. Spruance; Vice-Admiral R. K. Turner; Vice-Admiral Mark Mitscher; and Lieutenant General Holland Smith of the Marine Corps.

Inevitably, in such a group of men, differences of opinion developed. But the discussions were reasoned. The final decision on all broad points lay with Admiral Nimitz, who has high qualifications for his job. He is a master of naval strategy. He understands the Japanese. He is bold. He understands men to such a degree that when he announces a final decision it is accepted immediately, and contrary opinions are abandoned.

FIRST of all, in such a conference, the Intelligence Departments of Navy and Army are called in. They must provide countless aerial photographs, small scale, large scale, and oblique. They produce charts and topographical maps, full weather data (including phases of the moon), detailed descriptions of the terrain, the number and characteristics of the civilian population. They estimate the strength of the enemy forces—troops, aviation, artillery, mined areas, and opportunity for reinforcement.

From these facts the High Command makes the three fundamental decisions of strategy: precisely where and when the attack will be launched; how many troops and what weapons we shall need to destroy the enemy with the least possible loss to ourselves; and what feints or diversions, perhaps in remote theaters, might embarrass and confuse the enemy. (An attack on Japan proper by B-29s from China occurred on D Day for Saipan.)

Then the job of planning moves down numerous channels, each under the command of a specialist and his staff. An immediate consideration is the careful training and fitting out of the soldiers and sailors and marines and air pilots who must do the fighting. For each of these actions there is always some new or special weapon, or perhaps several of them, and the men must be taught exactly how to use them.

Next, the total weight of shells and bombs needed to reduce the enemy must be calculated—the types of bombs, whether armor-piercing or incendiary or high-explosive, and the sizes to be used. Plans for the bombardment, from carriers and land planes and naval guns, are written down with utmost detail. Each echelon is told what targets it is expected to hit, what type of ammunition it must use, on what days and at what hours it must get in its blows.

The compelling element in all Pacific operations is the fact of distance. The Marianas Islands lie more than 3,000 sea miles from Pearl Harbor, where the attack must be mounted. Twenty-five knots is high speed for a surface vessel, and extravagant of fuel. It is true that we had anchorages and harbors closer to the scene, in the Marshalls and the Carolines. But while the attack was *mounted* at Pearl Harbor, and had the advantage of staging points at the mid-Pacific anchorages, it had to be *supplied* from the United States itself.

Hawaii produces little or nothing of the materials of war. Saipan is about 9,000 miles from New York. All the munitions, the provisions, the complex electrical equipment, the fuel oil, the planes and the gas for them, the shoes and tires and clothing and medical supplies which would be required for the capture of Saipan and Guam, must be moved from the mainland of America. Naturally, there were large stores of the necessary materials in Hawaii, brought from America. But much more would be needed. The problem in moving them was ships, and second only to that problem was timing. Cargo ships bearing the critical matériel must arrive on the scene at precisely the right moment. Too early, and they would not have the protection of the fleet. Too late, and they might as well never have set sail at all.

The Planning Section had to determine these things: precisely what supplies, from 2,000-pound bombs to hypodermic needles, would be needed; where, in Hawaiian stores or in America, they might be procured; what cargo ships would be available in the right ports on the right day; the capacity and speed of each of those ships; what escort protection from the Navy each ship or convoy must have.

The first step was the preparation of an almost endless list of needed things: so many million gallons of fuel oil and gasoline, so many cakes of soap—exact quantities of items which ran into thousands, from cigarettes to bulldozers, from ice-cream powders to traveling cranes. Then, on great blackboards, each ship was "loaded." The blackboards were photographed, and, after checking and counterchecking against the master list of requirements, manifests for each ship were forwarded to the sources of supply.

Then each ship was given a time schedule—what course to take and when to arrive at its predetermined destination. Freight ships and oilers were loading for the Battle of Saipan—on the eastern seaboard, at the lake ports and Gulf ports and Pacific Coast ports, as well as in Hawaii—long before a single soldier or marine left his camp to sail out to the battle.

Time schedules for the combat fleet were more complex. More than 600 vessels, all told, from landing craft to great carriers, from transports to battleships, were to set forth upon this enterprise—the most powerful sea force that the world had ever known.

They would not, of course, steam out of base in one great pageant of the sea. They would move in units, to converge at the proper instant upon the target.

THE different units would move by various and often devious routes to make the rendezvous. The battleships and cruisers must not move in too close to the islands before the carrier planes had driven the enemy from the air. The troop-carrying transports must not arrive upon the scene until the combat vessels were in position to give them complete protection. The supply ships must be shielded from enemy attack.

Altogether aside from the actions of the enemy, the mere operation of so vast a fleet presents critical problems of navigation and timing. And so, for the plan, courses and speeds and formations were calculated to the hair's breadth before ever a vessel weighed anchor for the voyage out.

Communications Planning distributed codes and ciphers. It gave a meaningless name, also, to every ship and every land unit, to confuse the enemy if he should intercept our dispatches.

Medical Planning made its estimates of the number of wounded we must reasonably expect. It organized hospital ships with staffs of doctors and corpsmen, and with balanced supplies of drugs and bandages and surgical equipment. It made

(Continued on page 86)

Marine Lt. Gen. Holland Smith's job is to push through land operations ordered by CINCPAC.

ELECTION BET

Money talks, Jenkins said—and Old Man Evans found out just how loud when he bet him $10,000 on the election

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY HODDING CARTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

HIS face unrecognizable beneath the fluffy lather, Old Man Evans twitched angrily. Jenkins had just entered the barbershop and was campaigning with Jenkinsian loudness. He didn't notice Old Man Evans, which suited the Old Man who, tense and tight-lipped beneath Bill Sedley's razor, was at an argumentative disadvantage.

Jenkins bellowed, "Well, boys, it's in the bag! This time next week and I'll be Mayor Jenkins of Hammettsville."

"And a good thing," someone toadied. It sounded to Old Man Evans like Ben Wilson, the bookkeeper at the Jenkins Sheet Metal Works. Or it might be Harvey Root, manager of the Jenkins Realty and Development Company. Hard to tell the difference in the voices of the men who worked for Jenkins when they were playing up to him. There were a lot of them. Jenkins had come a long way in eight years. Once folks had called Old Man Evans the smartest man in Hammettsville, and, next to his crony Mayor Martin, the best-liked. Jenkins seemed to be changing people's minds—on the first count, anyway.

"Sure it's a good thing," Jenkins said with assured geniality. "Hammettsville's been sleeping on its rights. Seven thousand population in 1930. Seventy-five hundred in 1940. Only about eighty-three hundred today, with me bringing most of the difference in. And why?"

Old Man Evans knew what Jenkins' answer would be. He twitched again, and Bill Sedley stopped scraping his cheek and prodded his shoulder in warning.

Jenkins warmed to his insistent theme. "It's because Mayor Martin let opportunity knock itself to death. We could have had a shirt factory here in '36, and a box factory the next year. What did he do to encourage them? Nothing. The only defense work we got is what I swung myself. Leave it to Martin and he'd still be talking about getting the right kind of industry for Hammettsville."

JENKINS paused for breath and dramatic effect. "Hell, any kind of industry's the right kind. But Martin's passed 'em up, just like he's passed everything up for twenty years." Even if it wasn't actually true, it made good campaign material. "A town can't live on friendliness. It takes friendliness plus, and I'm going to put in the plus. Look at my record."

Old Man Evans grudgingly conceded that Jenkins was partly right, at least in respect to himself. In the eight years since Jenkins had moved to Hammettsville he'd been a one-man boom. Of a kind. Today he owned half a dozen businesses and had accumulated more money than any three men in town. But, Old Man Evans contended, it was all for Jenkins, not Hammettsville. Besides, there were a couple or so of border-line cases in Jenkins' past. The sweatshop he'd run over in Ellistown, that gave him his first stake. The doubtful collateral he'd put up for his first loan in Hammettsville, even if he had made the loan good. And that story which had followed him from Ellistown, about how he had drawn out his money from the bank just before it folded, when he was in a position to know what was coming. Jenkins thought money could run everything. Now he wanted to run Hammettsville itself.

Old Man Evans thought about Jim Martin. Jim had done a good job for Hammettsville, no matter what Jenkins said, and Jim needed the mayor's salary now more than ever. As Jim's best friend and as director of the Hammettsville State, Old Man Evans knew something about Jim's troubles, and the troubles of a lot of old-timers like Jim whose businesses didn't fit into the war picture and whose sons did. Yes, Jim was looking straight at defeat. His supporters were apathetic; they had their minds on the war and not the election. Jenkins' crowd would vote, because Jenkins was prodding them, but as for the rest, it looked like it would be the smallest vote in twenty years. Nobody could stir Jim's friends up, it seemed; and even Jim had almost given up trying, what with hurt pride and worry about that kid overseas. And there was no doubt that money talked. Jenkins himself proved that. But Jenkins would never prove to be the right mayor for Hammettsville.

Jenkins was finishing his campaign shots. "It's in the bag," he repeated. "We're going to sweep the old fogies out and go places in Hammettsville. See you in city hall next week." He tossed in a final impressive trump. "Money talks. I've got ten thousand dollars that says I'm the next mayor of Hammettsville."

An incredulously approving whistle—bound to be Wilson the bookkeeper—stung Old Man Evans' ears like a tormenting hornet. For the third time his rotund body shook. That was it. Money talked. Money on the one side and apathy and forgetfulness on the other. Money and apathy . . . .

Abruptly Old Man Evans pushed Bill Sedley aside and heaved himself upright.

"I'll take that bet," he said. "I'm good for it."

"Cripes, Mr. Evans," Bill Sedley whispered, "go easy."

Jenkins' astonishment gave way to satisfaction. He winked at the entranced customers.

"You know what you're doing, Mr. Evans?" he asked. "I don't want to rob you."

"I'm good for it," Old Man Evans repeated grimly. "Still betting?"

He and Jenkins reached for their checkbooks almost in unison.

"It's a deal," Jenkins said delightedly. "Easiest ten thousand I ever made." Wilson echoed his laugh.

Old Man Evans finished writing his check, handed it to Bill Sedley, and sank back in the chair.

"You hold the stakes, Bill," he said. "And finish me up in a hurry. I've got some work to attend to."

BY eleven o'clock on election night the voting clerks were nearing the bottom of the third and last ballot box. Beyond the railed-off tables in the city hall auditorium as many of Hammettsville's citizens as could jam themselves into the room marked their personal tallies on envelopes and bits of paper.

Through the open ground-floor windows of the auditorium the less fortunate shouted from the lawn to the front-row spectators:

"How's it coming?"

"Martin, six thirty-three; Jenkins, six twenty. Man, it's close!"

Old Man Evans tried to get Jenkins' eye. Jenkins looked discomfited, but he was hanging on. The vote wasn't counted yet. The tellers droned on. Martin—tally—Martin—tally—Jenkins—tally—Martin—tally—Jenkins—tally—

The nearest onlookers leaned over the rail, peering to see how many ballots were left.

"That's all," a clerk said. "Mayor's in again."

The insiders and the window watchers took up the refrain. "Mayor's in again. . . . Jenkins is beat. . . . Six forty-six to six twenty-two. Who'd have thought . . . ."

As the citizenry of Hammettsville began to dissolve loudly into the night, Old Man Evans struggled through the crush to where Jenkins stood riveted in numb anger.

"Well, Mr. Jenkins," he said. "Looks like you lost a bet."

In defeat Jenkins was something less than cocksure.

"Yeah," he said thickly, "I lost. Don't understand it."

He shifted to surer ground, seeking to buoy himself with arrogance. "Not that the money worries me," he said. "Hope you can use it."

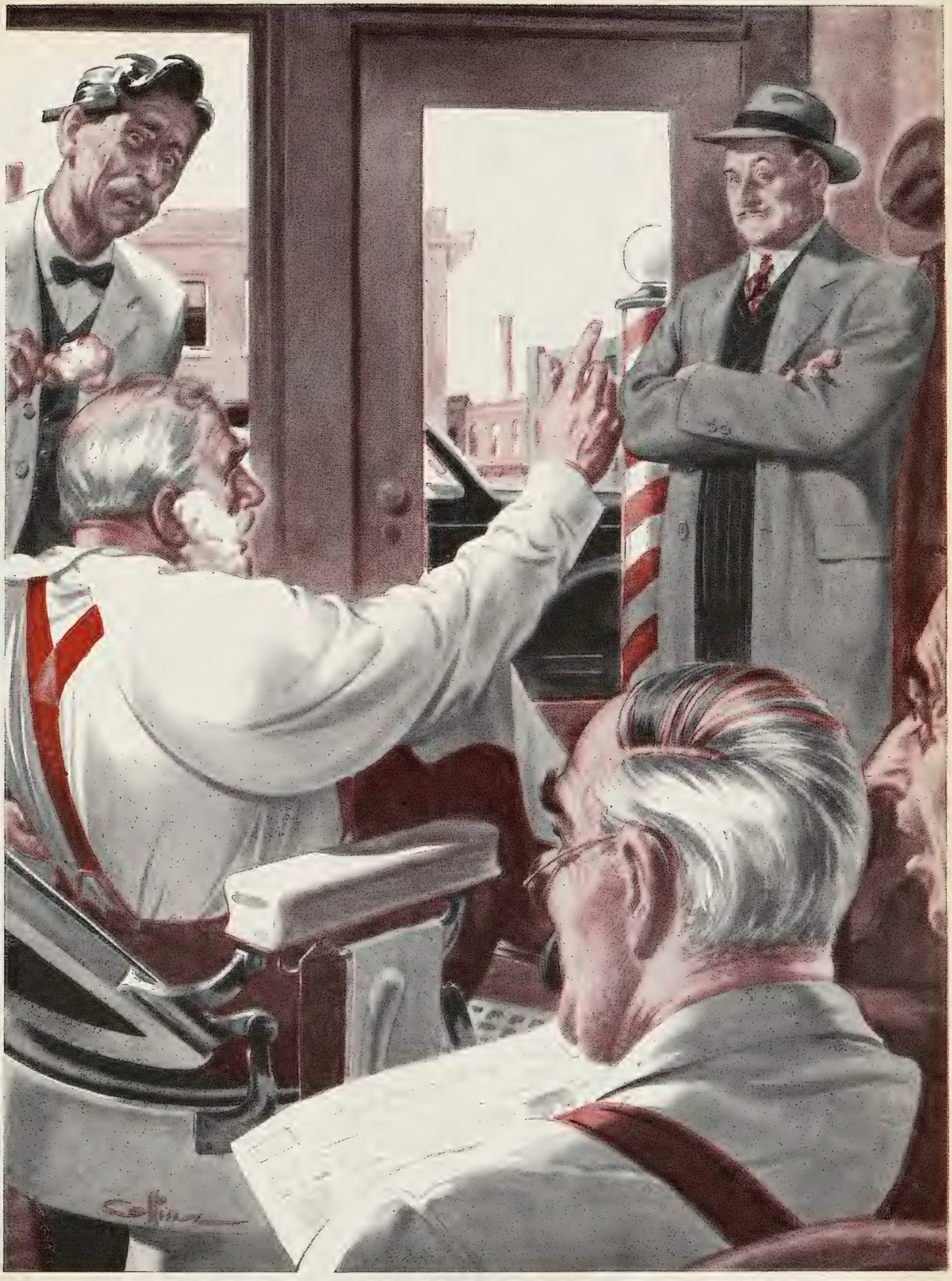
"Sure can," Old Man Evans said. "Only wish it was all mine." He paused so that his victim could rise to the bait. Jenkins rose.

"Whose is it?"

Old Man Evans' answer was provokingly drawn out, and he made no effort to hide his enjoyment. Once more he was the smartest man in Hammettsville, and Jim Martin was still the most popular.

"It's like this, Mr. Jenkins. You taught us a lesson here in Hammettsville. Money talks, you said, and I figured you must be right. So I took that ten-thousand-dollar bet and farmed pieces of it out to every man I could count on in Hammettsville. All the way from ten dollars to a hundred apiece, and that got 'em to working. You had almost a hundred fellows bringing in people who might not have voted, all day long. Yes, sir, money talks."

THE END



Abruptly Old Man Evans heaved himself upright. "I'll take that bet," he said. "I'm good for it."

POKRYSHKIN —ACE OF ACES

The top scorer in the air war against the Nazis with 59 planes to his credit is a man worth knowing. Here's a description of him and his methods

BY RALPH PARKER

Moscow, by wireless.

CHESTNUT-HAIRED, gray-eyed Alexander (Sasha) Pokryshkin is still in the lead of Soviet fighter-pilot aces with fifty-nine victims. The thirty-year-old Siberian has packed more air fighting into a twelve-month career as pilot of an American-built Cobra than most airmen could expect in a lifetime, and he has been elevated to the rank of double hero of the Soviet Union. His story affords an insight into life in the Red Air Force—hitherto largely a closed book to the American reader.

Pokryshkin's origins were humble and his life before his entry into the Red Air Force had been spent mostly with workmen. Ivan Pokryshkin, his father, was a mechanic in Novosibirsk. His mother, Aksinya, is a gentle-mannered and pious woman who is extremely proud of her three-room timber house on the outskirts of Novosibirsk. Alexander is the eldest of her five sons. The youngest, Victor, is still at school.

Novonikolaevsk, as Novosibirsk was called when Pokryshkin was born there shortly before the outbreak of World War I, was little more than a great sprawling colonial village. Life was hard. But with the inauguration of the Five-Year Plans factories came to Novosibirsk, and scientific farming and concrete buildings. The grain trust provided liberal grants for land development. As a result, before this war Novosibirsk's population was more than a quarter of a million.

For the Pokryshkins the Five-Year Plans meant the certainty of jobs for five sons, and for young Sasha they meant that when he finished schooling he went into a new factory. The workers say he was "attentive" there.

But already the quiet gray-eyed youth was hankering to get off the ground. His mother tells how, after school hours, he used to sit and study aviation journals in the little garden, how he hung about the civil airport, and how his eyes searched the skies for the passenger planes that flew over Novosibirsk on the way to the Pacific and Central Asia. For Sasha Pokryshkin, Novosibirsk, the railway town, was already somewhat obsolete.

The future flying ace left the factory for pilots' school the year Hitler rose to power. But to his intense disappointment, after preliminary training, Pokryshkin was selected for specialization as a reconnaissance pilot. He had hoped to fly a fighter.

In those days Soviet pilots were the elite of the land. The Soviet Union, ever vigilant, became more so when Hitler rose. It sought to attract likely young airmen into the service by offering them salaries quite as high as they could expect to earn in other fields and living conditions considerably easier.

The result is clearly seen in the age of many's of Russia's most famous airmen. A high proportion are in their early thirties—men who began to fly ten, twelve, and fifteen years ago. At thirty, Pokryshkin is old to be a fighter ace by standards in Britain and America, where the expansion of the air forces came so much later.

The outbreak of the war found Pokryshkin in Bessarabia, where the Red Army waited on the banks of the Prut. He was one of the first Russians to see the enemy. On the morning of Sunday, June 22, 1941, he flew over Rumanian soil and saw the dust kicked up by the German tanks as the columns advanced. For the next six months his reports contained that phrase which became sickeningly familiar to him: "Enemy tanks advancing."

From the Prut to the Don, over Kiev, Poltava, Donbas, and Rostov, he watched the Germans advance. Poised alone, four miles above the Ukraine, he watched its wealth perish or pass to the enemy. He watched the great dragging herd of fugitives trekking eastward to Central Asia, the Caucasus, and Siberia for protection.

In the battle for Rostov at the end of November, 1941, Pokryshkin was still piloting a stripped Yak, which the Red Air Force used for the last armed reconnaissance flight. He had lost one machine when he was forced to bail out over enemy lines. Then he had been lucky to fall in with an infantry company that was fighting its way back to its division across the central Ukraine. The captain of the company died in Pokryshkin's arms. It was the first time he had seen a man die at close quarters. Later, when he was in Poltava, he visited the man's family and told them he would avenge the death of the one who had saved his life.

That winter Pokryshkin went home—not on leave, but to visit Siberian airplane factories and tell workers something about front conditions. It was then that he learned that three of his four younger brothers were at the front, like himself, in the Air Force. He was told that on his return he would be transferred to a Stormovik squadron, news which he received with mixed feelings.

It's the job of the Stormovik pilots to be the armor or the artillery of the storm troops of the Army, as the situation may require. I saw two samples of their work, one on the Korsun road last winter, the other outside Vitebsk last June when von Gollwitzer's 53d Army Corps was destroyed in an attempt to punch its way through Chernyakhovsky's encircling ring. A more convincing picture of the havoc that the Stormoviks can wreak could not be imagined. Horses were dead in the traces, cars had gone up in flames, tanks had been driven off the road to explode on the mined edges of ditches, and deadly fingers of fire had slain men taking ineffectual cover.

Pokryshkin never really took to it. As airmen go, he's not a slaughterer. Roads are too big a target for his taste. All his life he had hoped to get the foe on the wing, and in the spring of 1943 he was at last given the chance. With the rank of captain he became a fighter pilot, and after three weeks of training was given an American-built Airacobra.

The Bell Aircraft Corporation's P-39 plane came to Russia during the first six months of war at a time when most of the ships coming here were British Hurricanes, which the Russians thought underarmed, and American Kittyhawks and Tomahawks. The Cobra, with its 37-mm. cannon, quickly became the favorite, and is now the most talked-of American plane in the Red Army.

By the time Pokryshkin got around to flying it, the P-39 type was well established here. But it was in the violent, sustained air battles of the early summer of last year that the American machines came fully into their own, and it was in these battles that Pokryshkin leaped from virtual anonymity in the Red Air Force to a position of such esteem that Pravda, in a recent article on the prowess of Russian airmen, placed him at the head of the list.

During this astonishing summer when, in some 500 sorties, he destroyed thirty-five enemy planes, Pokryshkin was stationed near Krasnodar, a Cossack town on the banks of the river Kuban. Probably the happiest days of his life were these days packed with danger, companionship, and well-matched battles. Now, as a fighter pilot, he was a member of a team, for teamwork is the secret of his success. It is Russian practice, when a first-class marksman of the air is found, to build a formation around him, coddling him, guarding him, leading him to the target. That is undoubtedly one of the reasons for the high tally of enemy planes characteristic of the Russo-German front, and it explains why the Russians used to pick up on the radio the warning in German: *"Achtung! Achtung!* Pokryshkin!"

The Kuban Air Command of the summer of 1943 was a medley of races. There were the famous Glinka brothers, Dmitri and Boris, Russians who had accounted for thirty-three planes between them; their commander, Asiatic Colonel Abraham Dzusov; Ace Asmet Khan; Williamson, whose parents were English, from Petrograd; Pokryshkin the Siberian, and many others.

Look at them closer—in the officers' club of the Kuban Air Command, a green-painted wooden hut camouflaged with the boughs of nut trees and built on the side of a ravine hard by the swiftly flowing Kuban. Although all wear the Red Army uniform, it isn't difficult to imagine some of them as civilians in embroidered shirts or bright silk blouses with silver belts or with tubeteykas on round, shaven heads.

The sun streams through the window, playing on the aluminum spoons on the oilcloth-covered tables. The walls are whitewashed and stencilled with a primitive five-leaf-clover design. A huge samovar and "titan" cooker stand hissing in a corner. There are pictures of revolutionary leaders in another corner. Surprisingly, among them are the passionate face of Byron and the sensitive bearded face of Tchaikovsky. On one wall is a large white sheet at the top of which, in gaily illuminated lettering, are the words: "Scoreboard of Revenge." On it are listed the members of the group who have taken a toll of the enemy.

Breakfast takes only a few minutes, for none of the senior officers is present. Someone smiles broadly at a Boris Yefinov cartoon in a two-day-old copy of Pravda. Another passes a copy of Red Star on to a neighbor with the remark that Ehrenburg is on Fritz's tail again. A girl with a clean apron brings in trays of steaming tea. As one young pilot leaves, she slips an apple into his pocket. He was decorated yesterday.

Captain Alexander Pokryshkin is distinguished from the others perhaps only in that he is rather retiring. His friends think him romantic. But he protests, "You read too much Jules Verne as a kid to be really romantic. It's fellows like the Glinkas who were brought up on Pushkin." Nonetheless, Pokryshkin belongs to the generation of Russians for whom life promised every kind of strange adventure.

What identifies him particularly is that he's the impressionable type. Battle experience hasn't so toughened him as to keep his brow from clouding and his eyes from growing hard when he remembers some of the war scenes he has witnessed—the death of his teacher, Pilot Anatol Sokolov, a trenchful of Ukrainian Jews excavated by Rostov's liberators, the trial of the Krasnodar traitors which he attended last year. One feels on reading his letters that these experiences kindle the anger that has spurred him on in many a difficult flight.

Pokryshkin is not the introspective, worried type, but neither is he just a plain, tough fellow. A man who writes that as a pilot whom he particularly admired took off, the tall grass of the airfield seemed to bow to him in reverence, or who described the Ukrainian cornfields as "shuddering" as the wind swept over them in the summer of 1943, clearly is not unimaginative.

The air operations over Kerch, the Sea of Azov, the southern Ukraine, and Kuban in the summer of 1943 attained a sustained violence that hasn't been repeated since. Pokryshkin revealed himself as a scientific fighter during these battles. No one on that front could get so much out of a Cobra, but he taught much of his skill to his team and it bewildered the Germans by its maneuverability.

"Close-range fighting is the only kind that counts. Attack from above is the only way to approach the enemy," he wrote during this period. Steady-nerved, self-confident, cautious and calculating in combat, he likes to feel out the enemy before the kill.

Writing recently in Red Star, he analyzed some airmen's failings: "They haven't absorbed the feel of a fighter. They're not sly or calculating enough. They act in a stereotyped manner. It's clear that such airmen cannot fight successfully."

Pokryshkin has earned a chestful of medals, including the U. S. Distinguished Service Cross from President Roosevelt. He went to Moscow to collect that, along with his first Gold Star, last summer, the day after he had shot down two Messerschmitts.

The short stay was a memorable one: a night at the new Moscow Hotel; the short walk across Kanenny Bridge to the Kremlin—feeling as nervous as before his first

(Continued on page 79)

PHOTOS FROM SOVFOTO

Three-time hero of the Soviet Union, Pokryshkin receives friends' congratulations.

At this north-Canada shipping point fish are the priority passengers—thousands of pounds being whisked to U. S. tables by plane and rail.

FISH ARE IMPORTANT PEOPLE

BY JACK PATERSON

DOWN in New York's Fulton Market, where wholesalers package it for the swank hotel trade, they speak of it with a professional air as "merchandise."

In shipping centers of the Midwest, where overalled handlers roll thousands of iced boxes into railway express cars, they refer to it as "the product."

Up in Canada's northern lake and river country, where rugged men, women, and young 'uns work with line, net, skiff, barge, dog team, truck, tractor train, or airplane to supply an overwhelming wartime demand, they call it plain old *fish*.

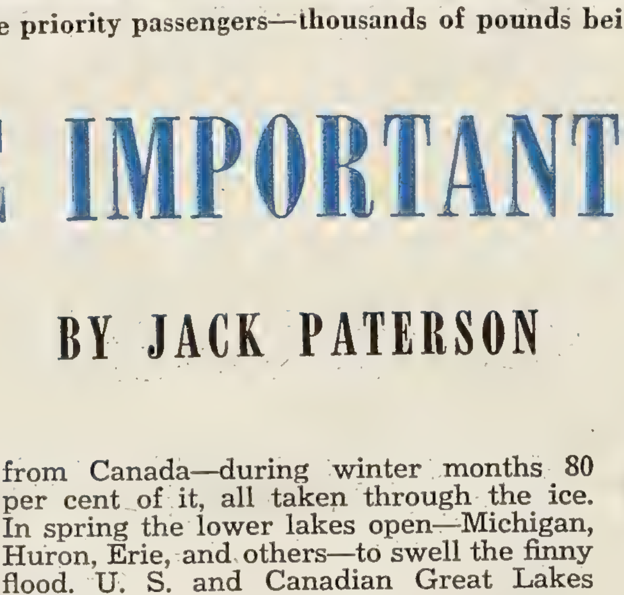
To Northerners, transport outfits and city dealers alike, fish are important people. They demand and get travel priorities. Thanks to science and modern transportation, that delicate morsel on your luncheon plate in New York or Chicago today was as fresh as when Joe Swampfoot's eldest daughter hauled it from the waters of Reindeer Lake.

A crack passenger train out of Winnipeg, Manitoba, was held while two "reefer" cars of whitefish and lake trout were attached between mail and express coaches. Some of the fifty-pound fish boxes held sturgeon. One, originally a 243-pounder, filled several boxes. Credited, as sturgeon are, with a growth of one pound a year, he had been around since about the time King William was winning the Battle of the Boyne. Unfortunately for the Norwegian fisherman who took him, he was a male. True, he brought eighty cents a pound. But had he been female, he might have donated up to seventy pounds of choice caviar at today's price of $3.25 a pound.

Take it easy. Don't toss up your war job to go northern commercial fishing. It's a tough game.

In a way, it is a wartime job. Fish companies have big supply contracts with the services. Most fresh-water fish for U. S. Army, home, and restaurant tables comes from Canada—during winter months 80 per cent of it, all taken through the ice. In spring the lower lakes open—Michigan, Huron, Erie, and others—to swell the finny flood. U. S. and Canadian Great Lakes fishermen ply far from shore, lay nets, and make their pick-up from those laid the previous day.

To keep year-round trainloads of fish rolling to U. S. markets from Canada means the combing of wide areas. From Quebec in the east through Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta to the border of the Northwest Territories, fish companies and their wilderness people are organized to the last detail. Fish don't drive for the nets in hordes. Far from it. Manitoba's largest body of fresh water, Lake Winnipeg, about 275 miles long, produces no more than one pound of fish an acre in an entire season.



The doings of that queer fish, the sturgeon, are just part of the excitement that goes on in Canada to get fish to us fast and fresh

Smaller lakes do better—some in Saskatchewan, as much as ten pounds an acre. And it adds up. The 1943 total of one province, Manitoba, to one market, Chicago, was 8,250,000 pounds of choice fish.

Fisherfolk are of every nationality. Hardy Swedes, Norwegians, Finns, Latvians, and Indians predominate in northern camps, but those who have made fishing history in Manitoba are the Icelanders. Toward the turn of the century they were brought to Canada on a colonizing scheme by Sir John A. Macdonald, then Prime Minister. They know all the angles.

A trapper of a less-informed nationality went through the ice while hunting caribou. He saved himself but lost his rifle. Half a day's dragging in forty feet of water failed to recover it. He could feel it there, standing in the mud, barrel down.

An Icelander happened along by dog team. "If only we have some rum we can get that rifle," he decided.

The trapper had some rum. They demolished it. The world brightened. "First we got to get a friend of mine," the fisherman observed. He dropped a line and hooked a lively ling cod. "So it's you, Schuli," he greeted the fish. "Good boy. We got a job for you."

He pierced the live cod at the dorsal fin and threaded a line through. He fastened a weight six feet from the fish, lowered line, weight, and friend to the lake bottom and moored the main line to a long-handled ice chisel. "We got time now for coffee," he said.

Half an hour later they returned. The

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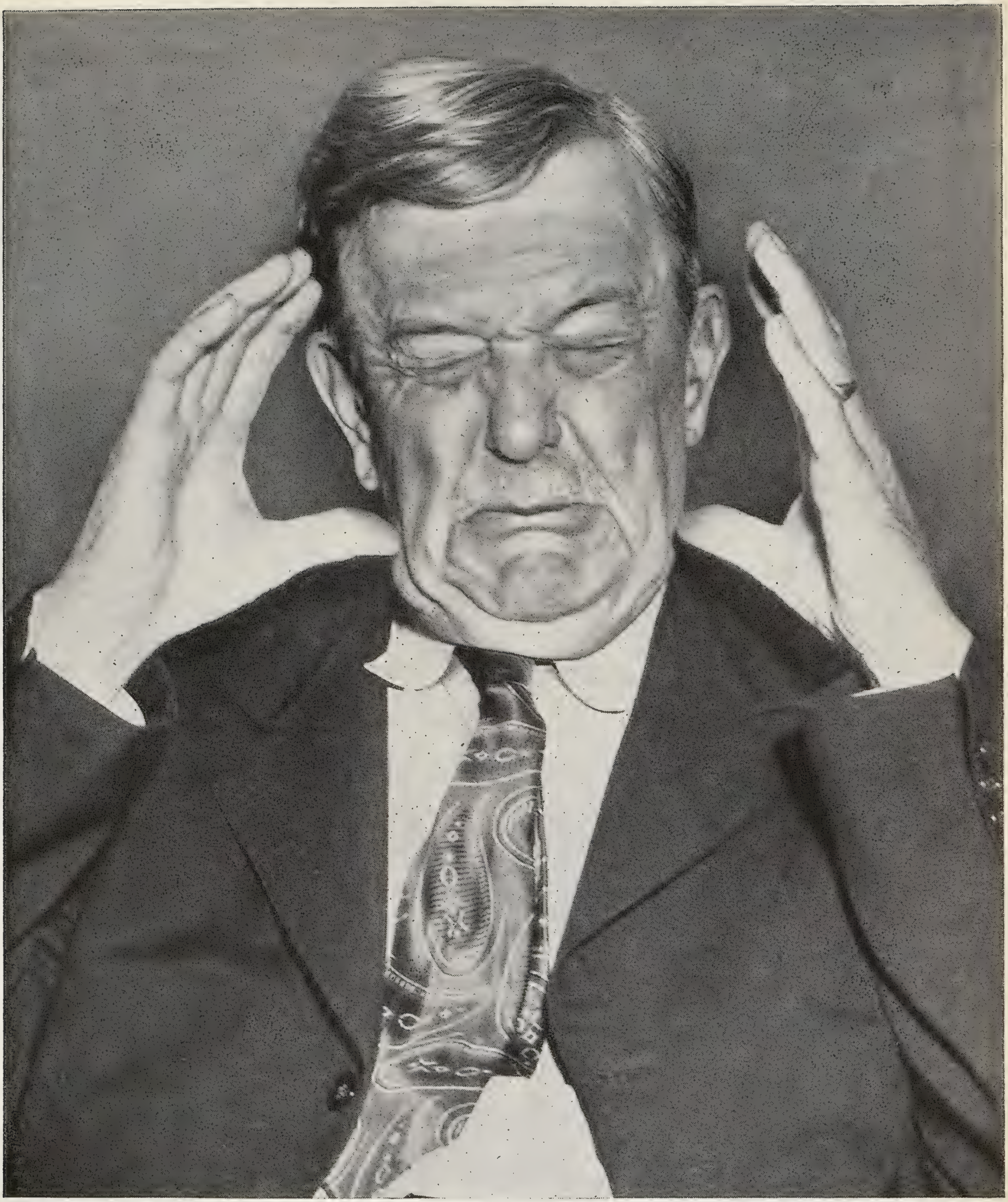


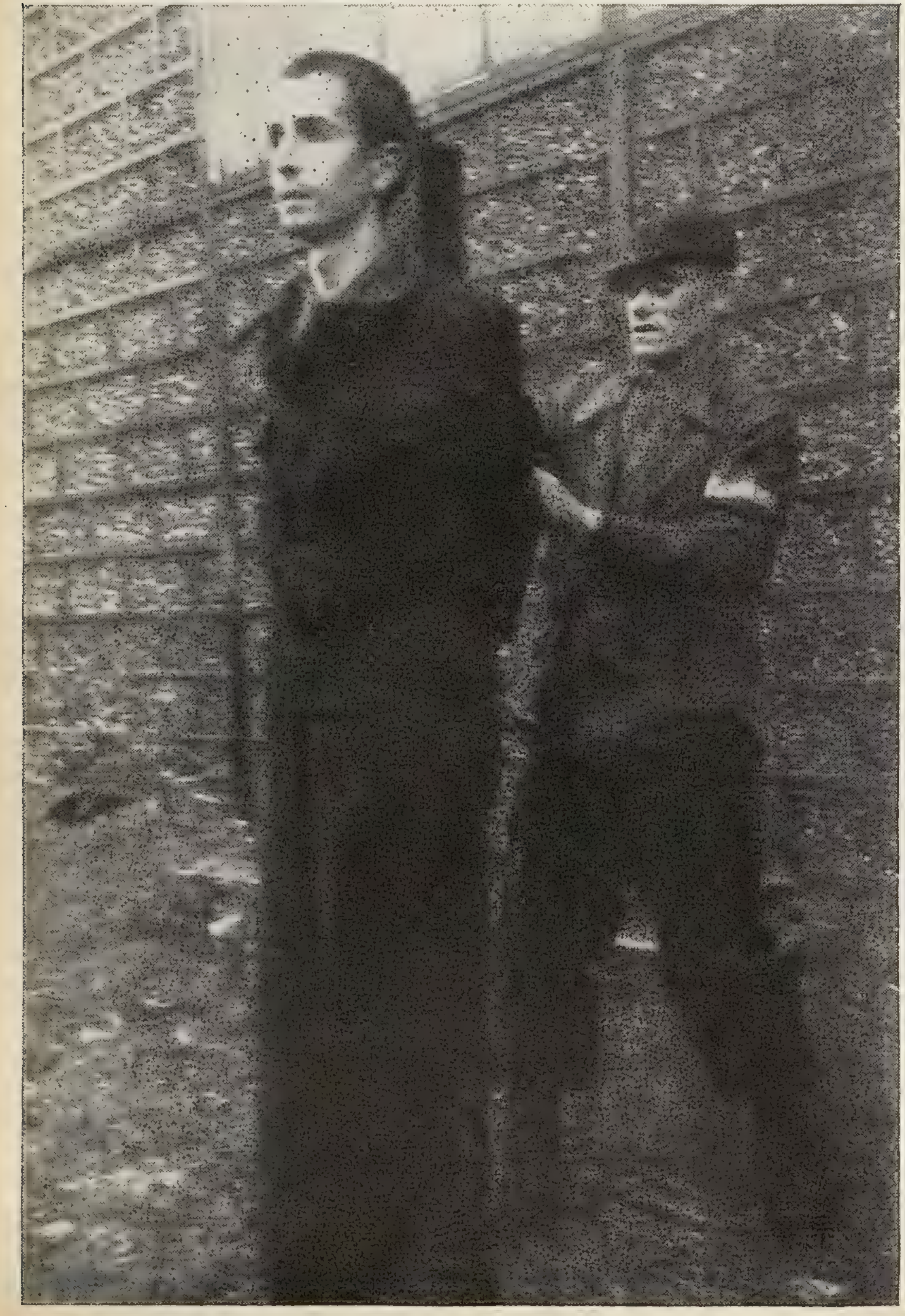
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

"COTTON ED" SEES RED—Picture of a man facing what he considers a fate worse than death. It's Senator Ellison D. ("Cotton Ed") Smith assuming the pained expression. And all because someone asked him what he thought about the fourth term. Occasion was a meeting of anti-New Dealers at the Hotel Mayflower in Washington, D. C.

STATESMEN'S LADIES—Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Churchill turn to feminine interests while their husbands meet at Quebec. They pause to examine things while being shown about the stores depot of the Canadian WAC by Captain Jacqueline Minneau.

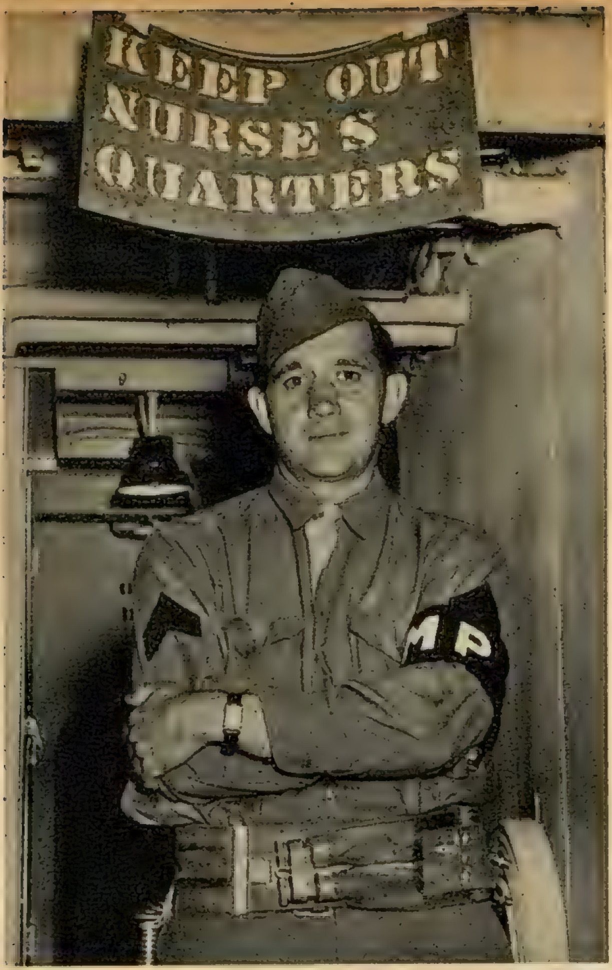
MYSTERY GIRL FOUND—Everybody wondered about the Spar who held the little boy while he was freed from a turnstile. She's Helen J. Merrill of Portland, Ore.

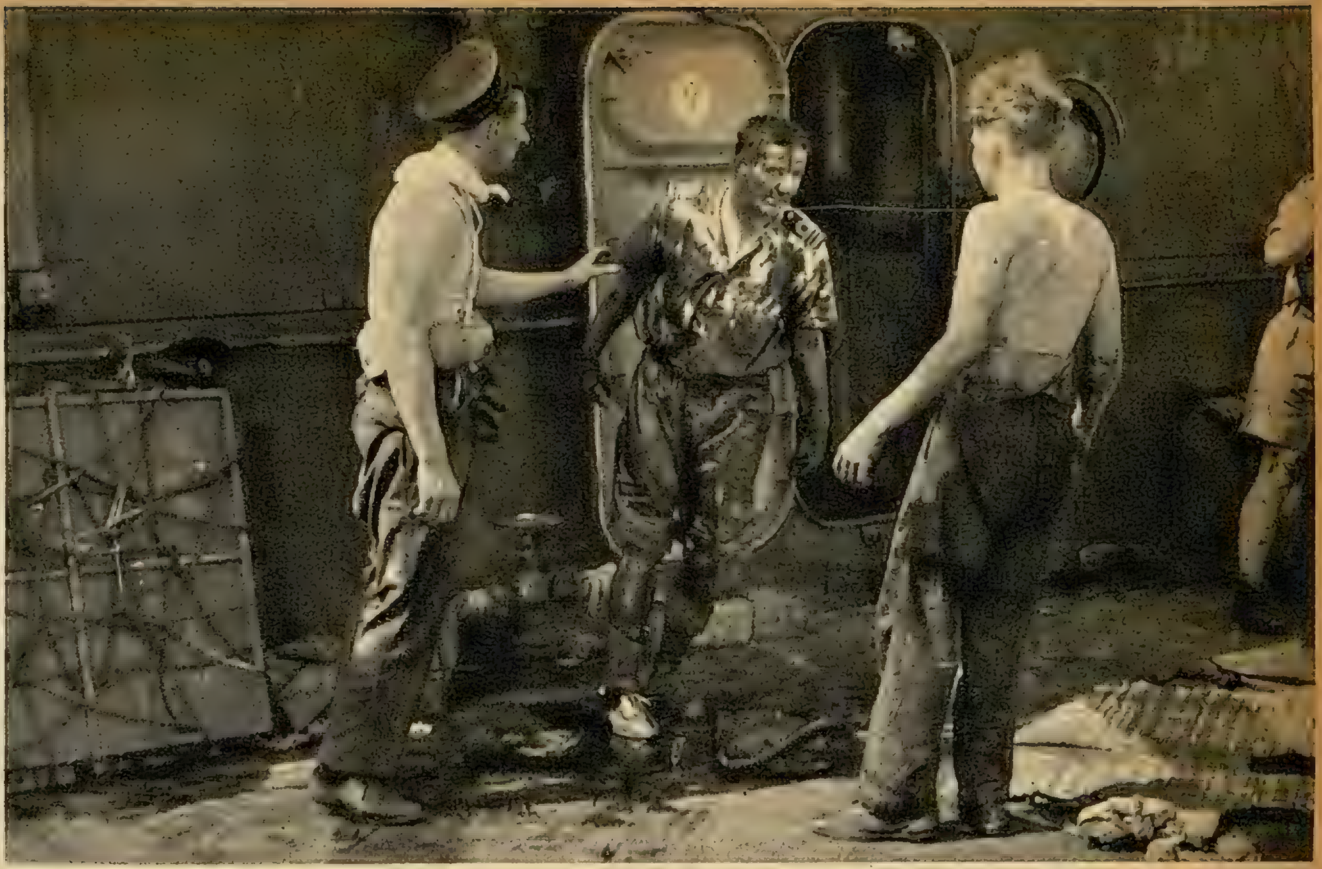


SPECIAL SPECTATORS—Former Oona O'Neill and husband Charlie Chaplin watch the Pacific Southwest Net Championships in Hollywood.

DEATH AFTER DISHONOR—This man is about to die. Found guilty in Grenoble, France, of treason to his oppressed country, he faces a firing squad.

WAR DOG—Blackout saw plenty of action when he hit the beaches of Sicily, Italy, and Normandy with his Coast Guard pals. He's mascot of an LCI.



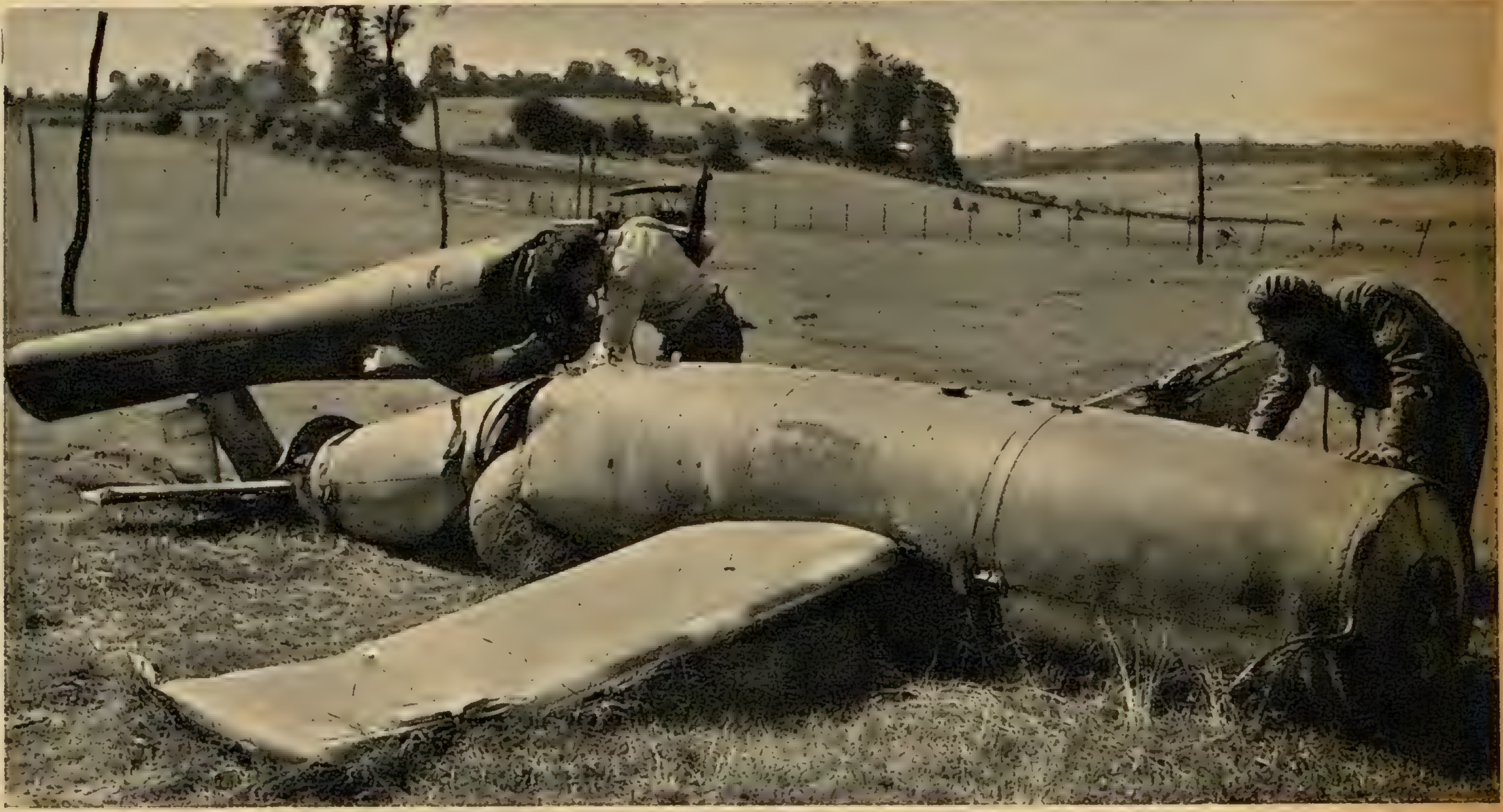


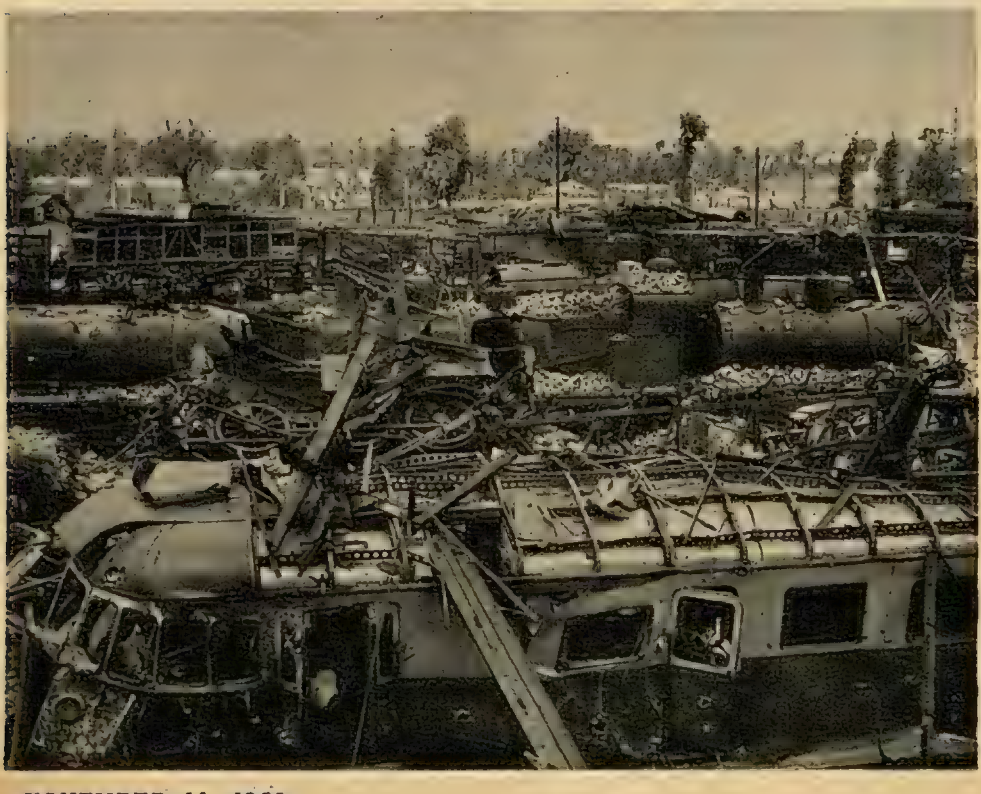
HELL BELOW DECKS—An officer of a rescue party, showing dramatic evidence of the devastation below, emerges from the depths of the British cruiser H. M. S. Manchester just before it sank after being torpedoed while on convoy duty recently off Tunisia. ↑

SEA WOLVES, BEWARE!—M. P. Herbert Nagle of Meriden, Conn., ensures the privacy of Army nurses on a Coast Guard transport bound for Europe. Apparently Herbert himself is a trustworthy soul. ↑

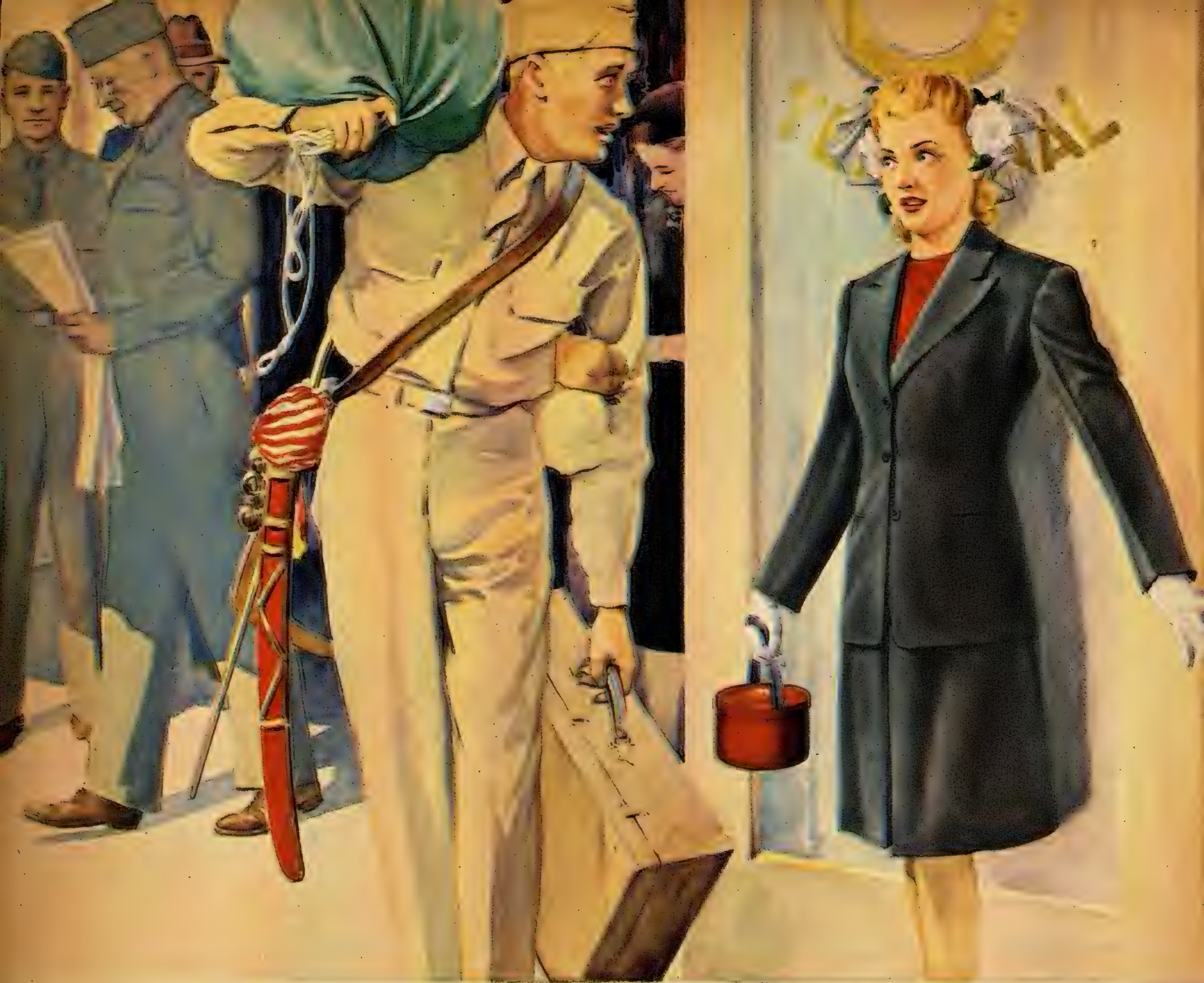
BUZZBOMB THAT DIDN'T—Now we can really see what a robomb looks like as a Canadian soldier (right) and a member of the F. F. I. examine one that cracked up not far from its launching site in the Pas-de-Calais area. →

TANGLED TRAINS—This is what it means to have air superiority. The railroad yards at Vire, France, with much rolling stock that could have hauled German supplies and troops if our bombers hadn't scrambled it. ↓





FLYING KINDERGARTEN—Al Bennett of Middleton, Ohio, actually teaches kids to fly in the Aeronca planes his company makes. Some of Al's pupils are only five years old, but have less fears than adults. Little Ann Dorenbusch is getting the diploma. ↑



Bill came out carrying a suitcase, some packages, and a duffel bag. He just stared. I stared back.

THE BOBBY-SOCK BRIDE

Everything she read told Kitty her Bill would come home from the war a changed man—so she became a Changed Woman. Which goes to show you can't believe anything you read

BY H. VERNOR DIXON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CHICKERING

MAYBE I'm dumb, but when it comes to the subject of When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again, I think I've found out a thing or two. Of course, in my case it was Billie Boy who came marching home, but it all amounts to the same thing no matter what your man's name might be.

Not that I knew anything at first. I thought I did, but I was the dumbest little goose in California. Like when I was first notified that Bill was wounded and had a pretty good idea he would be discharged.

As soon as I got over that feeling of being trapped and the world falling out from under my feet, I went out and bought all the stories I could find about discharged servicemen. I wanted to know what really smart writers had to say about it. I found out, all right, and it still makes me mad.

In the first place, the hero is usually an officer, talks like a Harvard graduate, and thinks like a psychiatrist. But you couldn't get Pfc. Bill Ellsworth into that description with a crowbar. He never saw a college in his life, his mother took in washing, he talks just plain, like everyone else and—well, maybe I'm not so sure how he thinks, but I know it isn't like a psychiatrist.

Secondly, the heroine—ah, the heroine! What a babe! A gorgeous creature, who also thinks and talks like a psychiatrist, by the way (how come?), and always, but always, has her own career to think about. Where do I come into a picture like that? I married Bill just two days after graduating from high school and think and talk like he does—plain and understandable. Besides, I am certainly not gorgeous. I have my points, such as long reddish-blonde hair, kind of green eyes (but with a squint), good teeth, and a few other little odds and ends I'm not going to mention here. After all, I am still young enough to blush. And as far as a "career" goes, I wouldn't exactly call a salesgirl in a phonograph-and-radio store a career woman.

Believe me, the more I read the more desperate I got. Bill and me didn't figure in the picture at all, which kind of puzzled me, because everyone I knew was in our boat. Maybe it was the wrong boat.

Then I got a letter from Bill, from a hospital in Australia, confirming what I already guessed, that he would be discharged. But even the letter was all wrong, because he wasn't a hero and his wound wasn't really a wound suffered on the glorious field of battle. Down at the end of the letter he just wrote, ". . . so we were running away from this pillbox, where it was too hot for us, and I was so scared I didn't look where I was going. That is when I tripped over a hunk of concrete and fell on my face, right on top of a piece of jagged steel. The medics took out a part of one of my ribs and put silver in its place. It doesn't bother me at all. They say . . ."

A fine thing, I thought. He even had to be running away. My Bill.

THAT is when I stopped reading stories and started looking around for advice. I knew some nice people in Santa Monica, even though it wasn't my home— Maybe I had better explain that. Bill and I came from a little town in North Dakota, where we had known each other all of our lives, though not intimate-like. It was when he came home on a short leave that he discovered me and we fell in love and got married. I was seventeen then and he was twenty, much older than me.

We had four days, and then he was transferred to California and I followed him out. We were lucky to get a little bungalow in an auto court close to the beach, and there we spent eighteen days together. Bill was shipped out. I really know jive, so I got a job right away in Santa Monica in Browne's Music Box. They were hard up for help and I got twenty-eight fifty a week. Now I get thirty, because Mr. Browne realizes I'm old enough now to go to work in a war plant.

I guess that's about all of our history.

Anyway, the first person I went to with my problem was Mr. Browne. He's kind of a fat old duck, with a bald head and a red face and creeping hands, if you get what I mean, but he really is nice, if you overlook those hands of his.

I went up to his office on the mezzanine and told him like this: "Mr. Browne, my husband, Bill, is wounded and it won't be long until he'll be sent home."

The old boy looked kind of startled and said, "I've treated you nice, haven't I?"

I said, "Sure. That isn't what I'm here about. I'm worried, Mr. Browne."

Then he grinned and patted me on the knee. It was supposed to be a fatherly pat, but he copped a little squeeze, too. "Tut-tut," he said. "What is there for a lovely young lady like you to worry about?"

"Plenty," I said. "You see, everywhere I hear and read about servicemen coming home and how the war has always changed them so, you hardly recognize them at all. Bill will be changed, too. He's no dummy and he's been out there over a year."

Mr. Browne nodded thoughtfully and, like I say, he really is nice, because he didn't pat my knee again. He had something else to think about. He said, "Yes, Kitty, I know what you mean. You're afraid that when Bill comes home maybe it won't be the same between you like it was before."

I nodded, but I couldn't say anything. I thought suddenly of what it had been like before and there was a big lump in my throat.

He gave me a shrewd look and gently patted my hand, but this time it really was fatherly. "You do have a worry, my child."

"I know."

"Well, Kitty," he said. "I'll tell you. My advice to you is to try and put yourself in his shoes. It won't be easy—no, no,—but it can be done. Picture what he is going through, how he has suffered and, mainly, what he has been thinking about all this time."

"I don't know how—"

"Nothing to it, child. It's perfectly obvious how our boys overseas are thinking. They're planning for tomorrow. For a better world. Security. Progress. The rights of the little man. Free enterprise. Better international trade agreements. A sound system of economy—"

I hated to interrupt him, but I said, "That doesn't sound much like Bill."

"Ah," he smiled, "that is the crux of your problem. You see? You expect him to be changed, yet you refuse to face it."

"Gee," I said, "do you think Bill will think about all those things?"

"Absolutely. Read the editorials in the newspapers and what our representatives in Washington have to say and you'll know just what our boys are thinking and what they want when they get home. Believe me, this is going to be a different world."

He paused and squeezed my knee again, so I knew that was the end of that and went back downstairs. But I had plenty to think about and I guess I got a little frightened, because that afternoon I presented my problem to the professor.

The professor really isn't his name, but that is what we call him in the store because he is so high-brow. He's young and 4F and kind of consumptive and has long hair and dreamy eyes and never buys anything except the classics on wax.

When he came in that afternoon looking for something by Paul Whiteman, I got him in one of the little rooms where we play records and blurted out my problem to him. At first he seemed amused, then he saw how scared I was, and right away he changed and talked for a solid hour without taking breath. He was wonderful.

I haven't the faintest idea what he was talking about, but it was something about the rights of the proletariat . . . petty bourgeoisie mental circuses . . . a guy named Karl Marx, not one of the four . . . and other stuff like that. It was almost like the Grand Canyon Suite listening to him, only more so. With the Grand Canyon Suite you have to change records.

But when he left I felt awful and sat down and cried. Instead of getting littler, the problem was getting bigger and bigger. I just wanted Bill to come home, that's all, and maybe be able to talk to him a little about some of the things he had been thinking about. But if he was going to have all those things on his mind that Mr. Browne and the professor told me about, I wouldn't be able to talk to him at all. We'd be like strangers.

BILL was such a wonderful person before he went away. Maybe he wasn't intellectual, and most likely he would never amount to very much, but he was awful nice. He always enjoyed a good laugh, he liked to horse around with the other fellows, and he could drum his fingers on a juke box almost as good as Gene Krupa. And could he cut a rug!

That is really how we got married. We had a rug-cutting contest in the school gymnasium two nights before graduation, and Bill and I won first prize. As soon as we got away from the other jive hounds, Bill proposed to me and I accepted. That was some dance!

But if he was going to come home with all these new ideas in his mind and a long face like the professor's—well, that would be just too much for any girl. War, I thought, was worse than I had realized. But I made up my mind then and there not to take it lying down. I loved Bill and I knew he loved me. If he wanted to talk about economics and free enterprise and this Karl Marx person and stuff like that, all right, I would learn how to talk about them too.

The next day I was late to work. I stopped first at a bookstore and asked a middle-aged salesgirl to help me out. I gave her an idea what I wanted and she nodded with a grim look and started pulling books out of shelves. One was all about the economics of the postwar world; another was the European problem called What to Do with Germany—and How; another was on Asia, called After Tojo—What?; one was all about our government; and the last one was a compilation of all the great thinking done on postwar problems. The books were awful heavy.

It was even heavier work trying to read them. When I got through the first one I was ready to go stark, raving mad. Then

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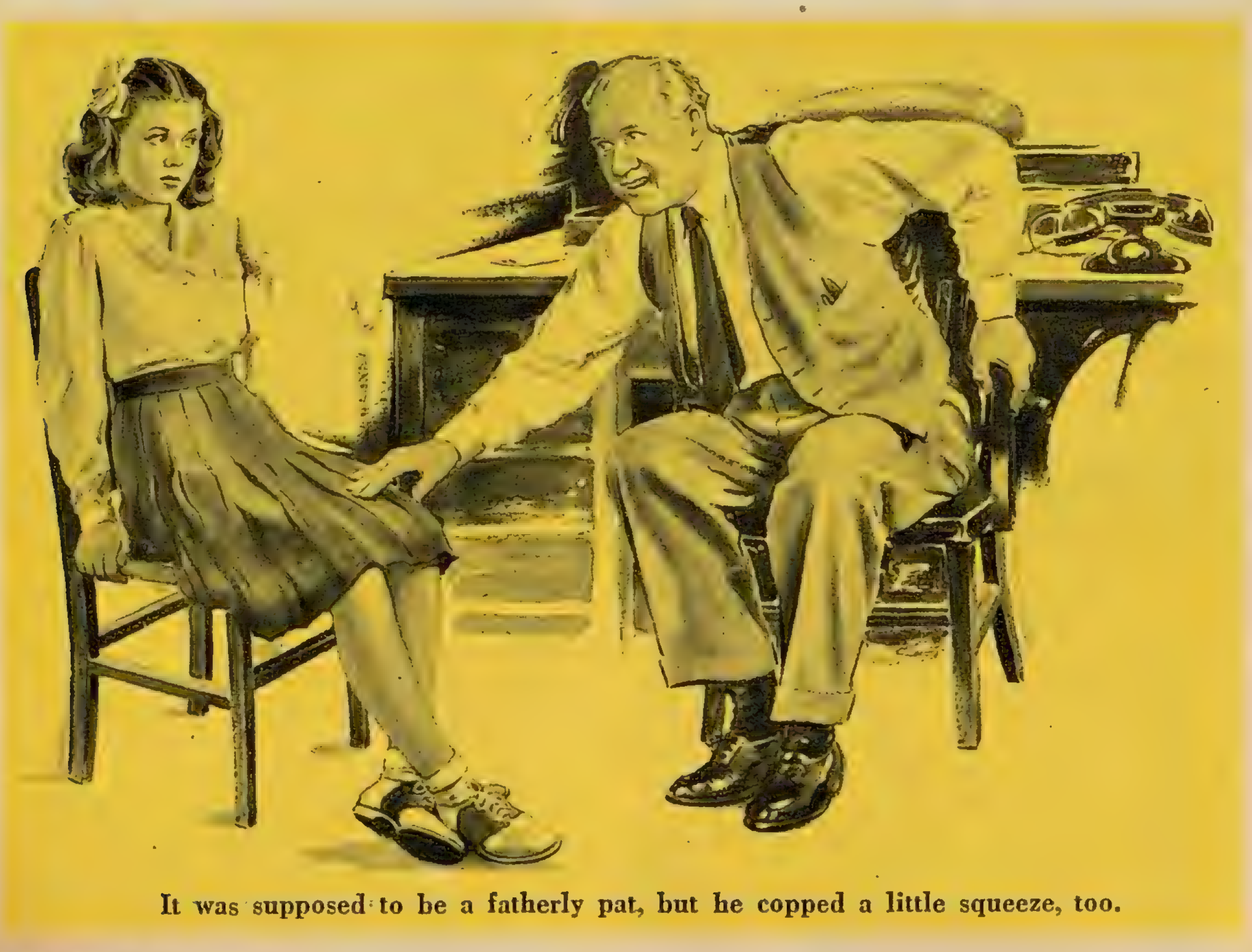
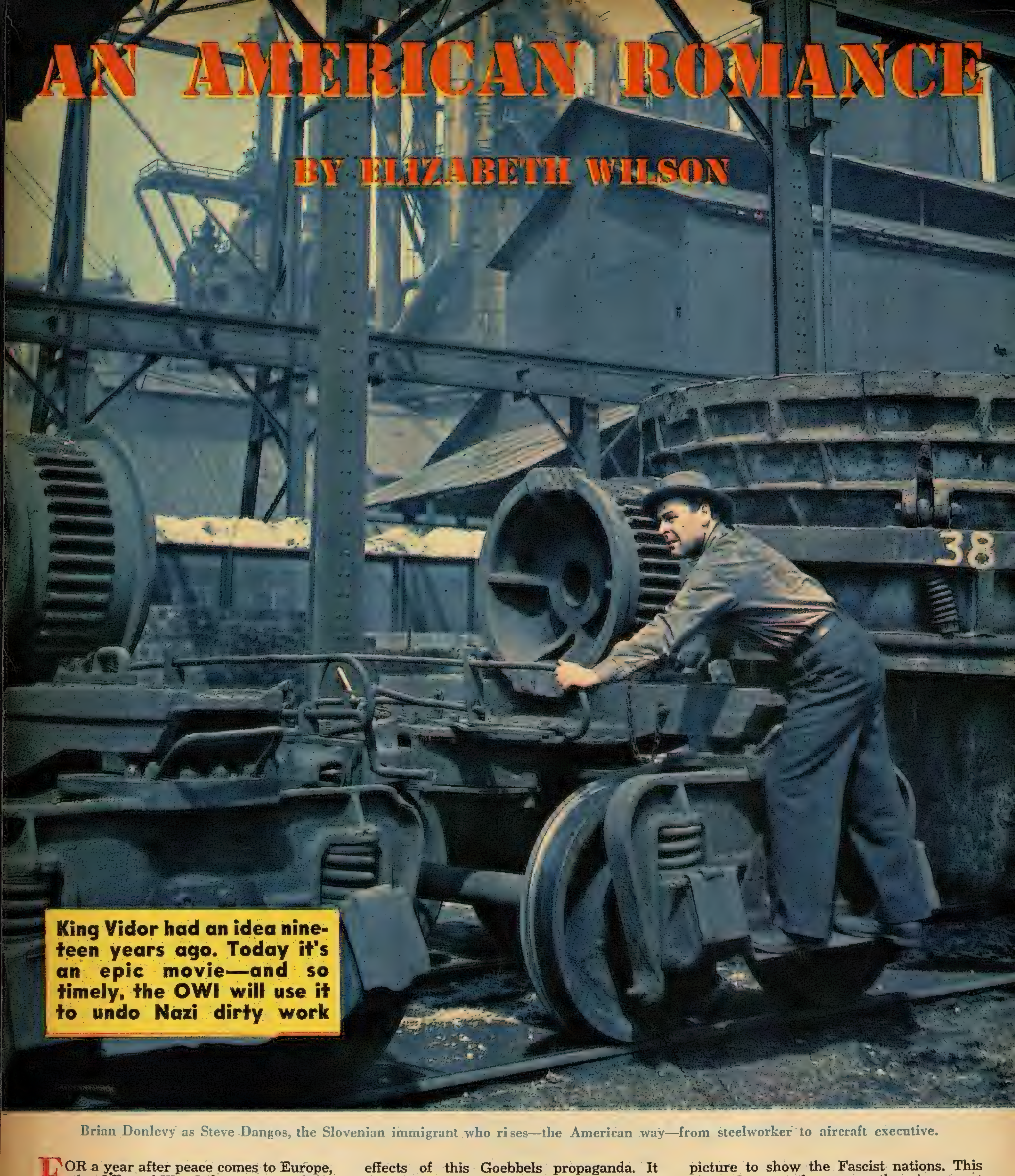


It was supposed to be a fatherly pat, but he copped a little squeeze, too.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

King Vidor had an idea nineteen years ago. Today it's an epic movie—and so timely, the OWI will use it to undo Nazi dirty work



Brian Donlevy as Steve Dangos, the Slovenian immigrant who rises—the American way—from steelworker to aircraft executive.

FOR a year after peace comes to Europe, the Office of War Information and the Office of Censorship intend to continue their control of films sent abroad. In ten years of dealing out lies, Dr. Joseph Goebbels and his Ministry of Propaganda have indoctrinated the people of Germany and former Axis satellite nations with the belief that "democracy" is a thing to scorn and abhor—nothing to strive for. The right kind of motion-picture film, the OWI believes, will work wonders to combat the effects of this Goebbels propaganda. It doesn't have in mind such examples of the Hollywood art as show Maria Montez heaving her bosom or Humphrey Bogart spraying leaden death. It winces at their possible effect on that part of Europe which seems to think we are a sex-mad, irreligious nation of gangsters, zoot suiters, and juvenile delinquents.

But it does have in mind a picture called An American Romance. In this the OWI feels that it has found the perfect picture to show the Fascist nations. This picture, more than any other in recent years, shows democracy really working—shows what the shouting's all about.

An American Romance is one of the few films that will have a whole world for an audience. It will explain the American way to a bewildered Europe far more effectively than floods of words. It couldn't have better timing, even though the idea for it was conceived nineteen years ago. And it is fitting that it was made by King

Vidor, whose long career has been consistently influenced by two dominating interests: the American scene and the common man.

"It is by realistically treating of the average American that the screen can make us understandable to foreign peoples," says King Vidor. "I have tried to do this with An American Romance. It is the simple story of an immigrant and his taking root in this country. The immigrant is one of America's common men who has never been thoroughly pictured. The theme of my picture is twofold: the growth and might of America's steel industry and man's everlasting striving toward a better life. I have worked on the story and the picture for nineteen years. And I feel that it was worth it."

In the early spring of 1925, King Vidor walked into the luxurious office of Irving Thalberg, the young movie genius then in charge of production at the newly merged Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City. Vidor had come to express a few convictions, and Thalberg was an executive who listened. Vidor pointed out that most of the movies being made lacked depth and significance. The screen was getting the reputation of being cheap and sensational.

"If the motion picture is going to progress and attract a wider audience," Vidor told Thalberg, "we must select bigger and more important themes."

"Have you any ideas?" Thalberg asked.

"Yes," replied the young director earnestly. "I have three—war, steel, and wheat."

War was promptly decided on, and Vidor started work on The Big Parade. It was released in the fall of 1925 and proved to be the biggest box-office sensation since The Covered Wagon. It lifted Vidor to fame.

HE next started planning his film about steel. An ardent admirer of Walt Whitman, he was haunted by the phrase, "the shapes of America." The shapes of America, he was convinced, were determined by steel—skyscrapers, ships, automobiles, engines, rails, tractors, plows, planes.

"I read more than eighty scripts dealing with steel," says Vidor. "In every case they were light romantic stories with steelmaking merely a convenient background. When the hero entered a steel mill there was a fade-out. You never actually saw him inside the mill. Nothing I read caught the spirit and tempo of steel and the men of America who make it. I began a folder on steel, collecting magazine articles, advertisements, and photographs. I became interested in industrial paintings and bought quite a few of them. As time went on, my research on steel broadened to include complementary industries—mining, automobiles, and planes."

Vidor decided he would have to write his own story. That would require at least a year of his time. He was not a rich man. A motion-picture director must eat as well as dream. He must also make one or two commercial films a year to keep his name before the public. Then, too, other ideas were constantly taking his attention. Between his "potboilers" he wrote and directed such outstanding films as The Crowd, Our Daily Bread, and Hallelujah.

But always in the back of his mind was his steel picture. By 1935 he was expressing his idea in four words: "Earth to the sky." His story would start in the iron mines with the raw red earth, then trace its magic refinement into steel, automobiles, and aircraft. It was Vidor's observation that as a man works with better materials, his own refinement progresses accordingly, and he saw this as the key to the human story—a story big enough to stand up comparably with the spectacle and power of the industrial scene.

He was so absorbed with his idea by 1938 that he considered giving up everything to finance and produce the picture on his own—no matter how many years it would take. But just about that time M-G-M offered him the direction of The Citadel, which was to be made in England. Dr. Cronin's story of a young doctor's fight against ignorance and bigotry and his plea for socialized medicine and hospitalization of the masses were right down Vidor's alley. The Citadel, according to the critics, topped everything he had done before.

While he was in Europe, Vidor rented a car and, accompanied by his wife, drove through France and Spain. Disturbed by what he saw and sensed in Spain, he realized that it was high time that he make America, the title he had chosen for his picture. (Incidentally, his ever-present mandolin was confiscated temporarily by some of Franco's men; they thought the black case concealed a machine gun.)

When M-G-M asked Vidor to sign a new contract in 1940, he said, "All right, provided I can insert a clause." The clause stated that he would be given time and money, and plenty of both, to write and make America. Now, M-G-M is well known for its advocacy of the star system, and a studio selling Lana Turner couldn't have been overwhelmingly interested in selling steel. But Vidor sold them on his story. He would be given carte blanche at the studio, provided he first directed H. M. Pulham, Esq.

"After that," says Vidor, "I holed up in my office while I was working on the script. The writing and preparation took two years. Into the script went everything I could think of that has made America the nation it is: family life, high-school graduation, church on Sunday, music, art, and democratic ideals. As a boy, I had spent many hours around the wharves of Galveston in the days when it was a funnel for immigrants pouring into America. I had seen them by the thousands—Poles, Czechs, Swedes, Frenchmen, and Slovenians. The way the immigration authorities used to tag them with their names and destinations made a deep impression on me, and I used it in my picture."

Vidor visited steel, automobile, and aircraft plants, and took endless kodachromes. In tracing the wanderings of Steve Dangos, the Slovenian immigrant, the hero of America, from Ellis Island to the Mesabi mines, from Chicago and Detroit to California, Vidor covered 22,000 miles. He took more color pictures as he drove.

The first time he visited the steel plants in Chicago and Gary, Indiana, and saw the blazing Bessemers, the rows of white-hot open-hearth furnaces, the rich red-orange streams of iron flowing into ladles, Vidor knew that such a film would demand color if it were not to lose much of its photographic and dramatic values. He determined to make it in Technicolor and in the steel mills themselves.

Vidor arranged to film the mining sequences at Mesabi, the fabulous mountain of pure iron in Minnesota. His steel sequences he decided to film at the South Works of the Carnegie Steel Corporation in Chicago, and at the Gary plant of the United States Steel Corporation, the two largest steel plants in the world. Some of his automobile scenes he planned to take at the Chrysler plant in Detroit.

THE picture went into actual production April 1, 1943, with Brian Donlevy, borrowed from Paramount, playing Steve Dangos. Ann Richards, a twenty-four-year-old newcomer from Australia, was cast as Anna O'Rourke, who marries Steve and has four sons and one daughter—and nine grandchildren. When the picture was previewed, Ann Richards promptly had her option dropped by M-G-M. It was no reflection on her. It just so happens that in Technicolor she looks like a younger Greer Garson, and Greer Garson is on a long-term contract at M-G-M. But save your sympathy: the young Australian actress was immediately signed by the astute independent producer, Hal Wallis.

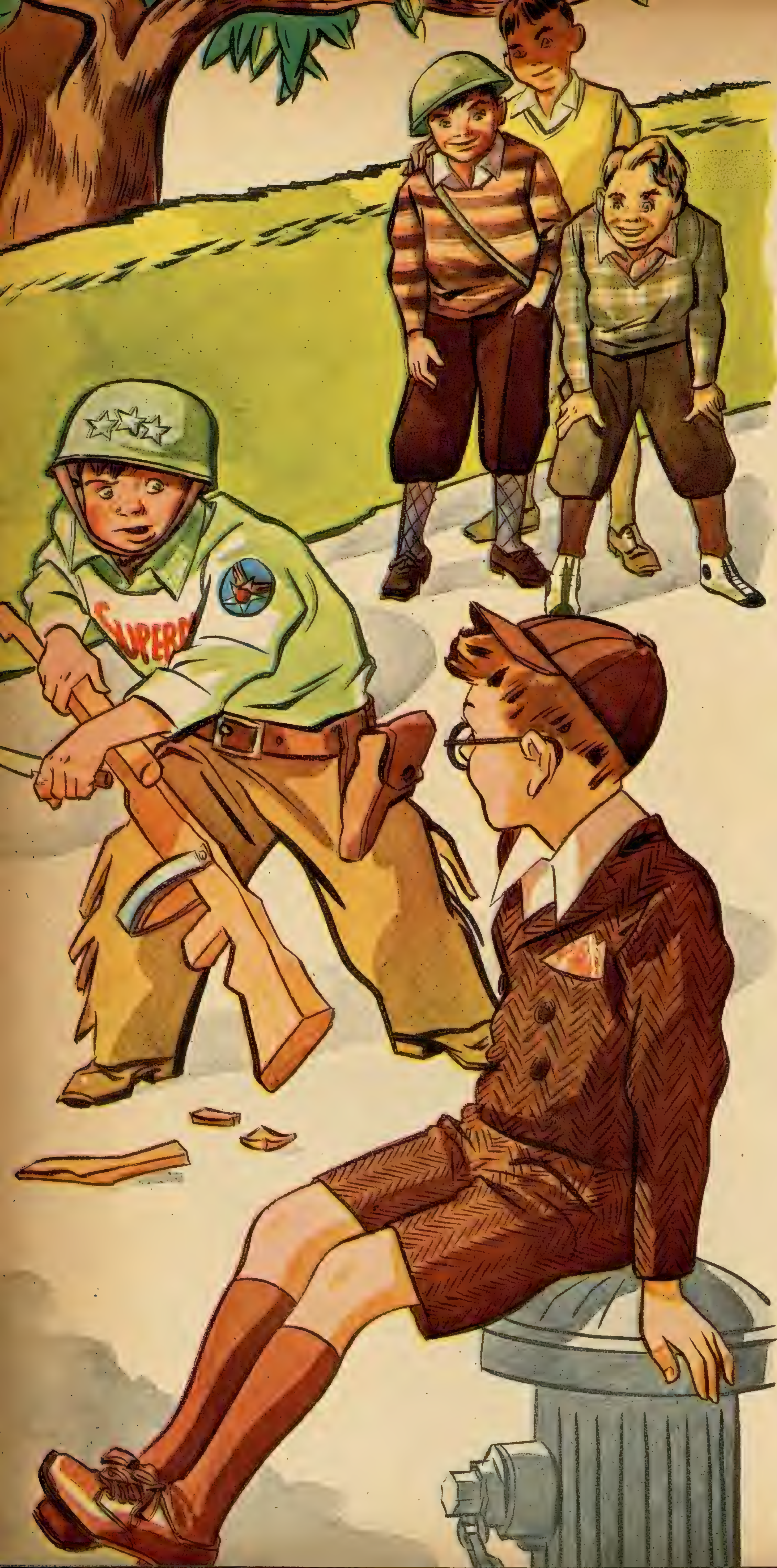
The picture was finished, except for three days of retakes, on August 8, 1944, at a cost of $3,000,000. It ran 15,000 feet originally, but has been cut to a final footage of 13,548 and runs two hours and thirty-five minutes.

The title was changed from America to An American Romance. "It seemed to tell better what the picture was about," says Vidor. "America might have indicated to many people that the picture was a straight documentary presentation, which it is not. The story of America is a romantic story, and that is what we wanted the title to say."

Vidor took his cameras, his equipment, his actors, and his technicians into the steel plants in the summer of 1943, when

(*Continued on page 88*)

King Vidor (with glasses) directs Donlevy in a scene shot in a real steel plant.



SUPERBOY

BY JOHN D. WEAVER

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE RONAY

IT'S a big day on Butternut Street. A new family is moving in, and I come home to find all the dames on the block turned out to watch the furniture van unload. There's not an empty swing or porch chair in sight, and the overflow is parked on front steps, mending sox, stringing beans, or—like Kate—just staring at the big van out in front of 8615. It's the first new family to move in our block for nearly six months, and the last bunch don't really count anyway because they moved in at night.

"Kate," I says, opening a cold bottle of brew, "this is not only vulgar curiosity, it is also holding up my dinner."

My helpmeet ignores me, but when Herbert hears I'm home, he sings out, "Hey, Rocky!" and I duck around the side of the house to join the moppet marauders. Herbert's dressed for action—tin helmet, Superman sweat shirt (with an Air Corps shoulder patch), cowboy pants, two cap pistols, and a great smear of freckles for protective coloring. We adopted Herbert for the duration, so his father, Kate's widower brother, could help the Navy clean up the seven seas. At the moment the kid's a B-29 pilot, but ten minutes from now he's apt to be a cowboy riding herd on a gang of rustlers, like Dusty Dalton, the radio round-up man, or he'll turn into a Junior Commando (straight out of Commando comics) and raid the occupied country just south of old Mr. Bentley's drugstore. A couple nights ago I came home and Herbert was skipper of a PT boat, like his dad, and he'd just sunk two Jap transports lying off the unidentified islands which strongly resemble Mrs. Lerner's prize dahlias.

"What's the target?" I says.

"Jap flat-top," Herbert whispers, pointing at the moving van.

Joe Varney, Herbert's side-kick, edges up to me and boasts, "We're gonna lay our eggs right on the flight deck."

"Want in?" Herbert asks me. "We need a bombardier."

I can see the kid eying the beer bottle in my hand, and I know exactly how he's mapping out the operation. We climb to twenty thousand feet (by crawling across the roof of the new people's house), then make our run on the target and—as bombardier—I drop my blockbuster on the flattop. Which I could maybe get away with at night, but not in broad daylight, especially in full view of all the mop-and-apron set.

"Better wait till tonight," I advise Herbert, and, nodding at Kate and the dame next door, I explain, "Too many reconnaissance planes out today."

Herbert goes into a huddle with his navigator and his tail gunner, and they agree to use a submarine that night.

"There'll be a full moon," Herbert says. "We can pick it off like a sitting duck."

The Commandos settle down to whittling away at a wooden submachine gun like the one in the book I got Herbert for his birthday, and I rejoin the ladies, whom I find in conference in front of Mrs. Carson's hydrangeas. Old Mrs. Armbruster is raising

"What makes you think this is the M-1?" Herbert says, swaggering up.

both hands to make a line drawing in the air and I can tell she's describing a chest of drawers, which will put ideas into Kate's head. Ideas that reach to the heart of the Rocky Ford saving account.

"Oh, Rocky," Kate coos, "they have the loveliest highboy."

"Is he taller than Herbert?" I cracks, and Kate don't even smile. I wonder if Bob has that trouble with Mrs Hope.

"It's really a museum piece," Kate says, and Mrs. Carson and Mrs. Armbruster are nodding and agreeing it certainly is, when suddenly the new people drive up and park behind the moving van. The whole block grows tense. Even the Commandos stop work on their submachine gun. You can't hear a word, not a sound, except Mr. Phelps' mother-in-law whisking her wheel-chair over to the edge of the steps so she can see better.

It's a sad day for Herbert when the Quiz Whiz moves to Butternut Street—until Dusty Dalton rides again to save the Junior Commandos from the clutches of culture

The first person out of the car is a tall frigid dame with a granite face that reminds you of when you used to get sent down to the principal's office for throwing chalk. The Great Stoneface is followed by a little man with horn-rimmed glasses, and then a kid about Herbert's age, wearing glasses just like his Sad Sack sire. The kid's face is so familiar I'd swear I'd seen it before, only I can't remember where, which is annoying to an ace news hawk like myself who prides himself on never forgetting a face.

"Dig the dude," Joe Varney says.

Herbert don't say a word. He's sizing up the new kid, taking in the brown herringbone suit, with the four inches of bare knee and skin between the bottom of the sawed-off pants and the top of the brown wool sox, and the white shirt with the big collar thrown open. There's even a colored handkerchief tucked in the breast pocket of the coat. The way the new kid's dressed he'd get at least two black eyes the first day, no matter what neighborhood he moved into.

"A jeep," Herbert says.

The new kid spots the back-lot brigade and ambles across the street to watch them. He perches on the fireplug and nobody says a word, only once I see Herbert glance up at him like he was a cold germ.

"You can't use a drum magazine," the new kid says after a while.

The Commandos go right on whittling.

"That's the new M-1," the kid says, "and you can't use a drum magazine."

Then suddenly it comes to me who the new kid is, and I can't help laughing, because I know his name as well as my own, and so does everybody else who listens to the radio on Tuesday night. It's Anderson Cluett, the Wonder Child of Radio, the Quiz Whiz who can rattle off baseball scores and compound fractions and the first names of all the Vice-Presidents.

"What makes you think this is the new M-1?" Herbert says, getting up slowly, brushing the dust off his cowboy pants, hitching his holster, and swaggering up to the hedge, staring at the junior John Kieran with what Dusty Dalton calls, "a gimlet eye."

"There aren't any cooling fins," Anderson says.

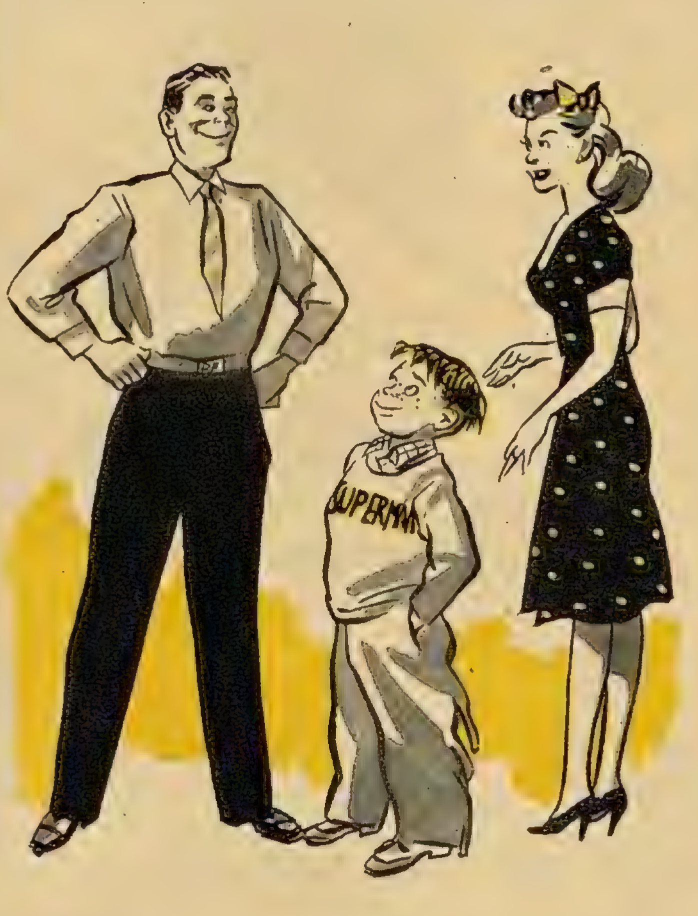
The Brain hops down from the fireplug, vaults the hedge, and takes up the small-arms manual. He flicks a couple pages, then shows Herbert a drawing. He's got Herbert nailed cold.

"We were gonna put cooling fins on it later," Herbert alibis, but it's a lame out, and Anderson don't ease the situation any by laughing in Herbert's face, then turning around and high-jumping the hedge at the tallest part. Anderson must eat those vitamins his sponsor peddles.

"Herbert," I says, "you can throw your book away. That jeep is Anderson Cluett."

"The Quiz Whiz?" Herbert says.

"Gee!" Joe Varney says. "Anderson Cluett! I seen his picture in the paper that time he knocked off the Air Corps test like it was kid stuff."



"Everything's swell," Herbert says, and looks at me like I was Lincoln's statue.

Herbert digs his penknife into the crabgrass. The kid's upset. He's headman on the block, and this Cluett tyke's made a monkey out of him in front of all the Commandos.

"He's awful smart," Dinky Phelps says, and Lennie Field remembers the night Anderson recited half of Shakespeare, rattled off the names of all the four-star generals, and then sat down at the piano and played the main themes of the Beethoven symphonies.

"I bet he knows more'n the teachers know," Dinky Phelps says.

Herbert jumps up, snaps his knife shut, and yanks out both of his shooting irons.

"He's a jeep," Herbert says. "And he better not try to pull nothing on my block."

The kid swaggers on into the house, his hands on his shooting irons, like he meant business, but when I ease into the parlor, I find him standing by the front window staring across the street at the new kid's house, and he ain't happy.

"Rocky," he says, "we're gonna have trouble with that guy."

SUNDAY I knock off eighteen holes of practically par golf, then I breeze home, shower, and settle down in the porch swing with a cold bottle and a light book. The street's quiet as the public library reading room.

"Rocky," Kate says, scrunching her rocker up closer to the swing, "you've got to do something about Herbert."

"What's the kid up to now?"

"That's just it," Kate says. "Nothing." She squints and threads her darning needle, then digs into her mending basket. "He just mopes around the house all day, won't eat a thing, and when I tell him to go out and play with the other boys, he locks himself in his room. Yesterday I even caught him reading the Boys' Book of Universal Knowledge."

"All ten volumes?"

"All ten volumes."

Herbert ambles out on the front porch, squats on the top step and stares out at the street. Doesn't say a word. Kate goes back to her sewing and I watch Herbert over the rim of my book. His face looks like he's the only kid in school that didn't get to go to the big game.

"Herbert," I says, "you want to take in that new zombie picture at the Tivoli?"

The kid shakes his head. Then he freezes, and I see him staring next door at the Phelpses' front yard. I roll over in the swing and I see Dinky Phelps, Joe Varney, Phil Turner, and Lennie Field sitting down cross-legged while the Book that Walks Like a Boy parks himself in front of them, facing Herbert.

"State capitals," Anderson says, pulling out a sheet of paper and rattling off the whole forty-eight, which practically none of the Commandos ever heard of, except Lennie, whose father used to be in the Army.

Then Anderson asks questions about leading characters in fiction and famous sports figures and what politicians are associated with the following: brown derby, upside-down pipe, big stick. None of the Commandos give Kieran much of a run for his money, but they're all keen to break into junior culture circles, and when Herbert rolls his homemade tanks out on the front lawn and starts maneuvering them, the pocket-size encyclopedias ignore him. I get the impression Anderson is staging the whole thing to show Herbert who's headman.

"Hey, Dinky!" Herbert sings out, and when Dinky turns around, the kid says, "You want to pull an invasion? You can be Eisenhower and I'll be Rommel."

"Who was heavyweight champion before Joe Louis?" Anderson cuts in before Dinky can say anything.

The kids are tense. They don't budge, but I can see them eying Dinky, watching to see whether he picks culture or combat. Dinky's been Herbert's first lieutenant ever since Herbert first moved in on the block and took over the gang. Herbert seems to figure that if he can win Dinky back from the clutches of higher learning he's got a good start on getting the other kids back.

"You can have the best tanks, Dinky," Herbert says.

"His name rhymes with a fish," Anderson says.

Dinky looks at Anderson and then at Herbert. You can see he's having a tough time making up his mind. He hesitates, looks at Anderson again, then Herbert, and finally scrunches around till he's got his back to Herbert, and he pipes up, "Braddock."

The other kids take a tip from Dinky. They all turn away from Herbert, a solid line, like a hedge walling Herbert off from the Boy Britannica.

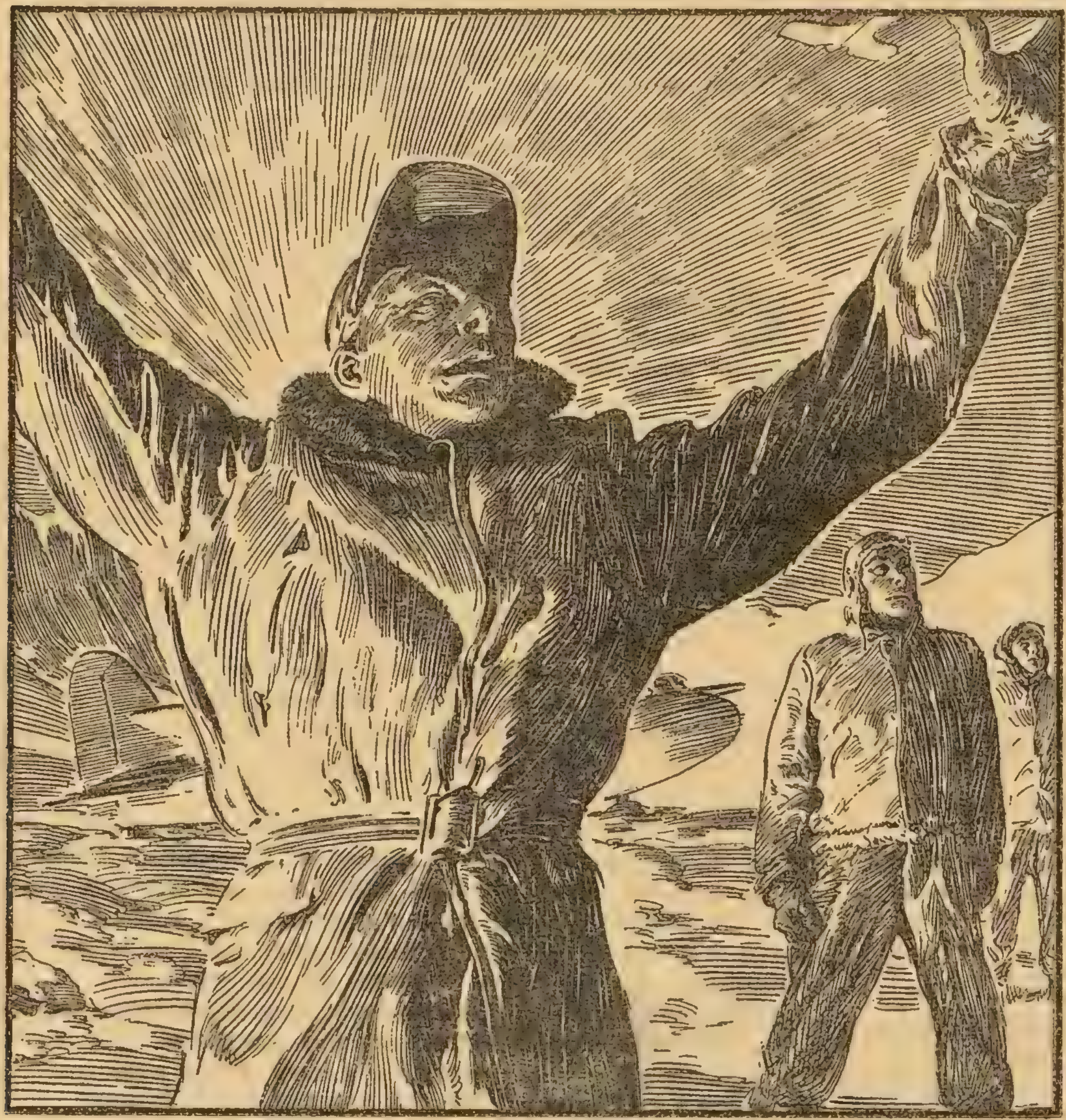
(Continued on page 72)

A good citizen relaxes. Her regular job (which is the work a man used to do) is *full-time* and demanding. Then, she manages to squeeze in extra time at volunteer work. So, *her* sleep must be *sound.* And it *is!* For she sleeps on a Beautyrest mattress. If *you* own a Beautyrest, cherish it as you do the family silver. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those ingenious little ventilators which keep it clean and fresh! We don't know when you can buy another. Simmons is deep in war production. If you need a mattress *now,* inspect the WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, plump and resilient, with many layers of fine cotton! $39.50. We hope you're lucky enough to get hold of a Beautyrest Box Spring. There's a limited quantity of them for sale at $39.50 each. A wonderful Box Spring for your White Knight!

BEAUTYREST – The World's Most Comfortable Mattress.

P. S. DID YOU BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS WEEK?

ISLAND IN THE SKY



BY ERNEST K. GANN

It took a veteran flier to write the book that has been hailed as the greatest of flying stories. This simple, deeply sincere novel about a group of aviators and their six-day race against death is supercharged with suspense.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

DOOLEY rubbed the gray stubble on his chin and stared into the evening. His heavy sharp-cut face, Chinese red from the glow behind the overcast, made no secret of the disgust that filled his being.

"I don't like," he mumbled in a leathery voice, "the look of that there damned cloud bank." Dooley always referred to things as "that there"—it pleased him immensely. It was an exact impression, something you could depend upon, something everyone in Dooley's vast experience had always been able to understand. He looked down ten thousand feet to the placid waters of Davis Strait. For a moment the deep-cut lines about his mouth ceased to look like spokes around a wagon wheel. "I don't like the look of it," he repeated to the world aloft in general, and then his attention returned to the cloud bank straight ahead. His eyes shifted and sought out the temperature gauge on the crowded instrument panel. The narrow pointer on the needle indicated precisely twenty degrees above zero. "We are going to pick up some ice," he said thoughtfully and very quietly.

Dooley was the captain of a four-engined transport airplane, presently somewhere between Greenland and North America. The logistics of modern warfare had brought Dooley to this forsaken portion of the sky. The Army Air Transport Command had provided the airplane, which someone had named the Corsair. A commercial air line had provided Dooley and his crew. It was a satisfactory arrangement for everyone concerned, including Dooley, whose forty-three years would otherwise have bound him to an Army desk. Now he was proceeding toward the Labrador coast at an estimated speed of two hundred miles an hour.

Dooley twisted about in his seat and faced the radio operator. "D'Annunzia," he said in a voice pitched just loud enough to compete with the four engines, "see if

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you can get a cross-bearing from Consolation Island."

The black-haired young man removed his earphones and bent forward in his leather jacket.

"Been trying for the past hour. I can't raise 'em."

"How about Chapel Inlet?"

"Nothing doing." He threw up his hands.

Dooley looked at the floor, then swung completely around in his seat and eyed the young man who sat directly behind him. It was difficult for him to approach this youngster with the close-cropped hair and the apple cheeks. Like all his comrades, Dooley had been accustomed to doing his own navigation through space. Now the groundlings in power had seen fit to place a navigator beneath his wing. The compass in Dooley's head, they maintained, was not sufficiently accurate. Dooley was open-minded but skeptical. He could not for the life of him decide whether the youngster, who lent the cockpit rather an air of the college dormitory, was a nuisance or a help.

"Murray," he said patiently, "where do *you* think we are?"

Murray snapped his head up. His eyes were alive with enthusiasm. With a sudden jerky movement he retrieved the pencil from behind his ear and placed its point upon the chart before him.

"Right here, captain," he answered confidently. "I got a sun line an hour ago and just advanced it."

"Where's here?" Dooley twisted his neck around so he could see better. There was a small cross near the middle of the chart.

"How far to the coast?"

"Two hundred . . . perhaps two twenty . . ."

Dooley breathed deeply and thought for a moment. He continued to stare at the blank white representation of a thousand miles of open ocean. He looked over his shoulder at the now fast-approaching cloud bank. It was a cinch they wouldn't be able to top it.

"Murray," he said in the manner of a high priest delivering a dictum, "anything . . . anything, mind you, Murray . . . can happen up here."

"Something wrong?" For the first time Murray's easy confidence seemed shaken.

"No . . . that is, not yet."

For a time the false horizon moved with the Corsair. A few low-hanging tendrils of mist from the upper cloud deck whipped past the wings. Then suddenly, as if crushed within a vise, the horizon merged into nothing. The bulbous snout of the Corsair was enveloped in dank, heavy vapor.

Dooley was neither helpless nor afraid. He had a few tricks of his own and a certain number of weapons at his disposal. It was, however, a characteristic of Dooley's trade to keep the point of expectancy low, thus preventing disappointment, particularly when disappointment was but a prelude to instant death.

The most valuable of Dooley's weapons was his experience in the air, a quality matched only by his comrade captains. Dooley stood now on a pinnacle of fifteen thousand air hours.

Dooley's second aid was the airplane in which he sat. Dooley knew that unless his luck had run out altogether he could depend upon the muffled harmony of his engines until the fuel supply was exhausted. Fuel was one more very important factor Dooley had to think about. He pointed a stumpy finger at the two quivering flowmeter gauges on the instrument panel and leaned over to the broad-nosed young man who occupied the other pilot's seat.

"Frank," he said, without taking his eyes from the flight instruments before him, "I gotta hunch we're in for a long ride. We can't get a bearing from Consolation Island. The damn static has knocked out the Chapel Inlet range."

Frank Lovatt's pale face remained expressionless as he listened to the older man. Like Dooley, he was a pilot. The unpleasant did not surprise him.

"We may not get a thing until we're somewhere around Victoria," Dooley went on. "We can't let down through this stuff without Chapel Inlet range."

"Maybe we'll find a hole."

"I doubt it." Dooley glanced at the swirling mist outside the cockpit windows. "We're going right into a front. That there low-pressure area they showed us on the map as being around Montreal must be a lot farther east than they thought it was."

"How about going back to Sparkle Ten? We've got enough gas . . . I think." Frank hunched his big shoulders and ran a hand through his kinky brown hair.

"It would be dark by the time we got back there. Do you want to tangle with that fjord at night, young fella?" A light danced in Dooley's blue eyes.

"Not me, daddy." Frank shook his head solemnly. "It was just an idea I had."

THE factors were beginning to arrange themselves. They were maneuvering for position. Dooley knew that the balance of power was about even, with perhaps a slight edge on his side. He could not permit himself to believe otherwise. Before him was a mass of weather, unlike the surrounding atmosphere, known to airmen as a "front." It could, and probably did, extend for a thousand miles or more.

In the air mass there would be turbulence. There would be static, there would be snow, and there would be wind. Also within the front could lurk the one thing that Dooley feared the most. Dooley was very worried about ice.

When the Corsair first slipped into the overcast, Dooley automatically abandoned his natural instincts. He purposely ignored the messages that traveled upward from the base of his spine—gentle suggestions that the Corsair was going up or down. Dooley responded only to the altimeter. It was right. It was second nature for him to switch from his human senses to the man-made things before him. Each instrument—the compass, the gyro, the altimeter and horizon, air speed, turn and bank—whispered information Dooley's mind must know.

"Murray! Come here and bring your chart."

The youth scrambled forward.

"Where do you think we are now?"

"According to my dead reckoning, we're just coming up on the St. Lawrence . . . maybe fifty miles this side of it. It's pretty hard to be sure."

"We must have missed Chapel Inlet altogether. Went way to the south. Stankowski!" Dooley snapped the name and searched the gloom behind him. The mechanic, a sharp-faced young man, rose from his seat at the rear of the cockpit. He moved forward through the half-light, rubbing his eyes. Dooley's speech was rapid now. The forces had run up their colors. It would depend now on the kind and the amount. At least he was ready. In a way, he was glad the thing had come.

"Stankowski, go back and transfer everything you can to the main tanks."

"O. K."

"Did you fill the alcohol tanks before we left Sparkle Ten?"

"Sure. Aren't we going to land at Chapel Inlet, captain?"

"Not tonight."

"O. K." Stankowski sighed and vanished through a small door at the rear of the cockpit.

Dooley kept his face turned forward; the thing he feared most had come at last. His eyes never left the growing fringe of white along the windshield.

Soon the Corsair staggered beneath her load of ice. The altitude had dropped from ten thousand to eight thousand. Nothing, not even Dooley's knowing hands, now white about the wheel, could hold the Corsair any higher.

"Frank! D'Annunzia! Murray! Come here!" They rose quickly out of the darkness and came to Dooley's side. Their faces were solemn and pale. They leaned close to Dooley. It was hard to hear above the din, and they wanted desperately to hear every word that fell from his lips. Dooley fought off the feeling that twisted his stomach, and spoke to them slowly, thoughtfully.

"Boys, we're in trouble. We've got to get out of this ice somehow—right now. D'Annunzia. Tell Chapel Inlet we're in a jam. Tell them we're icing up and can't hold our altitude. We're taking a course of three thirty degrees until our gas runs out. Got that?"

"If we hold three thirty degrees, captain, we'll fly right off the map. It says uncharted, up that way." Murray held the map as if it had suddenly betrayed him.

"I know it. But up there it's flat, they say. We may get a break down through. If we can stay in the air for three hours more, we may be able to get out of this front. It's moving east. I think we can get out of it to the northwest. Here, Frank, take this thing. Just hold her level if you can. Turn very slowly—not over a five-degree bank now—to three thirty degrees."

He sighed and loosened his belt. "Do you know what that means, boys?"

"Jump?" ventured Murray.

"No. We'll ride the bastard down."

ONLY the clock, the Corsair's one remaining tie with life on earth, remained the same—or so it seemed to Dooley. It seemed he had been flying for many hours, yet the clock claimed only two. The clock was obviously a liar. Dooley wanted to smash it, to yell to all the heavens he knew the time had come. He could fly on forever thus, and that dogmatic dead line when but a few remaining gallons sloshed within the Corsair's tanks would never come. And yet at last it had. He switched the cockpit lights off completely. The cockpit became a cold black cell. He cut the engines back a trifle. The wind eased to a deep rumble. The altimeter slipped steadily down to four thousand feet. He flipped on the landing lights.

Two thousand feet. Dooley held his breath. His legs were taut, as if to catch the impact by themselves. The altimeter moved down to eight hundred. Dooley braced himself for death.

"Dooley! A hole!" Frank was beating his fists against the windows.

Dooley swerved the Corsair, then suddenly, as if shot from a catapult, they were skimming along beneath the overcast a few feet above the ground. Pine trees, almost covered with snow, outlined the low hilly terrain.

"I see a lake . . . I think!" yelled Dooley.

"There's one over here, too!"

"Wheels down! Gimme half flaps quick!"

"You going to land with the wheels down?" Frank's voice was incredulous.

"Hell, yes. We'll walk away from this yet!"

"O. K.!" Frank tripped a lever on the control pedestal.

"Full flaps, Frank . . . hold your hat!" The Corsair swooped down over the treetops and plumped into a shower of snow.

"Cut the switches, Frank!" He snapped the metal bar at his side.

"Thank you, God Almighty," whispered Dooley, for suddenly there was blessed silence.

COLONEL FULLER lit his pipe and settled back in the chair. He stared moodily at the array of maps spread across his steel desk. Although the room was crowded with the officers of his staff, there was silence save for the knocking radiators and the occasional shuffling of feet. They had been standing so for a long time. The colonel put his hands behind his head. He glanced up at the wall clock. It was three in the morning.

"Major Turner," he said, "what do you think of this bearing on Dooley from Montreal? It shows him north of the St. Lawrence somewhere, right after his last contact with Chapel Inlet. It indicates he followed his plan and went off toward the northwest."

"Knowing Dooley, I'd guess he'd stick to his plan, but the bearing itself doesn't mean much."

"If he did, that leaves us about ten thousand square miles to search. It's not going to be any picnic in wintertime . . . and if he was lucky enough to get down in one piece, how long would you say he could live up in that country?"

"That depends on a lot of things."

"Is there any game in that region, Turner, that he might kill and eat?"

"I don't know, frankly."

"You're a hell of an arctic expert." The colonel allowed a tolerant smile to play about his lips.

"No one knows. No one has ever been up there, except perhaps a few trappers. If he flew to the end of his gas, which he may or may not have done, he's at least two hundred miles in uncharted territory. Even the Eskimos won't have it."

The room was silent again. The men who stood about him avoided one another's eyes.

"Lieutenant Cord."

"Yes, sir."

"How many ships have we available for a search mission?"

"Five, sir."

"What's the disposition of the civilian airplane pilots attached here now?"

"I'd have to check up on that to be sure. They're hard to keep track of." The lieutenant scratched his cheek. "Willie Moon's either in Chapel Inlet or out of it by now, eastbound. Jim Stannish is either in or out of Greenland. Handy's on his way to Iceland. Newton and Fitch are here in Victoria. I'll have to check up on Wallie Miller. He has that girl in Boston."

"Well, find him. Get him back here. Get as many of them as you can in the Operations office at 9 A. M. Get them maps, everything they might need. Turner, see that all five ships are equipped with arctic kits—food, stoves, and all that. Cord, you haunt that radio room and let me know the minute anything worth looking at comes in. Meantime, I'm going to bed."

STUTZ belched. It woke him momentarily. He had been sitting at the controls of the Penelope for seven hours.

Stutz was a heavy-set young man. His straight brown hair was beginning to thin about the temples. His eyes seemed to be searching into distance even during those unreal hours he spent upon the ground.

He squirmed in his seat and tried to doze again when he heard his name called from behind. That would be Joe, the radio operator.

"The captain of Lighthouse Lil wants to talk to you on the liaison set!"

Stutz smiled and picked up the microphone.

"Penelope to Lighthouse Lil . . . go ahead."

"Is this you, Stutzie?" He instantly recognized the voice of J. H. Handy. It made him feel warm inside, for J. H. was the stanchest friend he knew.

"No," Stutz answered, "this is Bess in the bar at the Victoria Hotel. Who's this?"

"J. H. Handy."

"Not really! Not *the* J. H. Handy! Welcome to the North Atlantic. I'd heard you were vacationing in Florida."

"Listen, Stutzie. . . . Have you heard the news?"

"Sure, sure! There's a beootiful Nazi spy waiting for you at the Borg Hotel in Reykjavik. She's cute, too."

"Did you hear about Dooley?"

"No, but I can guess. They're going to give him a six-engine airplane."

"He's down, Stutzie."

There was silence for a moment. The headphones crackled hollowly.

"Where?"

"Nobody knows."

"Did he go in the drink?" Stutz spoke very slowly.

"Don't think so. At Sparkle Ten they seem to think he wound up in Labrador."

"That's definite."

"Nice country, too. They're starting a search today. If you get there in time, you'll be in on it."

Stutz glanced at the clock. It was 3.30 A. M. "We'll be there. Where are the rest of the boys?"

"Scattered all over, as usual. East and west. I'm turning right around at Reykjavik and heading back."

"O. K." Stutz was wide awake now. "I'll see you in Victoria."

THE interior of the Corsair was a black and comfortless place. The outside wind shook the whole ship spasmodically. Dooley lay in his sleeping bag and stared at the muted light from the porthole just behind the gas-transfer valves. It was the only luminous patch in the pattern of dark shapes about him. He was completely exhausted, yet he could not sleep. He envied the others, Frank and D'Annunzia, Murray and Stankowski, locked in each other's arms, each managing with his companion's warmth to escape his own misery.

There were three sleeping bags and five men. Each bag barely accommodated two men, hence Dooley, as captain, was forced to provide his own warmth. He felt weak and terribly alone. He wanted to talk to someone.

Dooley must think—he must think and plan—for if he slept now, he might never awaken. Dooley knew the arctic well enough for that. He knew the penalty for sleep when the will was frozen. He must contrive somehow to stay alert until morning came and a suitable fire could be built.

In the darkness it was difficult to tell just how badly off they were. The Corsair squatted like a huge brown elephant in what appeared to be the middle of a long narrow lake. A foot of drifted snow covered the frozen surface. Dooley judged they were about a mile from the shore line, which seemed to be bordered with snow-covered evergreen trees. He had no idea exactly where the lake was, except that it must be in northeastern Canada or Labrador. That was bad, but if the sun shone in the morning, a shot with the sextant could tell their latitude at least.

There were about seventy gallons still remaining in the Corsair's tanks. That was a wonderful thing. If they could start an engine, its generator would give life to the radio. They could send their position, when the sun was plotted, to Victoria or to somewhere in the outer world.

In addition, there was a small patent emergency radio which could be cranked by hand. Dooley had little faith in it.

The food supply was the worst problem. Dooley counted over again in his mind their few supplies. There were three small tins of salmon. Stankowski had discovered eight thick chocolate bars in the emergency kit near the tail. There were two marmalade sandwiches left over from the flight to Sparkle Ten the night before. There was exactly three days' supply of Army C rations. Dooley figured they could spread those out somehow. It would mean extremely light eating, but there was nothing more. By rigid economy, Dooley believed he might make the supplies last for six days—and yet he must be careful, for the Corsair was no raft floating in a tropic sea. They must, above all things, keep their strength. It was their only certain weapon against the terrific cold.

Dooley arranged in his mind the things they must do in order of importance. The task was pitifully simple. First they must kill, for that was the first rule of all life. There must be something in the wilderness, some animal small or large that could die so they might live.

And then he must find out where they were, so that he could help the others when they came and guide them across the wastes of sky to a pin point on earth. Dooley knew they would come, of that he was sure, and he had told the others so with conviction. Jim Stannish, Stutz, and Willie Moon—they would come, if it took them all winter. Dooley fell to thinking of each man, one after the other. It made him feel less alone. They would come, it was wonderful to think of that—J. H. Handy, Newton, and Wallie Miller—nothing would stop them. Six days. . . . After that, only silence could greet the drumming of their engines.

"Our Father, which art in heaven . . ." Dooley began, in a voice that melted with the sound of the wind. When he had finished he slept.

WILLIE MOON lolled in his seat. He was a gigantic man and at the moment a very unhappy one. His bland, heavy, round face was sagging in disgust. It was simply inconceivable that something had happened again, yet there was no denying the big wheel that hung down beneath the left wing. The wheels were down, and nothing would bring them up. Nothing, it seemed, would raise them to unite with the Gremlins' Castle wing and make it the near-perfect streamlined object it was meant to be.

They slowed the Gremlins' Castle to a doddering walk and made of each hundred miles two hundred. The sea gulls along the Labrador coast, with their legs tucked up neatly beneath them, were laughing themselves sick at the Gremlins' Castle.

It was Willie Moon's ninth attempt to fly from Chapel Inlet to England—his ninth in as many days—and for such a man as he, it was heartbreaking. The Gremlins' Castle confounded him; he had tried again and again to figure it out. Willie Moon was a practical man, or so it pleased him to believe. When something puzzled him he shook like a jellyfish and laughed it off. But he could not laugh off the Gremlins' Castle. It was an accursed ship, not fit for a man to fly. And so Willie Moon turned back for the ninth time, not because he was afraid, but because he understood complications and because he deeply felt that a man was not brave but a fool to render himself helpless. But most of all he turned back because of the hastily scribbled radio message he held in his hand—that Dooley was down.

IT was not a very high hill, but when Dooley reached the top of it he was exhausted. He leaned for a moment against a stumpy fir tree and gasped for breath. The cold air burned painfully as he sucked it through his mouth and nostrils. After a moment the dizziness from his climb through the deep snow left him. He was able to concentrate on the view spread out below. It gave him little heart.

There was no barrier to visibility on this brilliant morning, and for that Dooley was thankful, since he held privately to the notion that the Corsair would never be found unless he could discover, at least roughly, where they were in snow-swept limbo.

Dooley was shocked to see how ineffectual the fire was. It gave off almost no smoke and, even knowing where it was, he had to search for it. It was the wood—the damned wood. Inside the bark the sap was frozen almost an inch thick, making it practically noninflammable. But when the wood was finally covered with oil from the Corsair's engines it burned poorly, with little heat. Dooley knew that it would be almost impossible to spot such a puny blue-white wisp from a searching plane.

Dooley was glad when he saw Frank struggling up the back side of the hill. He waved his arm and shouted a long "He-a-a-a!" His voice echoed and re-echoed through the stillness like the cry of a lost soul.

"Did you see anything?" Dooley asked.

"No."

"Any game? Any tracks?"

"No. Nothing but snow."

Dooley squinted at the sun a moment. "When the sun's up enough, we'll take a shot with the sextant and try to find out our latitude."

"Do you honestly think it will do any good?"

Dooley knew why Frank asked. It had been more than twenty-four hours since their chronometer had known a proper time check, and the Lord only knew what the cold had done to its insides. If they were to shoot the sun, and so gain a line on their position, they must know exactly the time—to the second.

Even with the most accurate shooting, if the chronometer was one minute wrong the resulting position would be sixty miles wrong.

"We've got to try it, Frank. Maybe D'Annunzia will get a time check on the radio. We've got to try everything."

"My face hurts, Dooley. I think it's frozen." Frank patted the side of his jaw experimentally. "I can't understand how it can happen. I'm warm in the sun. There's no wind."

"It's probably forty below right now. We've got to be careful—very careful."

"What'll we do if wind comes?"

"I don't know. We'll try to build a lean-to or something this afternoon."

They fell silent again. It was hard to begin thinking when there was so little to begin with, when the answers were so simple. "Dooley . . ." Frank spoke the name very softly as if he was afraid of being overheard. "There's something I've got to tell you now . . . before maybe it's too late. It's sorta hard to say, but the boys asked me to tell you."

"Yeah?"

"The boys, all of us, think you did a helluva job getting us down . . . even here. They want you to know that. And whatever you say from now on goes with them. D'you know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean. Thanks."

As they half slid down the hillside toward the Corsair, Dooley chanced again to look at the sky and saw there long wisps of cirrus clouds. He knew them as mare's-tails and that they were composed of tiny ice crystals. What was more important, they were an advance guard. They were the warning messengers, full of meaning for men like Dooley and Frank, who knew that they frequently foretold high winds and bad weather. Dooley knew that they would have twelve, perhaps twenty, hours to erect a suitable shelter against the cold tempest to come.

BACK in the Corsair, D'Annunzia was thinking of Brooklyn as he sat huddled before his receiving sets. He was shaking cold and he wished he was back in his father's little delicatessen on Flatbush Avenue. It would be nice to stand now beside his mother at the stove in the back of the store; it would even be nice to hear the constant howling of his three little brothers—at least that would be something to hear.

D'Annunzia would have been glad now if he could hear at least the crash of static, for in all his experience he had never heard such complete silence in his headphones. What kind of an atmospheric hole was the Corsair resting in?

What the hell was the matter with the air above him that it refused to carry even the most minute electrical discharge?

D'Annunzia flipped the frequency selector switch and went over to long wave. There would be something, if only a recipe for corn muffins. He turned the dial again carefully and sighed with relief when a man's polite voice came through the earphones. The man was, however, speaking German. It was a powerful station. D'Annunzia had to turn the volume down for comfort. His gloved fingers slipped clumsily through his radio frequency list, but there was little need to identify the station, for the man kept repeating frequently, "Radio Berlin."

D'Annunzia was searching through the rest of his frequencies when Dooley clambered up beside him.

"Have you heard anything?" he asked.

"Berlin. That's all. I've never seen anything like it."

"That there's a powerful station, but seems like you should be able to pick something else up."

"Maybe tonight. This just isn't natural. I've checked everything, aerials and all."

"O. K. Forget it. Right now we're going to try to start up an engine and give you a generator. Then I want you to send blind, and in the clear, this here message." Dooley fished a stump of pencil from his trousers pocket, blew on his fingers, and wrote slowly. He crossed out several words, then added a few. "Send this three times, no more. Even if we get that engine running we can't keep it up for long. We'll need that gas for more important things later on."

"Should I send it on distress frequency?"

"Use your own judgment for the best, but send it loud and clear, my boy. They've got to hear you!"

COLONEL FULLER tapped his pipe against the hissing radiator and squinted through the big map-room window at the morning sunlight.

"If you will permit me, gentlemen, I'll just go over the few clues again before we have an open discussion." He shuffled the papers on the wooden table before him halfheartedly. "We only know, that from approximately twenty-three hundred, Greenwich time, Dooley proceeded from some position in the vicinity of the St. Lawrence River on a course of three thirty degrees. We don't even know this for certain, since some event a few moments later may have influenced him to take another course."

"If Dooley said he'd fly three thirty degrees, he'd do it." Wallie Miller said it to the floor in a muffled tone, but he succeeded in upsetting the colonel as surely as if he had shouted it on parade.

"But we don't *know* that, Miller, and we've got to go on what we know before we can authorize a proper search." He cleared his throat unhappily. "Now, we do know that Montreal got a bearing on Dooley's held-down key at twenty-four hundred hours. Assuming it's correct, if we cross the bearing with another assumption, Dooley's course of three thirty, we find that the Corsair must have been at this time somewhere in the vicinity of Lac Lavasier—just here." He twisted, picked up a pointer and indicated a spot on the wall map.

"As you can see," he went on lamely, "the entire map above Lac Lavasier consists of only a few dotted lines. If Dooley flew to the end of his fuel supply, he is in a very unfortunate position."

"When do we start looking for him, colonel?" Wallie Miller rose stiffly from his chair as he asked the question.

"Just as soon as the others get here. Just as soon as we know some more."

"Can we count on taking off in eight hours?"

Eight hours. They would mean a lot to Dooley. They would mean nothing to Washington. Eight days would be more like their pace. Colonel Fuller fingered his pipe. To hell with protocol. Explain things, somehow, later. The colonel smiled for the first time since Dooley went down.

"You can count on it. We'll have your supplies and gear. We'll get every airplane we can lay our hands on. Be here, ready to go, in six hours."

THERE was no work chart that ran as far north as the latitude of the Corsair. Murray knew that, but he contrived to make one of a piece of plain paper. Murray worked carefully now, for he was wretchedly cold and he knew that he was not thinking as clearly as his task required. He turned slowly through his tables of computed altitudes in the almanac. He ran his gloved finger across the line of figures which corresponded with what he guessed was his corrected noon position. He referred again to the work sheets upon which both he and Dooley had recorded their observations through the sextant.

It was all very simple and yet it was not so simple, for something was wrong. There was no order in the heavens.

He had finished drawing the line of position on the paper when Dooley came to stand beside him. It was ridiculous even to draw it, since the line was meaningless.

"Where are we?" asked Dooley. He brushed the sprays of snow from his eyelashes and leaned across the chart.

"I can't understand it, captain. Look. It just doesn't make sense."

Dooley looked and grunted. "According to that, we should be having hot coffee in either Bangor, Paris, or Vladivostok. We're all on about the same latitude."

"I went over the figures several times."

"I didn't think it would work. That throws out any stars we might shoot tonight too."

"But what's the matter?"

"The cold. I guess that there sextant has pneumonia. Our time's away off too."

"I'm sorry, Dooley."

Dooley put his arm around Murray's shoulders. He was surprised to feel how thin he was.

"I'm sorry, Dooley." Murray said it again and held his face away. "A navigator should know where he is. I don't. I . . . I guess I'm just cold."

"You're sorry!" Dooley shoved his fist gently to Murray's chin. "Can you help it if the damn sun is not where it's supposed to be? Somebody's been monkeying around with it, that's all. Now quit knocking your brains out with them books. Come on outside. D'Annunzia's found us a new toy to play with."

They stood around in a circle and looked at the thing as if they expected it to explode. D'Annunzia had the yellow waterproof flotation cover off and was reading a metal direction plate along the side. It was an emergency radio, part of the Corsair's standard equipment.

"All you have to do," D'Annunzia explained, "is turn this here crank and it does the rest. If you want to send out just a straight S O S, you turn this switch. If somebody's near and you want them to take a bearing on you, you turn this here other switch and it sends out a continuous series of A's—just one dot dash after the other until you stop cranking."

"Lemme try to crank it," said Frank. He hunched his big frame over the instrument and grasped the crank handle firmly. He turned slowly at first, then a little faster. There was a small whirring noise inside the yellow box.

After a moment Frank straightened up, puffing from his exertion.

"Good Lord! That thing's hard to turn!" he gasped. "It took all my strength."

"But it works. I can hear it," said D'Annunzia.

"From tonight on we're going to start a coffee-grinder watch," said Dooley. "Every thirty minutes somebody cranks that there gadget for as long as he can stand it. It'll help keep us warm. D'Annunzia, you set up some kind of a schedule right now."

"How far can it be heard?" Frank asked again.

"Twenty-five, maybe a hundred miles."

"That's fine," said Frank. He turned his back on the instrument and edged closer to the fire. "It's going to be a big help."

Dooley, too, turned away, for he knew that in a very few days not one of them would have the strength to crank it.

THEY were three hours out of Victoria. The St. Lawrence, jammed with ice, lay behind them. Far out on his left, Stanley Newton could see another ship against the westing sun. That could be Wallie Miller's Boomerang. Almost as far to his right was Fitch's ship—sharpcut now against the eastern sky. He looked downward at the snow-covered wilderness eight thousand feet below. It was too early to start looking. Dooley must be much farther to the north.

It was just then that he chanced to look forward over the long brown snout of his ship at the horizon ahead. He caught his breath. He looked quickly down at his chart, but what he sought was not there.

Stretching as far as he could see, directly across the course, rising like huge sharp chunks of iron in the mist, was a heavy range of mountains. Their existence was not even suggested on the chart. And then suddenly he knew, as surely as if someone had proved it to him with facts and figures, that he was flying where no man had flown before. He looked back at the mountains and, without taking his eyes from their jagged outline, picked up the microphone which hung beside him.

"Newton to Miller and Fitch."

"Go ahead." Their voices rattled in his earphones almost simultaneously.

"Do you see what I see?"

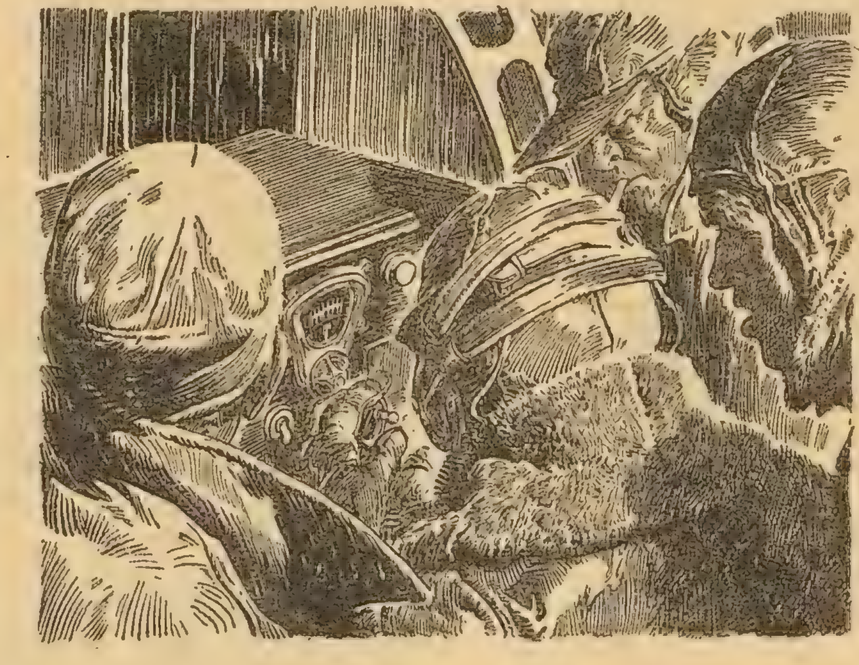
"I'm too cold to see anything." It was Fitch who answered first.

"Look up ahead. On the horizon. About seventy miles. Mebbe I've been drinkin' the wrong kind of likker, but . . . are those mountains on your charts?"

"No."

"Mine either."

They had reached the base of the mountains when Swanson, the radio operator, called out, "C'm'ere, quick!" Newton swung out of his seat and leaned over the pad on which Swanson was writing slowly, letter by letter. A message was coming through from Victoria:



TO ALL SHIP RELAY
RECEIVED FROM DOOLEY AT 11.30 GMT. ON LAKE ABOUT FIVE MILES LONG. NEAR SHORE. POSITION GUESSED APPROX. SIX HUNDRED MILES NORTHWEST ST. LAWRENCE.

There was a pause. Then Swanson leaned forward intently and began to write again:

NO INJURIES. URGENTLY REQUIRE FOOD. BATTERIES LOW. PROBABLY CAPABLE ONE MORE TRANSMISSION FOR YOU TAKE BEARINGS WHEN YOU ARRIVE OVER AREA. SIGNED DOOLEY.

Newton threw his flight cap on the floor and slapped Swanson on the head.

"Do you hear that, gang?" he yelled. "That damn Irishman is alive!" He ran to his microphone and clutched it close to his face.

"Wallie! Fitch! Did you get the message from Victoria?"

"Yeaaaaa, man!" The answers sang back to him.

"That Dooley! That guy! He got away with it!"

"Now all we have to do is find him," said Wallie Miller.

"Listen, Wallie, Fitch. I'm going to send Victoria a message that we're proceeding to the area. How much gas will you all have when we arrive?"

"I figure we can search for two hours." It was Wallie Miller in his headphones.

"How the hell do you figure that? You'll arrive back in Victoria with dry tanks—if you make it."

"Maybe we can milk it a little bit."

"Make it an hour and a half," said Fitch.

"You're both crazy. If you try that we'll be looking for you. Hot or cold, we turn back after one hour's search."

DOOLEY dug down through three feet of snow along the shore of the lake and found the thin mossy caribou grass he was looking for. It was extremely sparse. It was no wonder the caribou had apparently chosen better hunting ground. Dooley wanted the moss to lie upon; its matted thickness would form a shield against the cold beneath the sleeping bags, that is, if he could get enough of it.

The little pile that lay in the snow beside him had taken a great deal of energy, and Dooley was beginning to think in terms of energy. The exertion of digging had warmed him, but it had also made him hungry, and Dooley could not afford to be hungry. It seemed that if they were to dig enough moss to shelter them all, the entire crew would have to set to work doing nothing else, and there were so many things to do. They were working now, fashioning the Corsair's canvas engine covers into a rude lean-to. Dooley was afraid to spend another night in the ship. The chances were too great that one of them might not awaken in the morning. They must have a continuous fire and somehow contrive to catch and hold some of its warmth, no matter how little. The Corsair was exposed and no fire could burn within it without destroying the ship itself.

By the time Dooley had covered the few hundred yards to the new camp, he was enveloped in a continuous mist of whirling snow. Everything that was not directly at hand had vanished. Dooley considered himself lucky to have found the camp.

It was not such a bad job, and he told them so. D'Annunzia and Murray had stretched the engine covers over long-cut poles set in the snow and packed the snow hard around them. Stankowski had lugged their sleeping bags from the Corsair, some of their food, the rocket pistol and signal flares.

The emergency radio, the damned coffee grinder, as Frank called it, stood just outside the lean-to. Frank. Where was Frank? Dooley had a quick sick feeling in his stomach. He stopped Stankowski as he dropped an armful of wood near the entrance to the lean-to.

"Where's Frank?"

"I dunno, cap. I've been down at the ship till just now when the wind started to blow so."

"Murray! D'Annunzia!" Dooley had to shout now above the wind. "Frank! Fra-a-ank!"

"What's the matter, captain?" Murray scrambled out of the lean-to.

"Where's Frank?"

"He went hunting."

"Hunting!"

"Yes. He took the shotgun and the eight shells that were with it. The shell chamber was frozen, but he fixed it."

Dooley was wildly angry because he was so frightened. "How long has he been gone?"

"About an hour."

"You can't see a yard out there. I barely made it here myself. Oh, Frank, you damn fool!" Dooley kicked the snow. They were so helpless. Frank could easily be stumbling around in circles only a few hundred feet from them.

"Maybe he's down wind from us. He'd try to get here if he knew how," Dooley yelled. "Come on now, boys, all together. Maybe he can hear us. All together. Fra-a-a-a-ank! Again. Fra-a-a-a-a-ank! Again. Over this way. Fra-a-a-a-a-a-ank!"

Their voices cried out in hoarse unison and were swallowed in the wind.

FOR two days the airport at Victoria was like a tomb. Not a propeller turned. The Penelope, the Gremlins' Castle, the Ginger Kay, and Lighthouse Lil stood disconsolate in an even line before the hangars. They seemed pinched between the snow, which built up steadily around their wheels, and the low racing cloud ceiling that continuously spewed out more and more snow.

Stutz and Stannish, J. H. Handy and Willie Moon had haunted the weather office, for they were the next to go. Their hurried flights back to Victoria had been in vain. It was not until this third morning that the gracefully curving barometric lines on the weather chart gave any hope. These isobars, the penciled lines that connected the points of equal barometric pressure on the map of North America, traced the progress of the storm from Hudson Bay across the face of Quebec and then along to Labrador. It had swung down in a large circle. The indications were that it was now moving toward the sea. There was a chance that the search area was clear.

"Even if it isn't clear now, it ought to be by the time we got up there," boomed Willie Moon. He swept his big hand across the chart and drummed his fingers along the edge of the weather table. "What more do we expect?"

J. H. eased down from his perch on the radiator. "I wish we knew a little more about the weather en route," he said. "Both Fitch and Wallie Miller said the area itself was hard as hell to find. Once you get past the mountains, it apparently all looks alike."

"I'm for getting going right now," said Stannish. "We'll find it somehow. What do you think, Stutzie?"

Stutz considered for a moment. "I think we ought to have a go at it," he said at last. "If we get lost, it won't be the first time for any of us."

Stannish immediately jumped to his feet. "Then let's get outa here. We're all agreed. I can't stand this any longer. Breezy!" He called into the next room for his co-pilot.

"Yeah, man!"

"Call up the hangar. Tell them to have the ships ready for departure in one hour."

"O. K."

"Let's fly in a wide V," said Willie Moon. "Let's flip a coin and see who gets stuck as leader." He reached in his pants and brought out a quarter. "Odd man." He chuckled and flipped the coin. It spanked against his broad palm. They flipped, and Willie Moon became the leader, as he always wanted to be.

BUT there was something wrong with Stutz's ship. The Penelope was delayed for an hour. So Stutz stood at the hangar window and watched the others shuffling clumsily over the snow in their heavy flight gear.

He watched the brown bundles of men disappear one by one into the ships, and in a few moments the black propellers began to turn slowly as if each blade was drawn downward by a mighty unseen magnet. Then, suddenly, the engines caught and the propellers disappeared from sight, leaving only a faint circular smudge where they had been before. Stutz could hear the engines steady to a deep rumble and he felt for the millionth time a peculiar sense of pride and satisfaction. It made no difference what kind of airplane he listened to, they always gave him the same feeling.

At last a mechanic came in looking cold and blue, but he had come to say that as far as he was concerned the Penelope was ready to go.

"If it ain't fixed this time, it won't be today," he added with shivering conviction. "We'll have to tear the whole thing apart."

"I hope," said Stutz, and pulled his fleece-lined flying pants over his uniform.

"If we find Dooley today," he said solemnly to his co-pilot, "I will buy us a bottle of whisky and we will get drunk."

"Hell, yes," said Sunny Hopper with a smile.

Willie Moon had forsaken his four-engined Gremlins' Castle because he mistrusted its endless troubles. He wanted a simple ship he could rely on, so he selected the Boomerang.

In its cockpit Willie Moon seemed uncomfortable and out of all proportion to everything in it. His big legs, bigger now with the inches of fleece and leather padding that covered them, overflowed the seat. His knees almost touched the instrument board. The discomfort of his position, however, was as nothing compared to the chill which had seeped through his whole being, until he had to force himself to think of something else. The cockpit windows were frosted over almost completely except for a small hole in front of a long tube that hung from the ceiling.

"We've got to do something about these windshields," said Ralph Hunt, his co-pilot. "The last thing I saw out of my side was the Corsair Mountains. We wouldn't be able to see Dooley now if we ran right over him."

"Well, I'll tell ya," answered Willie Moon. "Quit worrying. Just don't get excited, see? I'll show you an old trick when we get a little closer to the area."

"What's that, Willie?"

"Just don't get excited. Take it easy." He ran out the word "easy" as if it were the last word in a song. He chuckled and tried to squirm down deeper in his seat. "Have you got your hunting knife with you?"

"Yeah."

"Good."

"I don't want to pry into your personal life, Willie, but just what is this hunting-knife business?"

"Tut-tut. A razor would be better." He blinked his eyes and adjusted the left propeller control imperceptibly with the flourish of a master chef putting the final touch on a wedding cake.

"If you want to cut my throat, the answer is no."

"Relax. Relax. It's an old trick we used on the Fords and Stinsons before we had any of these fancy heating tubes."

"You mean you want to reach out and around, and scrape the frost off with the knife?"

"No. *You* reach out and around."

"I do?"

"That's right, my friend." Moon said it through his nose and added a high "tee-hee."

An hour passed before Willie Moon raised himself with difficulty from his seat and made his way back to the radio cubicle.

"We ought to be getting near the area," he said to Wilson. "How about giving the Corsair a call and see if you get any answer?"

"O. K. I'll try him now."

"If you do get him, tell him to relax and take it easy."

"O. K." Wilson threw a switch above his head and a dynamotor began to whine. He tapped his key experimentally twice. Then his hand moved up and down rapidly in quick jerky movements. After a moment he paused and moved the headphones over his ears. He reached forward to the dial on his receiver and moved it back and forth with delicate care.

"Hear anything?"

"No. But he wouldn't come back right away. I'll try him again in a few minutes."

"Yeah. Keep it up."

"I will. Relax yourself."

Willie Moon allowed a gesture of appreciation to play about his mouth, then he turned and walked back to the cockpit.

D'ANNUNZIA ran as fast as he could across the snow. He reached the shore of the lake and clambered up the bank to the camp. Then he cut back through the trees and began the long, hard climb to the top of the big hill.

At the top of the hill he came upon the others and paused, even in his excitement. They were burying Frank Lovatt. They had found him after the storm with his big body clenched as in birth, not fifty yards from the camp.

"I guess we should say some kind of prayer," began Dooley. "And they usually say something about how good a guy was when they do . . . this. But it seems to me that would be something for strangers to hear, and there ain't any strangers here." Dooley looked up at the sky and then down to the Corsair at the bottom of the hill.

He swallowed and waited a moment because he wanted to keep his voice the way Frank would know it. "There's just about one thing left to say and we can do the rest with thinking. Frank was a good pilot. That takes in a lot of things. He could have stayed back home where things are easier, but Frank wanted to do his flying the hard way." Dooley paused again and then suddenly knelt in the snow. "I think it would be a good idea if we said a prayer. Maybe it would be better if we said one we all know, like the Lord's Prayer." Dooley led them slowly, without embarrassment, in a strong clear voice.

When D'Annunzia reached them, they were still kneeling.

"Dooley! Dooley!" He cried out because he could not help himself. Then, as Dooley looked up at him, he flushed red with shame and knelt beside the others. It seemed that they would never finish, and when at last they said "Amen," he could contain himself no longer.

"Dooley! Boy! They're coming! I heard them. I did. I know I did. They asked for bearings!" Then he chanced to look down at Frank and his voice faded to a whisper. "You've got to get an engine started—right now—or it may be too late."

"We'll say so long to Frank first," said Dooley calmly. "Come on, D'Annunzia. I think you'd like to help us."

Dooley directed them quietly in the unhurried completion of their task. They lowered Frank very gently, and then tenderly patted the earth and snow into a mound. Even when they had finished and there was nothing more to do, they did not leave at once. They stood in uncomfortable silence and stared at the newly disturbed snow, fearful that they had forgotten something.

WILLIE MOON could stand it no longer. Each time he rubbed a hole in the window frost and looked down at the earth beneath him, he felt a tightness in his head and stomach that made him sick. For an hour there had been not the slightest variance in the world below. Dooley's message had said that he was on a lake, and because no one knew what the country was like, that had seemed a perfect landmark. In the mind, it was only necessary to find a lake as distinguished from solid land, and Dooley would be sitting on it. But there were a thousand thousand lakes, and they all looked exactly alike. The chart, which Willie Moon had thrown to the floor in disgust, was a blank—it plainly admitted ignorance of the portion of earth it represented. Even the compass of the Boomerang, the final pillar of reliance on which everything depended, had begun to sway with uncertainty. It would point to the north for a while, as it should, for they had been flying in that direction ever since the departure from Victoria. But now, without the slightest touch to the controls of the Boomerang, it would swing slowly and dreamily to the west, then start back again past the north and point to the east. It was maddening and uncanny. It confused him, and he was not accustomed to confusion.

Willie Moon would have as soon believed treachery in his own wife as to distrust a compass. Yet now the spectacle was one of betrayal, and so it shook the foundations of his knowledge. He picked up the microphone at his side.

"Hey, you guys!" He waited for the voices of Stannish and J. H.—familiar voices he felt would ease his senses.

"What's up?"

"Yeah, what's up, Willie?" It was the first time either Stannish or J. H. had ever heard the voice of Willie Moon sound the way it did.

Willie Moon chose his words carefully. It would be beyond the code to show concern. "By any chance, are you boys having any trouble with your compasses?"

"Some."

"Me too."

"We must be too close to the magnetic pole," said Stannish. "Isn't it supposed to give you trouble even if you're within a thousand miles of it?"

"Damned if I know. I think we're practically over the area." There was no immediate reply. Willie Moon knew that the others were also looking down hopelessly at the endless design of lakes.

"We're going to have one hell of a time finding Dooley—with all this." One of them said it, Moon was not sure which, the voice was muffled, but he knew by their silence that they all felt his own creeping sense of defeat.

"If he'd only build a big fire," Willie said. "I'm going to tell him to build a big fire."

He hung up his microphone and walked back to Wilson. The man was huddled against his receiving set. He seemed almost ready to embrace it.

"Hear anything?"

"No."

"How about giving him another call?"

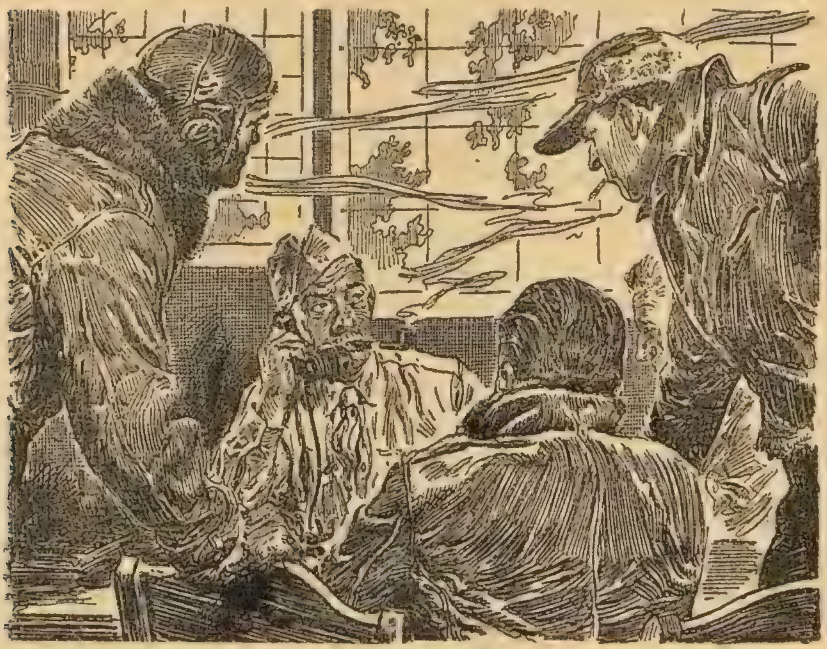
"I tried a few minutes ago."

"Well, let's try again," said Moon almost with annoyance.

"I hate to try too often. He may have heard our first attempt. I can't hear him if I'm sending, and he may try to reply just when I do."

"Try again anyway. We've got to take the chance. Tell him to build a big fire and keep it going."

"All right." Wilson pushed a switch above his head and the dynamotor whined again. His fingers, white with cold even though he sat in the warmest place on the ship, tapped stiffly on the key.



In the cockpit of the Corsair they sat shivering and waited in silence. They were tired. They sat rigidly, like petitioners awaiting a verdict from a high court. They watched D'Annunzia without moving, fearful that some slight change of expression on his stony face might escape them.

They waited for his eyes to light up again, and for the smile to creep across his lips. They had seen it twice since they had come down from the hill and now they waited to see it again.

Starting an engine to provide a generator had been a gamble and they had lost the gamble. Without the engine they had no generator, and without the generator the batteries would operate the radio for only a few transmissions. Yet they had to draw upon the battery to start the engine. They were left with two choices: either to continue trying to start the engine or save the batteries for D'Annunzia and his radios. They elected to save the batteries. Now it was up to D'Annunzia, and he was conscious that their eyes watched every little move he made.

He adjusted the dial slightly for the hundredth time and then suddenly he heard the sounds he had prayed for. It wasn't necessary that he say anything to the others. His face told them everything they wanted to hear.

After a few moments D'Annunzia leaned back in his seat. He pushed his headphones forward. His hands were shaking.

"It's them," he said in a voice that he could hardly recognize as his own. "It's them again. They must be somewhere near us now!"

"Were they louder than the first times you heard them?" Dooley asked.

"Yes. Much louder."

"Thank God. I knew they'd come."

"They said to build a big fire and keep it going."

"Anything else?"

"Yes." D'Annunzia smiled and placed his fingers gingerly under his armpits. "The message said to take it easy."

Dooley could not resist a look out the window, although he knew it was unlikely any planes would be in view. He rubbed a hole in the frost that covered the plexi-glass above his head and searched the sky, but its pale emptiness depressed him and he returned to D'Annunzia. The youth was still sitting without moving, his big brown eyes staring straight ahead.

"What's the matter? Aren't you going to answer them?"

"Yeah. In a minute. We've got to think this out. We've only got a few transmissions left in the batteries—five or six at the most. If I hold my key down, there won't be any power left in a few minutes. It would be better, I think, if we took bearings on them."

"Are you sure? We've got to be sure, boy."

"No, I'm not sure. But it seems the best thing to do. I think our batteries will hold up longer if you take the bearings with our compass, then I'll tell them which direction to fly. We ought to be able to bring them right over us that way."

"All right. Let's go."

D'Annunzia closed the switch above his head. The dynamotor whined weakly. "Here goes," he said to Dooley with a quiet smile. "Here's where we shoot our wad!" He tapped out smartly on his key.

THE shout from Wilson brought Willie Moon lurching back to his cubbyhole.

"I got him," said Wilson tensely. "I got him. He's weak, but I got him." He rocked his tuning dial and then touched his key momentarily. He leaned forward and hunched his shoulders as if to protect himself from every sound around him. Moon started to speak, but Wilson shook his head for silence. Finally he leaned back slightly, but his eyes remained on the tuning dial like a fisherman watching a bobber.

"He wants to take bearings on us. Says to fly one forty degrees now."

"That's behind us!"

"That's what he says. He'll give us another bearing when I hold the key down in a few minutes."

"All right. Keep after him. Let me know. Just yell." Willie moved his big body quickly back to the cockpit. He told Ralph to turn to one forty degrees and pulled with all his great might on the window at his side. It was frozen shut, but he finally managed to yank it open a few inches. The air whipping past the Boomerang roared like a fast freight on a trestle. Ralph shuddered and clucked his tongue.

"My God, Willie. Do you have to do that?"

"We've got to see something. Dooley is colder than we are."

"Maybe, but not half so confused. I can't hold a decent course with that compass. Watch it."

Moon watched the compass and the exhilaration of the last few minutes died within him. The compass swung in a slow deliberate waltz as much as forty degrees either way.

Wilson shouted again and Moon turned his head to look back at him.

"I got him again! Says to turn to one fifty degrees now."

"Is he getting any stronger?"

"A little."

"Tell him we're having compass trouble—he'd better send bearings as often as he can."

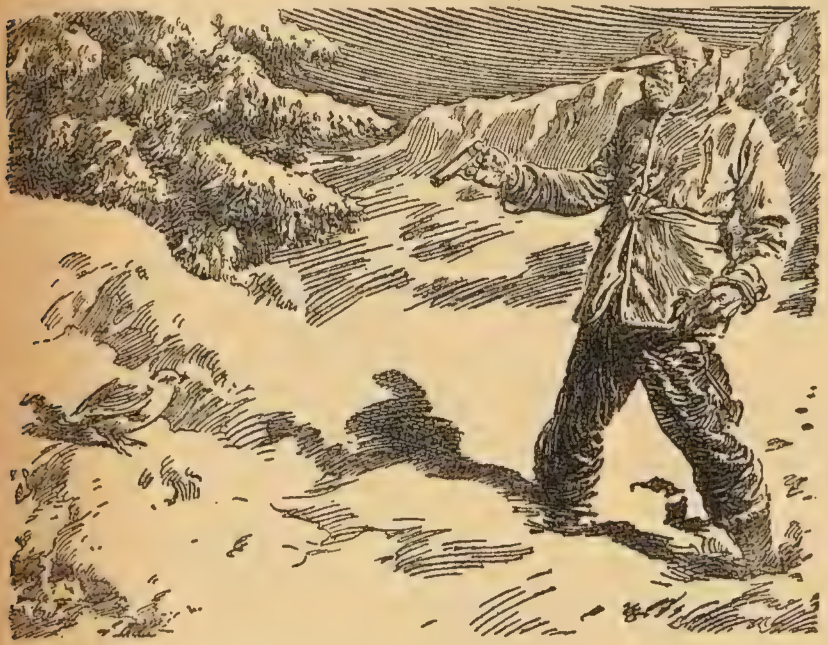
"I will."

DOOLEY watched the pointer quiver against the dial with suspicion. It was a terrible feeling. For a little while he had felt that it was almost all over—that he could almost reach out through the wilderness and clasp the hands of his friends aloft. One of them had said to take it easy. That would be Willie Moon. It was good to think of him and of the others, and of their nearness, but it was difficult to take it easy.

Not when he was so cold. Not when Frank lay alone up on the hill.

"They're to the northwest of us," said Dooley, watching the pointer. "They're still getting up to the north of us, D'Annunzia. They must have a very strong wind up there." Dooley listened to the wind brush against the sides of the Corsair. It seemed to have grown stronger. He studied the pointer a moment. "Give them a new bearing—one sixty degrees. That should bring them nearer."

"All right," said D'Annunzia. His voice was quietly confident, but he was almost afraid to touch his sending key.



"New bearing, D'Annunzia!" said Dooley after a few minutes. "Give them one seventy degrees now. Damn it, they're working around in a big circle—they're coming in the back door!"

"O. K." D'Annunzia threw his dynamotor switch.

"Are they getting any louder?"

"Yeah, lots! They're knocking my ears off!"

"Good. Thank God. Thank God."

"I am—plenty!" D'Annunzia tapped out the message and then pulled the dynamotor switch the instant he had finished.

He rubbed his fingers and blew hard on them. He looked out the window by his radio station and thought a moment about Brooklyn. Then he looked up at the back of Dooley's head. There was no denying it. He might as well tell him.

"Dooley."

Dooley caught something in the youth's voice and turned to look at him. "What's the matter?"

"The batteries . . ."

"Finished?"

"No, not quite. Maybe we can put out once more."

"Did they get that last course—one seventy?"

"Yea. They got that, but he keeps saying he can hardly read me. I've hardly got any spark left."

"But they're getting stronger. They're coming toward us."

"I know. Maybe they're only fifty miles away. They sound like it. But what happens if they don't get the next bearing—if we don't put out enough?"

Dooley pounded his fists on his knees.

"You send again," he said finally. "Tell them to shift to five hundred kilocycles with their own radio compasses. Tell them to listen for the damned coffee grinder!"

WILLIE MOON held the Boomerang as steadily as he could on the course of one seventy. He sat rigidly in his seat. His only move was an occasional look back toward Wilson, a questioning look on his face. But Wilson always shook his head slowly from side to side, and raised his hand with a thumb pointed downward. He called and re-called the Corsair, but now no answering chirp returned.

"We could have passed over him already," said Ralph.

"We could have. Yeah, we could have."

"Maybe we ought to turn around."

"Not yet. We'll hold this course another fifteen minutes or so, then turn back a little to the south of it. If we don't find him then, we'll be all washed up for today. We'll barely make Victoria with our gas."

"How long has Dooley been up here now?"

"Tomorrow will be the fifth day."

Willie shivered.

THEY stood in the snow beside the Corsair. Sometimes Stankowski would throw another stick on the fire and then pour a little oil on it, but the wood was hopelessly slow in burning. They had tried everything, even pouring some of the high-octane gasoline from the Corsair on the embers. It had burned brilliantly a few minutes, then died away again, leaving hardly any sign where it had flamed.

Every few minutes they knelt in turn to the emergency radio and cranked wildly until they could crank no longer.

"Is this doing any good?" asked Murray. "Are you sure they're listening on this frequency?"

"I don't know," answered D'Annunzia. "I tried to tell them, but it was the last of the batteries. They didn't acknowledge."

"Well, wouldn't they acknowledge ordinarily?"

"Yes, they would."

"Just keep cranking and praying," said Dooley. He looked up at the hill. Its very top was touched with red from the sun, although Dooley stood in twilight. As he looked, as if in answer to his prayers, he saw them—or thought he saw them. He held his breath, he held his heart—for one rigid moment his eyes refused connection with his brain. Then suddenly the spell was broken and he ran around the Corsair, yelling at the top of his voice.

"They're coming! Boy! Boy! They're coming!" He pointed breathlessly over the hill. They could hear the engines now, very faintly, but their sound was swelling rapidly.

"It's them! It's them!" yelled Stankowski. He threw his cap in the air and danced around the fire.

"Look! There's another one over there!" cried Murray. He was jumping up and down frantically. He ran over and threw his arms around D'Annunzia and kissed him.

"And another—way over there!" shouted D'Annunzia. "I told you it would work, Dooley! I knew it would!"

"Right this way, boys! Right this way! Here we are, all cold and lonely!" Murray laughed hysterically and executed a mock bow. He swept up a handful of snow and threw it in the air.

But Dooley was watching the plane. His trained, sharp eyes waited for a movement from one of them. The slightest dip of a wing would be enough—then they would wheel, and turn, and sweep down upon them. He saw no movement. The planes proceeded evenly, majestically, like geese bound southward. They were almost directly over the Corsair. The muffled, unsynchronized beating of their engines echoed and re-echoed against the lake and hills.

In a second's space Dooley was looking straight up at them. The others stood, transfixed, their heads back, their mouths open. And then, before any of them fully realized what had happened, the ships had passed. Dooley, without realizing what he did, reached out a futile hand toward them, to the sky. He ran a few steps after them, pleading—as if he might stay them.

"Hey!" he cried. "Hey . . . wait! Fellows . . . fellows . . . wait!" Then his voice broke and he could run no longer.

IT was midnight. Colonel Fuller's office was crowded. For the first few minutes when they had filed into his office, it was unnecessary to ask them anything. Their faces told him that the Corsair had not been found. But the way they had entered and sat down so silently, accepting their coffee and soft drinks with only a mumbled thanks, told him that something else was wrong.

The colonel filled his pipe with deliberate slowness. He lit it and tested the packing of the tobacco. Finally he began to speak in a careful, crisp voice:

"I'm sorry to call you men in here directly from your ships. You must be pretty tired." He looked around the room, but received no answer. "It seemed better to hash this thing out first, so we can plan our next step. Let's work up from the beginning and see where we stand. Moon, I believe that yours was the first ship to contact the Corsair. What course were you flying?"

Willie Moon looked at the floor a moment. "That's just it. We thought we were flying due north, but we may have been flying northwest or northeast. The compass just won't stand still up there."

"I see. Do any of you other men have anything to add?"

"We were in the same boat with Willie," said Stannish.

"You got off to a late start, didn't you, Stutz?"

"I might just as well have stayed in the hotel. We never saw anybody or anything from the time that we left until we got back here. It was just a waste of gasoline."

"I wouldn't look at it that way. You covered a certain area. We can mark that off the books anyway. If Dooley were anywhere along that area you would have seen him."

"I'm not so sure."

"What do you mean by that?"

Stutz crunched his cigarette out on the floor beside him. He looked at the others a moment, then raised himself and crossed over to the desk. Colonel Fuller watched him patiently.

"I hate to say this, colonel; I even hate to admit it. Frankly, I wouldn't if I wasn't pretty sure the other boys feel the same way. I just want to say that for the first time since I started flying, and that was a long time ago, I don't know where the hell I've been."

The colonel smiled and puffed on his pipe. "Come on now, Stutz, that's an exaggeration. You must have known where you were. You got back here, didn't you?"

"Only by turning to what I hoped was south and waiting until I hit the St. Lawrence. It's a pretty big river. It's hard to miss."

"But didn't you keep track of your courses? What happened to your dead reckoning?"

"Anyone who can hold an accurate course up in that country is a genius and he's getting considerable help from God to boot."

"What do you suggest, then? We've got to do something."

"I want to go up there at night—the whole thing at night when I can't see a damn thing except the stars. I'll take shots continuously and plot one fix right after the other. Then I'll know where I am all the time. Time the thing to arrive over the area just before dawn. If Dooley hears our engines he'll shoot off a flare or two and we'll see it."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute—" the colonel held up his hand. "Let's go a little slower. Let's go back a bit. Willie, you were flying north and then had to turn back south, according to Dooley's bearings. What's your idea?"

WILLIE MOON did not reply at once. He had a feeling that they had come very close to Dooley, but it was only a feeling, and there were no facts to support it. With the eccentricities of radio and the country working together, it was possible that they had never been within two hundred miles of the Corsair. Dooley wouldn't be in a certain place just because he thought, or rather felt, that he should be. The others were watching him and waiting. Moon rubbed the heavy stubble on his chin and began to speak.

"I don't know where Dooley is. I'd like to get that straight first off. But I think—my guess is that we passed very close to him about ten minutes after he sent the last bearing of one seventy degrees."

"Didn't you ask him to build a fire?"

"Yes."

"But you saw no suggestion of smoke anywhere."

"No, we didn't. But there's a hell of a lot of geography to look at up there."

"The visibility was very good then."

"Perfect, except toward the last, when the sun got in our eyes, but even then it didn't bother us much."

The colonel puffed his pipe a moment thoughtfully. "Stannish, did you see anything? How about you, J. H.—anything to add?"

"Nothing," agreed J. H.

The telephone rang. Colonel Fuller turned to it with relief.

"Colonel Fuller? This is the meteorologist. We've just finished a new map on the search area, based on Hudson Bay reports."

"Yes."

"There's another low-pressure area forming over and to the northwest of the bay itself. It looks like it will wind up tight."

"I see. When will it reach the search area?"

"Well, sir," the voice hesitated, "it's pretty soon to say, but it ought to hit there about thirty-six hours from now."

"Thank you." The colonel hung up. He refilled his pipe before he faced the men in the room.

"Gentlemen, that was weather calling. It seems there's another low forming in the Hudson Bay area. We'll have to hurry to beat it, because God knows how long this one will last." He paused and walked in a small circle in front of his desk. Then he walked back to his chair again and looked at the map. "We have a very difficult choice to make. We can either go back to the same area and search more carefully again on the theory that you may have missed him, or search an entirely new area somewhat to the south. Obviously, with your gasoline range, we can't search both. What do you think of Stutz's idea—about going up at night on celestial and arriving just before dawn?"

"I'm sure we could," pressed Stutz. "With the way the country and the compass is up there, I think we'd have a tough time getting back to the same place just by straight contact flying."

"What do the rest of you think?"

"I'm for it," said Willie Moon.

The others nodded and spoke their agreement one by one.

Willie Moon stood up stiffly and shook his jowls like a Great Dane. "I'm starved. Let's eat," he moaned. He rubbed his stomach and looked around the room. "Well, what's the story? Do we go back to the same place, colonel, or—"

"Let's sleep on that, Willie. Let's all give it some more thought and decide just before you take off. Right?"

DOOLEY lay on his back and looked up at the matted branches that formed the roof of their shelter. Dooley was almost warm. Since Frank was gone he could share a sleeping bag with Murray. D'Annunzia and Stankowski slept tightly together in the other sleeping bag. The third bag, in which Dooley had once slept alone, was thrown crosswise over them all to provide additional warmth.

When the planes had passed over them, Dooley had felt limp and a little sick. He had gone off alone a little way into the woods. It was when he had started slowly back toward the shelter that he almost stumbled over the ptarmigan. The bird's white coloring made it almost invisible against the snow, but it sat motionless like a fat pigeon and stared stupidly back at Dooley. He circled the bird cautiously, and when he was behind it, ran to the shelter and took his automatic from its place inside the sleeping bag. Then he retraced his steps quietly in the last light of evening. The bird was still there, as if waiting for him. Dooley killed it with one shell. He brought it back to the others and for a moment they forgot all about the passing of the planes.

Dooley cut open its craw. The bird apparently lived on pine-tree buds, for that was all they found. They put the buds in an empty pineapple can, and filled it with snow and heated it over the fire. The result was a fairly pleasant tea. Then they cut up the bird and threw it in the metal toolbox they used as a cooking pot. When they thought it ready, they ate the stew with their fingers, directly from the box. No one said very much. They were elaborately considerate of the others who squatted next to them.

Dooley was glad when the others refused to speak of the planes that had passed, even though he knew it was the only subject that concerned them. It would have been much better if the planes had never come anywhere near them. Dooley was thinking of this when Murray turned toward him.

"Dooley, I can't sleep. I keep thinking."

"Thinking? About what?" Dooley knew very well what Murray was thinking. "You got enough to eat for a change, didn't you?"

"It's not that. It's . . . If the planes don't come back, Dooley . . . if they don't come back pretty soon . . ." he said suddenly.

"They'll be back. You can depend on it."

"But I've been thinking, Dooley. Why should they come back to this same place? They've looked here and they didn't see anything. Wouldn't they naturally look somewhere else tomorrow, just by process of elimination? Wouldn't you, if you were flying one of those planes?"

There it was—the thing that Dooley had been waiting for and was afraid of.

"They'll be back," he repeated. "They've got those bearings, that's what counts. They'll figure out what happened when they get back on the ground. We've got to build a bigger fire, that's all. We'll get that ready tomorrow—first thing in the morning."

"You honestly think they'll come tomorrow?"

"Yes. Now go to sleep."

"It'll be swell to get back to my wife and Charles."

"Sure that'll be swell, but I'm going to ask your wife if you stay awake all night. You're a lousy guy to sleep with."

That was the kind of thing to talk about, Dooley thought with relief. That was the kind of thing that kept men like Murray reasonable.

A STATION WAGON took them to the colonel's office at ten o'clock. When they reached the frame headquarters building and each man dismounted from the car, they stood a moment in the snow and instinctively looked up at the night sky.

"It's clear around here anyway," said Stannish. No one answered him. They stood for a little longer just looking upward, and then their eyes searched the horizon. Finally they turned and filed up the wooden steps. The colonel was waiting for them.

"Some of you men look a little better than the last time I saw you. I hope you got a good sleep." No one answered him. "You'll need it," added the colonel, and sat down. "I hate to say it, but some of you are going to be left behind on this deal."

"What's the matter?" asked Wallie Miller.

"Figure it out for yourself. There are four airplanes and seven of you. The Boomerang has a bad hydraulic leak and we just haven't got the spares to fix it up."

"Are you counting the Gremlins' Castle as an airplane?" asked Willie Moon.

"I am. What's the matter with it?"

Willie Moon looked down at his feet and shuffled the snow off his boots.

"Nothing, colonel. Oh, just nothing at all."

Colonel Fuller smiled quietly. He took his cap from the top of the radiator and placed it on the desk in front of him.

"There are seven matches in my cap, gentlemen. Three of them are a trifle short. Start reaching."

One by one they filed past the colonel's cap and reached in for a match.

"I can go back to bed," said J. H. Handy.

"Me too," said Wallie Miller.

"Have a nice trip, boys," said Fitch, sitting forlornly in a corner.

"I'm sorry," said the colonel. "We'll fly your pants off as soon as they get back. Now, one other thing, just before we get down to business. We've only got one four-engined airplane, the Gremlins' Castle. Who wants to fly it? Now don't everyone speak at once," he added quickly. The silence was expressive. "I might point out that whoever flies it will have more gasoline. You'll be able to search longer."

"That is, if it ever gets in the air," mumbled Stutz.

There was silence again.

"All right. I'll fly it," sighed Willie Moon at last. "But it's hands down that we won't get ten miles from Victoria."

The colonel paused long enough to light his pipe. Whatever had been said since the men had entered his office, he knew was inconsequential. But the thing he had to say now was what they were waiting for in stony silence. It was his decision—it had to be. On it depended the lives of Dooley and his crew. Colonel Fuller hoped fervently that he was right.

"As you know, gentlemen, we have two choices—whether to go back to the same place and have another look at it, or search farther to the south in line with the bearings—say one hundred or one fifty miles. It's inconceivable to me that a group of experienced pilots like yourselves could have missed seeing Dooley on a perfectly clear day," he said quickly. "Since Dooley knew you were in the area, he unquestionably built some kind of fire. Do you agree to that?"

"It's logical," agreed Moon, "but you've got to remember that Dooley is trying to think under the most difficult conditions imaginable. It was at least one hundred or seventy degrees below zero up there. That kinda numbs the brain. At this stage of the game, he's probably not acting very logically."

"I realize that, but we've got to chance it. For a while I thought of splitting you, sending two planes back to the same place and two to look farther south, but you don't cover enough area that way. It would be too easy to miss him by just ten miles or so."

"So you think we should look farther south?" said Stutz.

"I do. Here's the idea that makes the most sense."

IN the morning they cut the remaining two chocolate bars into four equal portions and each man consumed half of his share for breakfast. In addition they each had a salmon can full of hot water spiced with pine-tree buds. The chocolate bars were the last of their hoarded food. It was a great deal by certain standards, Dooley thought, and if it were not for the cold it should have been able to keep them going for quite a long time.

But the cold was merciless. It penetrated so deeply into his bones that Dooley thought he could almost feel his body burning up strength and energy to combat it. Everything depended on keeping their strength. It took a strong man to turn the crank on the emergency radio for even a few minutes.

"We've got to keep that there thing going as much as we can," he said to D'Annunzia. "It may work better than we think." He didn't add that there wasn't any use in depending on anything else.

When the morning passed and the ghost of the sun indicated that afternoon had come, Dooley told the others to keep watch by the fire. He looked at the sickly thin wet wood and snorted. "If you hear any engines, burn down everything you can lay your hands on—if you can get anything to burn. I'm going up on the hill for a look around. If the planes come and I'm not back, Stankowski, you run down and drop a match in the Corsair's gas tank. Any tank will do. They've all got enough to start it going. Drop the match and run like hell."

He had to leave them for a time. He wanted to be alone.

Up on the hill there was a high thin gray overcast. Spotted about the horizon were small snow squalls. Except in the squalls, where it was doubtless zero, Dooley estimated the visibility to be at least fifteen miles. That was more than ample for search purposes. He looked down at the Corsair and saw that the wings, which they had faithfully swept clean of snow each morning, stood out plainly against the frozen lake. The cross of pine boughs which they had put down in the middle of the lake also seemed perfectly obvious. Why, then, hadn't they seen these things? He had been so sure of their prominence that he had not even considered the possibility of their not being seen from the air. Now he realized that it had been a terrible mistake to stand there, confidently awaiting rescue. He should have shot off flares, ground the emergency radio, burned up the Corsair—done anything to assure their attention.

Somehow he would have to bring them back—somehow and very soon.

As he walked down the hill, Dooley suddenly discovered that he had been unconsciously nibbling on his lower lip. The inside of his mouth, just in front of his teeth, was sore. Dooley realized then that he had slipped into the first stages of real hunger.

He called D'Annunzia to one side when he reached the camp.

"You can key that emergency set just like a regular transmitter, can't you?"

"Yeah, but somebody has to keep grinding while I'm doing it and they've got to grind steady."

"I think we'll get in a double punch if we send a message. I don't doubt for a minute, and don't get the idea I do, that they'll be along here before nightfall, but just the same I think that it would be better to send a message."

"What do you want to send? Better make it short. We've been cranking that thing every ten minutes and we're about done in."

Dooley thought a moment and wished he would stop biting his lips. He felt very strange. Every cold hour it seemed to be getting harder to make his body do what he wanted it to do. The feeling made him a little sick.

"Send, 'Return same place—return same place.' Send it over and over again every ten minutes. No, wait a minute! We've got to look at it from their angle. Change that. First send, 'Return same place,' then rest a couple of minutes. Then—let's see, they were over us about four o'clock yesterday; it was just getting dark. Send, 'Return same place,' then, 'Over us 16:00. Can you do that, D'Annunzia?"

"As long as the boys can grind."

"Good. We'll keep it up till nightfall."

"Then what?"

"Then I guess we'll need some rest."

WITH a gentle touch of his toes to the brakes, Willie Moon brought the Gremlins' Castle to a standstill at the end of the runway.

Willie Moon looked around the cockpit and examined each instrument with suspicion.

At Moon's command, Ralph Hunt tripped a lever on the control pedestal and lowered fifteen degrees of flaps, for with them the Gremlins' Castle would take to the cold night sky more quickly.

"All set?" he asked Hunt.

"Let's get out of here."

The Gremlins' Castle growled and shuddered and lowered her head like a bull about to charge. Then suddenly Moon released the brakes and the ship lunged forward down the runway. Now Willie Moon pulled back on the control wheel. The runway sank. The sense of speed diminished. The Gremlins' Castle was air-borne.

"Number four is torching a little."

Moon adjusted the mixture control to the number four engine. He leaned forward in his seat and searched the heavens around him. Since the Gremlins' Castle had left the ground, his sight and thinking had slipped into three dimensions. He had a rendezvous in space to keep.

"Now where the hell is Stutz?" he asked the stars. In a moment he saw the Penelope's red and green riding lights ghosting along just above him.

Because it was Stutz's plan to begin with, he was designated to lead the others. Now, as the Penelope swept through space, he wished that he had not been so certain of the hours that lay ahead. For a few moments, before Sunny Hopper finally steadied the Penelope on course, he wished that he had held his tongue and been content to follow someone else's plan. But soon his faith returned, as it normally did to Stutz.

Stutz lit a cigarette and looked thoughtfully at his watch. It was a part of his thinking that he looked at it with complete absorption. The time—not approximate but exact. Stutz wanted an exact check over the north shore of the St. Lawrence. He wanted it now, when the flight was in its infancy, when the stars were out to guide him—when things were going well.

He stood up and tapped a fist on Sunny Hopper's head. "I'm going to take a shot. If you see a lighthouse, yell like hell."

By taking bearings on three stars and plotting them on the map, he could compute the difference between his assumed position and where the stars proved him to be.

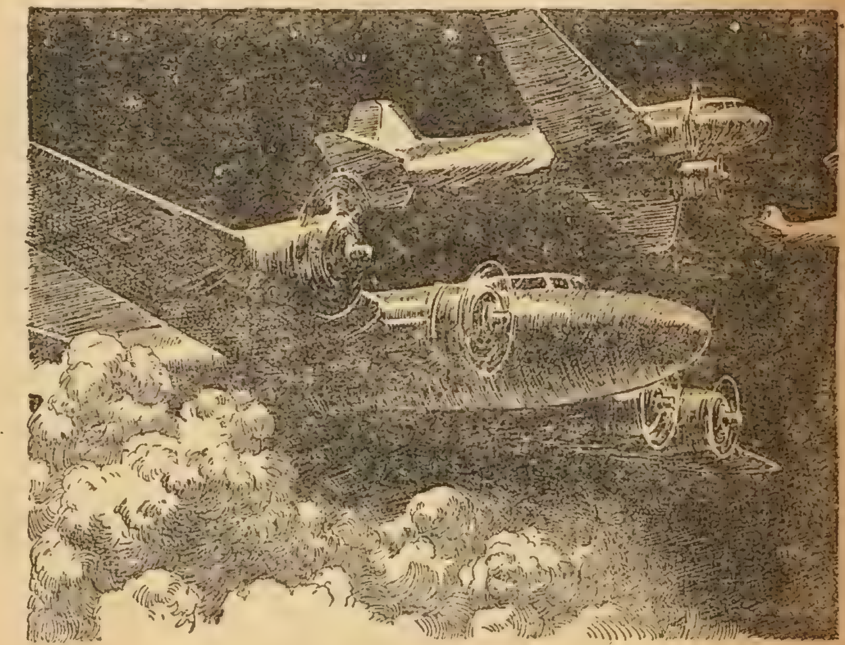
It was this difference, which might be three or fifty miles, that Stutz was after when he took the sextant tenderly from its wooden box.

He returned to his seat in the cockpit holding the sextant carefully in his hands. He brought the finder to his eye and turned a small knob that projected from the side of the sextant. There was a click inside the instrument. An eerie round bubble swam merrily into the view finder. A few bright stars moved past the bubble and then at last he centered on the one he sought—Polaris, the North Star—not bright and glittering like so many of the others, but pale and dim, almost sickly in the midnight blue. Stutz adjusted the drum with his fingers until Polaris was just visible through the center of the bubble.

Still holding the sextant, he glanced at the radium dial on his wrist watch. When the sweep second hand swung to the even minute, he took a deep breath so that his own body would be steady. Then, alternately turning the drum and pulling a trigger just beneath it, he began to "shoot" Polaris. Each time the bubble was in the exact center of the viewing field and he had placed Polaris in the center of the bubble, he pulled the trigger. Each measurement was recorded on the drum by a pencil point controlled by the trigger. Stutz turned the drum until the pencil point was in the center of the marks, and read off the average of all his sights. He wrote down the result and the time. Then he searched the sky again through the sextant for the star Procyon. When he found it, he began again. It was a pleasure to shoot Procyon. Stutz liked its white brilliance. Finally he turned to his favorite—Sirius, blue-bright twinkling Sirius—cold and aloof, hanging rigidly like a priceless jewel for Orion's belt.

When Stutz finished his observations he found that the Penelope was ten miles to the east of the course. The night wind, acting with invisible might, was slightly stronger than they had anticipated.

"Take a degree or two off the course, Sunny. We're getting off to the east." Sunny nodded his head and swung the Penelope almost imperceptibly. "Hear anything from the others?"



"Newton called a few minutes ago. Says he's using way too much gas trying to stay with us."

Stutz picked up his microphone and put on his headset. "Stutz to Newton."

"Go ahead."

"We'll slow down a little for you."

"If you do that, I'll spin in." It was the voice of Willie Moon. He had the faster four-engined Gremlins' Castle throttled far back to stay with the others. Stutz turned to Sunny Hopper and they both grinned.

"Take some weight off, Willie. You're getting too fat anyway."

"Where are we?"

"To you that's a military secret."

"As if you would know."

"Five against ten we hit the Corsair Mountains in an hour and thirty minutes."

"Taken."

Stutz hung up his microphone and sat down in his seat. "This is liable to cost me money," he said to Sunny.

The Corsair Mountains were far behind them. The night had been peaceful. Stutz had been able to make an almost continuous series of observations. As a result, Stutz knew exactly where they were. It was simply a question of holding to the established course for another hour and forty minutes. Then they would be over the area selected by Colonel Fuller.

Stutz felt a glow of pleasant excitement grow within him. Then, even as he lit a cigarette in mellow satisfaction, they hit it.

THE Penelope gave a shuddering heave and Sunny Hopper fought the wheel to counteract it. Stutz leaned forward in his seat. He pressed his face against the windshield. He cupped his hands around his eyes to blot out even the feeble cockpit light. He could see nothing. The stars were gone.

He clenched his teeth and reached quickly overhead to switch on the landing lights. Snow, the endless racing particles almost solid in the blinding light, was spewing along the beams that shot out ahead.

"How the hell did we get into this?" he yelled to Sunny.

"Dunno. I didn't see it coming. There hasn't been a ripple."

"Hold your altitude even as you can."

"O. K."

When the Penelope continued to heave and toss for a long ten minutes, Stutz knew that this was not just a squall. He waited until the bombardment in his earphones subsided a little. Then he picked up his microphone.

"Hey, guys! Anybody read me?"

"Sure. Not so hot. Go ahead." The voices came back all at once.

"Let's try to top this stuff. What d'you say?"

"We'll never stay together this way."

"Let's get out of here."

"O. K. We'll start right now." Stutz hung up his microphone and pushed the propeller controls forward. Outside the propellers howled against the night. At eleven thousand feet Stutz strapped the oxygen mask around the back of his neck and turned the valve at his feet.

Fifteen thousand. "I don't think she's going to make it, Stutzie," Sunny said. "She's getting sloppy."

Stutz pushed the throttles full forward again, then shoved the propellers to full low pitch.

"We've got to make it, Sunny, even if we have to throw out some of our load."

"The rudder's sloppy as hell."

"Goose her. Be glad we have no ice." Sixteen thousand. "More, Sunny, more!"

The altimeter crept reluctantly to sixteen thousand five hundred. Lucky Willie Moon, thought Stutz. His big Gremlins' Castle could mount right on up to thirty thousand if he so desired. Stutz took up his microphone.

"Willie, where are you?"

"On top, waiting for you."

"What is the top?"

"Seventeen thousand."

Then, just as it seemed that the Penelope would not climb another inch, they broke out into an enchanted world of tousled clouds. Their riding lights mingled with the hard bright stars.

It was thirty minutes before the four ships flew in unison again, and even then they sank back into the overcast occasionally.

Stannish called on the radio. "We're using a hell of a lot of gas trying to stay in the air, Stutzie."

"I know. Just wait a little longer. We need one more fix."

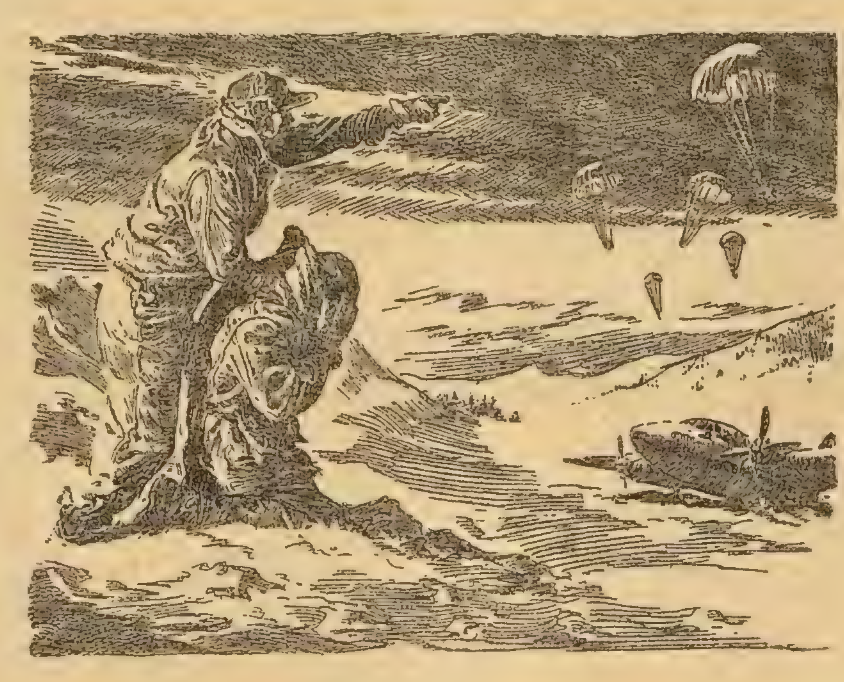
"What if we can't get contact?" asked Stanley Newton.

"We'll all take a different altitude and listen on five hundred kilocycles for Dooley. We ought to start listening now anyway."

"Will do."

"How much fuel have you left, Stutzie?"

But Stutz failed to answer. He had seen a hint of the predawn to the east. It was time to take the final fix before the stars dissolved in light.



IT was still snowing when Dooley rose in the half-light and began replenishing the fire. He filled the unwashed toolbox with snow and placed it carefully over the fire. The residue from their previous cooking would at least provide a taste of some kind, perhaps even a little nourishment, when the snow became hot water. The others crawled slowly from their sleeping bags and stumbled outside. Then they came back and huddled miserably by the fire as if they would embrace it.

"It's still snowing," said D'Annunzia.

"Yes," said Dooley.

"But the wind has gone."

"What time is it, Murray?"

"Five twenty . . . or about. I wish I really knew."

"Start cranking the radio," said Dooley. He stirred the contents of the toolbox thoughtfully.

"So early? What's the use?"

"Start cranking. Same rotation as yesterday. You are first, D'Annunzia."

"Stankowski, as soon as you and Murray are finished, go down and sweep the snow off the Corsair's wings. Also check on the new fire stack beside the ship. Then go out in the middle of the lake and shake the snow out of the boughs that make the cross. Let's see now. Is there anything else?" Dooley was awake and yet he was asleep. It seemed a tremendous effort to concentrate on anything. "Oh, yeah—take the flares and flare pistol down by the ship with you. That's where we'll be when they come. We don't want to be running around."

"If they come—" said D'Annunzia. He emptied his salmon can and set it down on the packed snow floor. "If they come today," he whispered.

WILLIE MOON eased the throttles of the Gremlins' Castle back and tipped the left wing down. He took a last look at the retreating stars, pale now against the dawn, and saw the other ships swallowed one by one in the gray overcast below. The Gremlins' Castle started down in a wide spiral. Stutz had called and said they were over the area.

"Ralph, you and I will listen to Stutz. Watch that needle all the time." He looked over his shoulder toward Wilson, his radio operator. "Are you on five hundred kilocycles?"

"Yes."

"Listen—like hell." At five thousand they were still flying through clouds and snow. Willie pressed the button to his throat microphone.

"Stutz. Where are you?"

"Twenty-five hundred."

"Are you underneath?"

"Not yet, but we're augerin' down through a hole. I'll let you know when we've got some visibility."

"All right."

Moon waited and watched the sweep second hand on the clock. There was silence in his headphones. Damn it, why didn't Stutz call? He should be down by now.

"Hey, guys." There was Stutz at last. "I'm in a big valley, a lone one. The tops of the hills are just in the clouds. There are a lot of breaks all around. Find yourself a nice big hole and come on down." It wasn't a pleasant invitation, especially in a ship the size of the Gremlins' Castle, but Willie Moon shoved the nose down and at last found a hole that looked promising. "I hope we don't have to climb back up through this," he said quietly as he put the ship in a spiral so tight that it drained the blood from his cheeks.

The valley was a long one. They met in it without much difficulty and searched up and down it until dawn turned into day. But still there was no signal, no smoke or sign of any life. And always there was an endless chain of lakes beneath them. Newton was the first to call. His voice sounded humble, even in the headphones.

"Stutz."

"Yeah."

"I've got to go. I'm not sure we can make it back now."

"How much have you got?"

"Four hundred and fifty gallons . . . maybe a little more."

"See you back in Victoria." Newton's voice faded away.

Stutz looked at his own gas gauges and then at Sunny Hopper. Time. Oh, hell! Where was Dooley?

"How are you other boys doing?" Stutz asked his microphone. "Stannish. What about you?"

"Go to hell."

"Don't be funny. How much have you got?"

"As much as you, jug-head. I'll turn around when you do."

"Maybe I could siphon some down to you both," said Moon in a self-satisfied tone. Then he started to sing, merrily, the song of the Victoria bar.

"'A sleepy lagoon,'" his voice rose to a wild tuneless shout. "'A tropical moon . . . A full tank of gaso-le-e-e-e-ne . . .'" Suddenly he stopped.

Silence.

"Hey, fellows! Hey! Hey! I got him! I got him! I got him!"

"Where, Willie? Where? Do you see him?"

"No! On the radio! On the compass! Listen. Hear the signal! Look at your needles! Look, guys! Look at it swing! Look at the damn thing swing!"

"It's forty degrees," said Stutz. "Quick! Turn and let's get going!"

"He must be near!"

"He's sending a message. Shut up and listen."

"He wants us to come back to the same place!" yelled Willie Moon. "I knew it! I knew it!"

Then, even as he spoke the signals stopped and the radio compass needles swung aimlessly around their dials.

"Oh, hell!" groaned Sunny Hopper. "Oh, hell's bells!"

"He's got to keep those signals up!" Stannish said tensely. "We'll miss him again if he doesn't."

Stutz checked his gas again. There was no argument with time—the Penelope would have to turn around before the sun was much higher.

"Willie."

"Yeah."

"If we have to go back and you find him, be sure to hold your key down so we can take bearings and make sure this time."

"O. K."

"You heard anything?"

"No. Have you?"

"No—wait—wait—wait! He's on again! He's on, boys! Thirty degrees. Ten left. See it? He's knockin' my ears off. Turn! Turn!"

"There's a flare up ahead there!" yelled Stanni

"Where?"

"Yeah, where?"

"Ahead—I thought—maybe I'm seeing things." The signals died again.

"Hold the course," said Stutz, "hold that thirty degrees." He had forgotten about gasoline, about time, about everything except a lake—the one lake among all of them.

Willie Moon was the first to see what all their eyes had sought. When he spoke, he did so in a quiet voice, as a minister might finish a prayer.

"There's a lake with a cross in the middle of it. There's some smoke. There's the Corsair. There's the whole damn thing. See it?"

Stutz looked up against the sunlight, then he pressed the nose of the Penelope in a long dive for the cross. Finally he shoved the propellers full forward and let them howl in triumph. To hell with gasoline—Dooley's position was known!

THE planes came swooping down out of the western sky. When Dooley first heard the uneven rumble of their engines he felt certain he was delirious. But then the rumble swelled in volume as if someone had suddenly released a waterfall. Before he half realized what he was doing Dooley was running as fast as he could, stumbling crazily through the snow, down the lake shore to the Corsair. He waved his arms and shouted hoarsely at the sky. He felt a shock of momentary panic when the planes swept by and disappeared against the rising sun. Ha they missed again? His mind spun at the thought.

"The fire! Light the fire, Stankowski!"

But no—they were turning. They were coming bac They wheeled and dived gracefully, straight for th Corsair. Dooley faltered and fell to his knees in the snow Then something snapped within him and he began to cr quietly. Now safety. Now life. Now he had won and h could be humble. He covered his face with his hands s that he might rest his emotions even for a moment.

"Captain! Dooley! Look! They're dropping parachutes Murray was pounding him on the shoulder. "Look There's another! All over the place!"

They were all running now, each man trying to intercept a parachute as it twisted lazily down from the blatant sky. There was food to give them strength. There were stoves to give them warmth, blankets and tools, new warm clothes, tents and radios, soap and medicine to cleanse their bodies . . . even books to help ease their minds.

One packet plumped into the snow almost at D'Annunzia's feet. A paper had been stuffed into the binding. D'Annunzia seized it and yelled to the others. They came panting toward him dragging the packets behind them.

"It's a note!" shouted D'Annunzia. "It says my mother's all right. It says they'll be back. Here, look!" They huddled closely around D'Annunzia, oblivious for a moment even of the planes overhead.

Thank God we found you. Dooley—your wife, O. K. Murray—so is yours and little what's-his-name. D'Annunzia—mother O. K. Ski planes up in day or so. They'll take you out. If all O. K. down there make sign in snow. Big letters. If not, write name. We count only four of you.

They looked at each other. Their joy melted. They turned their faces upward to the circling ships and then looked to the hill behind the Corsair.

Dooley led them quietly out to clear space in the snow. "I think if we just follow along after each other it will tramp the snow down enough," he said. "The sun ought to hit it just right, bein' low like it is. The name should show up good."

So they trudged behind him, in single file, wordless, kicking up the snow with their boots, and traced out the words: "Lovatt dead."

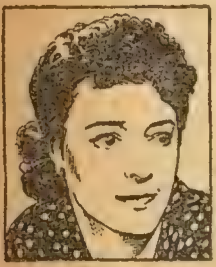
When they had finished, they stood without moving and watched the planes wheel once more and then turn rigidly on a course to the south. They waved their hands slowly as the sound of the engines diminished, and the planes became thin black specks against the blue.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

SOME of My Best Friends Are Soldiers, by Margaret Halsey, begins like a tempest in a teapot, and develops into a second Boston Tea Party. It's the story of the society patroness of a servicemen's canteen who insulted a little nobody of a hostess named Mae Rabinowitz; and of a determined young woman who administered a lesson in Americanism to the great lady.


Margaret Halsey

The story is told in a series of letters from Gretchen, one of the canteen hostesses, to her brother Jeff, a soldier. When Gretchen decides to do something about the "affaire Rabinowitz," one of her fellow workers protests: "Mrs. Packer is a great woman. She's one of the founders of the canteen, and we can't hurt her feelings."

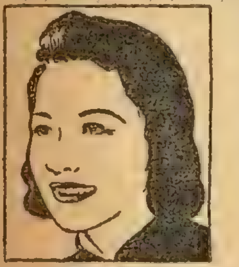
"Maybe not," replies the embattled Gretchen, "but we can try."

Miss Halsey, who delighted a big audience with her satirical jabs at certain aspects of British life in With Malice Toward Some, proves equally adept at skewering pretense and prejudice at home.

But Miss Halsey never grows strident. In fact, a charming, leisurely-told love story occupies the center of her stage most of the time, giving the impression that the tossing of an occasional stick of dynamite is incidental to the main proceedings.

Published by Simon and Schuster, N. Y. Price $2.50.

In **Westward to Chungking, Helena Kuo,** who is equally at home with Chinese and Western culture, throws into clear focus the dreams, ambitions and struggles of a typical Chinese family in the wartime world. You'll find the people of this novel as real as any group of Smiths or Joneses. And you'll like Lee Tien-Min, the honest merchant of Foochow, and the family he is fighting to keep together.


Helena Kuo

The Confucian scroll displayed in Tien-Min's shop, expressing his basic philosophy, would seem as much at home in New England as in China. It reads:

"Be gentle, and you can be bold; be frugal, and you can be liberal; avoid putting yourself before others, and you can become a leader among men."

Published by D. Appleton-Century Co., N. Y. Price $2.75.

INVASION by **Charles Christian Wertenbaker,** was hastily written and rushed into print as a piece of high-pressure cloth-covered journalism. But it's hard to see how this rush job of reporting could have been improved on. It's an incisive, well-balanced, and thoughtful account of D Day in France, and the critical period that followed, ending with the fall of Paris. Years from now it's likely to be found that the first book in this field was also the best.

Telling of his visit, along with the photographer Robert Capa, to the German General Schlieben after the Nazi commander's surrender at Cherbourg, Mr. Wertenbaker says:

"General Schlieben expressed his dislike of the free press as an institution and his boredom at the thought of being photographed. Capa remarked in German: 'And I am bored with photographing defeated generals.'"

Published by D. Appleton-Century Co., N. Y. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 What we allegedly grow as we grow older
6 Member of the Grunt & Groan Mfg. Co.
13 Run a temperature for
14 Old-fashioned weed killer
15 A noisy interruption between commercials
17 Just an old saw from a sharp fish
18 Off the old beam
19 Workingman's club
20 German product, soon to be discontinued
21 Honorable Ancestor (Japanese)
22 News hawk's prey (pl.)
23 A slight bath (pl.)
25 Super ink
26 Kiboshes
29 Half a cent
30 This adds zing to many an old egg
31 Art, looked at backward
34 No beef shortage for those who do this
36 When upset, it causes oral burpitude
38 Pear-shaped emission of pear-shaped tenor
39 Guys and dolls screaming by themselves
40 Lean, spirited anagram
41 Someone poking around inside with sharp instrument while you sleep, to remove a large sum
43 Man whose mother was frightened by a balloon
44 Fresh off the assembly line
45 Wire widths
46 He gives and gives, and takes it and takes it
47 Nickname for a souse (Shane spelling!)
48 Husbands! When accused—do this!
49 Boyhood verb, cf. *won't*
51 Common loss in Wall Street
53 What Charlie McCarthy ain't
54 Big tale
57 America's Doughville
58 Writer
59 If it bites you, bite it right back!
60 Him heap smart Injun!
61 Results of toes meeting rear ends
62 Democracy's Indispensable Man
63 He's trying, even if he *is* a writer
64 What the nudist refused to do for dinner

VERTICAL

1 The Windy City
2 Electric-light bulb (comic-strip style)
3 Grade
4 Wandered from the Path
5 Turmeric to you! (var.)
6 Dobbin gear shifters
7 What hams like with eggs (sing.)
8 Old snakehips
9 Practitioners of juvenile absenteeism
10 Pigsticker
11 Hack the heart from the author's brain child
12 Spanish rivers
16 Babbling brooks and women keep going this way
21 What quick pick-ups are
22 Where secretaries forget things in an orderly fashion (pl.)
24 Cause of many slip-ups
25 The old rural V-8
27 Get the feel of things in the blackout
28 Fist pusher
30 Where fodder got tanked up (pl.)
31 Medieval boxing matches
32 Ninety points equal one what?
33 Oh golden voices, oh leaden bores of radio!
35 What cats do on the Stock Exchange
36 Elegant dishrag
37 Gab water
39 Pinch
42 Most popular country in Europe
43 Old-fashioned air-conditioning system
46 This always disappears by Saturday night
48 Dollar babies
49 This contains a pump and ventilating system
50 Upstairs baritone
51 Women always want a smaller this
52 Men! If they put them on their heads, they're these!
53 Stouthearted mothers Kansas is proud of
55 Where men come out on top
56 Eisenhower, Walton, and Ginsberg (pl.)
57 She takes and takes, and dishes out and dishes out
58 "It's a ——!" cried the Hawaiian chef
59 Shane's Very Dumb! (abbr.)

P	U	R	S	L	A	N	E	■	S	H	O	W
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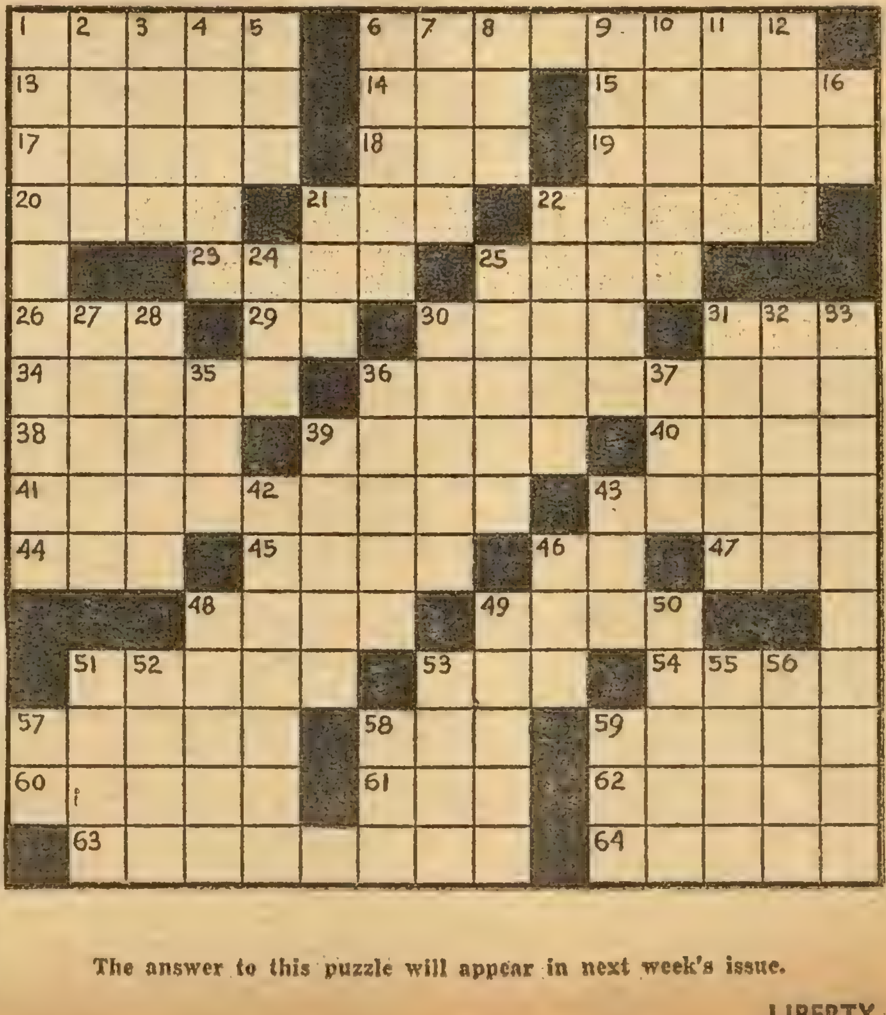
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Proof of the pudding

You've got the right idea, Son! The way to tell if anything's good is to try it. That's what we do—and here's how it has proved its worth.

Plenty of new devices and products look good — on the blueprints.

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If you could visit the General Motors Proving Ground today, you would see tanks standing on their heads, half-tracks slewed around at impossible angles, strange vehicles of war speeding waist-high through flying water. They are proving their good points, and showing up the bugs that might cause trouble to American fighters.

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NBC Network

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★
Buy More War Bonds

WHISTLE ACROSS THE VALLEY

Continued from Page 21

Morning found Rest, with Will at his side, waked by a clang of spoon on dishpan. Dawn on the Burnt Hills was scarcely pink. But Mrs. Barberry was already crisply dressed, with a towel about her hair. Fragrant coffee was brewing. "If you men will get a rustle on, you can have all those tin cans out there picked up before breakfast is ready. I want every can and bottle gathered up and thrown into the gulch. And you can help me start cleaning house."

"Yes, ma'am," said Rest and Will, rising and reaching for their boots.

That was a cleaning. Pots, pans, dishes, cups and saucers were boiled and scrubbed. Bedding flung out for burning or sudsing. Broom and hot water laid to ceiling and walls. Rest and Will, shunted to the mine tunnel, worked speechlessly until noon, though Will, Rest noticed, kept glaring at him accusingly. For what?

Noon dinner was rewarding. Soup, from stock Mrs. Barberry had brought from Winnemucca. Pot roast. Apple pie with brown juice bubbling around its edges. Coffee, hot and tangy from a freshly-scoured pot. "Before you go back to work," she directed, "I want a curtain hung around my bed. And that reminds me. I'm going to send to Winnemucca by the next train for some men's respectable nightshirts. Sleeping in your clothes—the idea!"

This seemed to Rest to be a good moment to inquire into Will and the widow's wedding plans. Since he couldn't on principle ask Will, he ventured to Mrs. Barberry: "How long will it be, ma'am—that is, how long must this way of doing—I don't sleep so good alongside of Will—"

Mrs. Barberry promptly went hostile at all points, like a dagger cactus. "That'll do! There'll be no more talk like that! And now," closing one subject and opening another, "I'll have a look at the mine."

Rest and Will took her to the tunnel. She had a sharp eye for underground details. She used such words as rake, pitch, color, crosscut, and drift understandingly. "How was this mine found?" she demanded.

Rest explained, as modestly as possible, that he'd located it. At least, he'd seen a big gopher pushing gravel up out of a hole while he and Will were prospecting this country, and had sat down to smoke a pipe and watch such energy. Though Will, who was tending campfire, had come over to see what was what and had pounced on the pebbly mound, shouting that there was glitter in it. "So he spotted the gold, but I first spied the hole," summed Rest.

Mrs. Barberry found this story unimpressive. "H'mph. Two loafers sitting around and watching one gopher do the work. If that ain't men!"

EVENING, at a hail from Mrs. Barberry, the two toilers laid down their tools in a hurry. Bossy she might be, but the widow could cook, and Rest for one was hungry. He'd never put in such a day. They made for the shack. Mrs. Barberry met them at the door. Behind her were pots giving off all kinds of good smells.

"Before we eat, you men can have your baths."

"Baths?"

"Baths." She studied them. "You first, Wilmont Holt. You've been working hardest. Tub's in the middle of the floor. Soap's on the stool."

Didn't the widow realize that water had to be brought from the spring miles away? But she read Rest's thoughts. "Tomorrow's Sunday, and one of you can just go and fetch more. Orestes Callum, suppose you split wood now while you wait for the tub. I'll sit outside and knit."

On his way to the woodpile, where a tired ax leaned, Rest's head struck a clothesline and set it dancing. He stopped to regard this novelty. It held the shirt he'd worn yesterday, and his other denim pants, and Will's too. But most of the duds were such as Rest had never thought to see behind this cabin. Long stockings. Cotton dresses. Pink doodads that a man had no business looking at. Nevertheless he looked. One of the swaying pink whajamacallits flapped against a male shirt, which managed to hook a detaining sleeve about it.

"That ain't decent!" exclaimed Rest. For the shirt was Will's.

Rest felt a peculiar surge inside of him. A strong desire to go inside and kick the daylights out of the real Will. Make him see to it that his belongings and the widow's stopped such goings-on. And suddenly the meaning of this emotion came to him. It smote him with tingling warmth and numbing chill. But he knew it. He'd like to drop a protecting arm about Mrs. Barberry himself.

"Whooo! Whooooooooooooo!" wailed the evening southbound, sounding the note eight times.

Mrs. Barberry called, "Orestes, take

(Continued on page 58)

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RULES

Contestants must be amateurs. Our students are not eligible.

1. **Make copy of girl 5½ inches high, on paper 7 inches high. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.**
2. **Use only pencil or pen.**
3. **No drawings will be returned.**
4. **Print your name, address (town, county, state), age, phone number and present occupation on back of drawing.**
5. **All drawings must be received by Nov. 30th, 1944.**

Prize winning drawings will be selected by our faculty.

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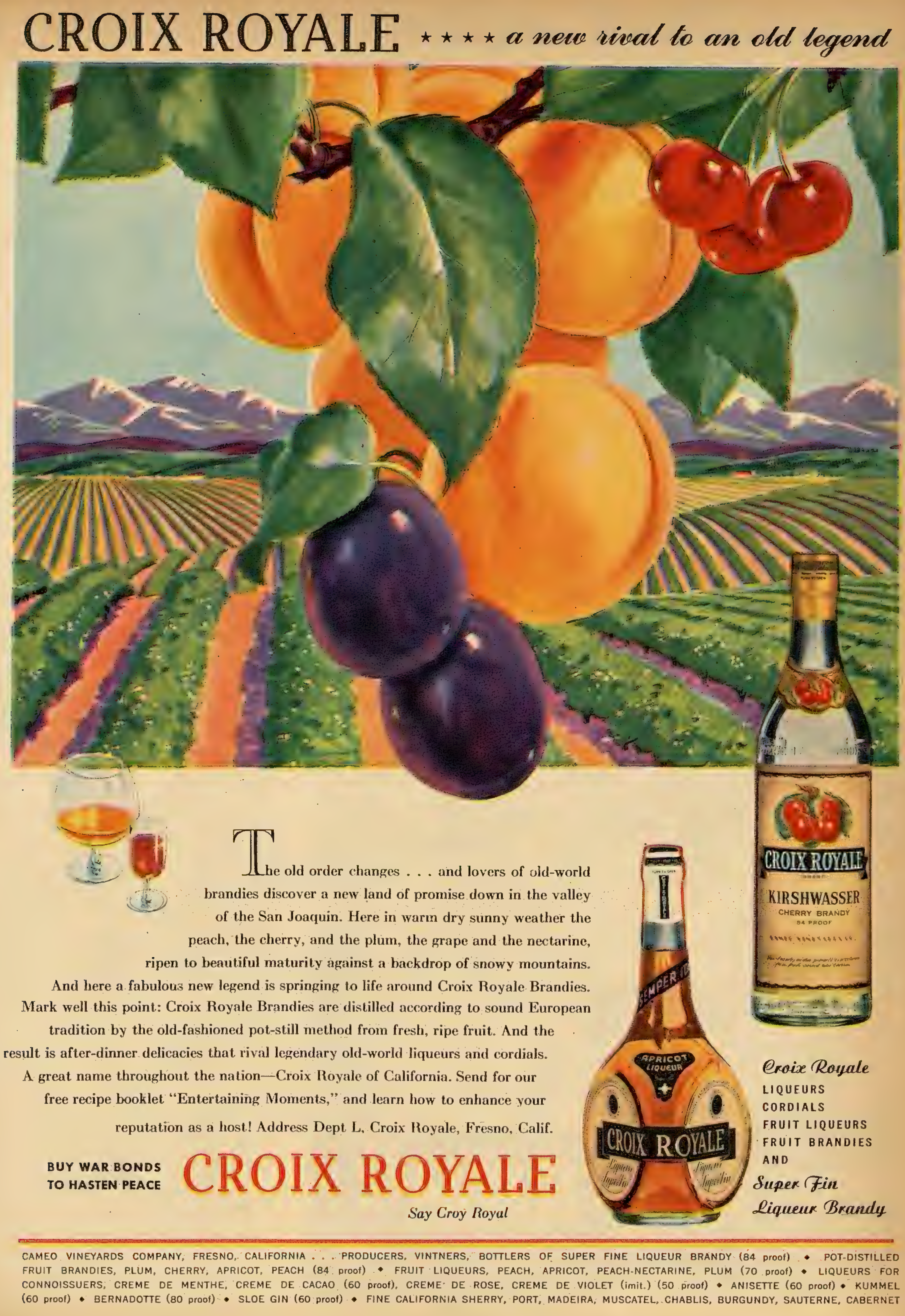

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(Continued from page 56)

Wilmont's clean things down from the line and pass them in to him through the window." When Will came out of the house, "Now, Orestes—you!"

Later, as the three sat out under the starlight, Mrs. Barberry told more about herself. Her life had gone by divisions, like a railroad. Each division a marriage.

"My husbands were alike in one way," said Mrs. Barberry. "All three did something artistic with their hands."

Rest saw Will's head go up. Will had one talent.

"My Number One—he was the locomotive fireman—carved a hat tree. He carved a beautiful hat tree and we hung it in the front hall."

Will looked down at his hands. At whittling Rest knew he didn't have a chance.

"My Number Two—the brakeman—carved a chest. A lovely chest."

Rest had never carved anything more delicate than a chunk of stovewood with an ax.

"My Number Three—the mining man—carved us a bed with flowers on the headboard. If I had that bed now I wouldn't be sleeping on a floor. But it went up in the fire."

Will Holt was working his long fingers as if he already felt a knife in them. Rest perceived that Will already knew how, come tomorrow, he was going to get out of going for water.

"They were clever, all my husbands. If one of them was here now, he'd carve a signboard with this mine's name on it. I declare, there wasn't a thing at that whistling post yesterday to help me. I had to ask the trainman where to get off."

Will found his voice. "I can whittle, ma'am. I can make a signboard." Will grew confident. "I might make a hat tree too. And a chest. And a real nice b——"

Rest Callum rose noisily. "Will and me, we'll go corral a burro for tomorrow's water-toting. Good night, ma'am."

"Good night, men. Thank you, Will, about the sign. You can make that tomorrow while Orestes goes to the spring. I declare, Wilmont Holt, you have more to you than I thought."

AT breakfast next morning: "If we only had flowers on our table," sighed Mrs. Barberry. "Though of course there aren't any flowers within fifty miles of a God-forsaken waste like this."

Rest Callum stopped eating.

"My first husband was a great one for flowers. He grew geraniums."

Rest eyed Will and decided that Will's thoughts were only on his signboard.

"My Number Two went in for sunflowers. He grew them eight feet tall against the back fence."

It happened that Rest knew where there were wild flowers. Billions of them.

"My Number Three," completed Mrs. Barberry, "specialized on roses."

One day, while the water cans were filling at the spring in the Burnt Hills, Shortfuse had wandered off, and Rest, chasing after, had stumbled into a certain mile-high vale. Swung between two peaks like a green hammock, shaded by mountain mahogany and aspens, it was a garden of flowers of a thousand kinds. Flowers! So Mrs. Barberry hankered for flowers, eh?

"I'll start for the water right away," Rest announced, hugging his secret.

Half an hour later, as he and Shortfuse trudged up the Slate Ridge spur for the Burnt Hills, he turned to look back. Will was already fussing down there behind the cabin, laying out his sign. Mrs. Barberry stood over him, looking on.

"Go ahead and whittle, you old pick handle," murmured Rest. "Show her how

(Continued on page 60)

America's Number One Manufacturer of Warm Air Heating Plants Announces

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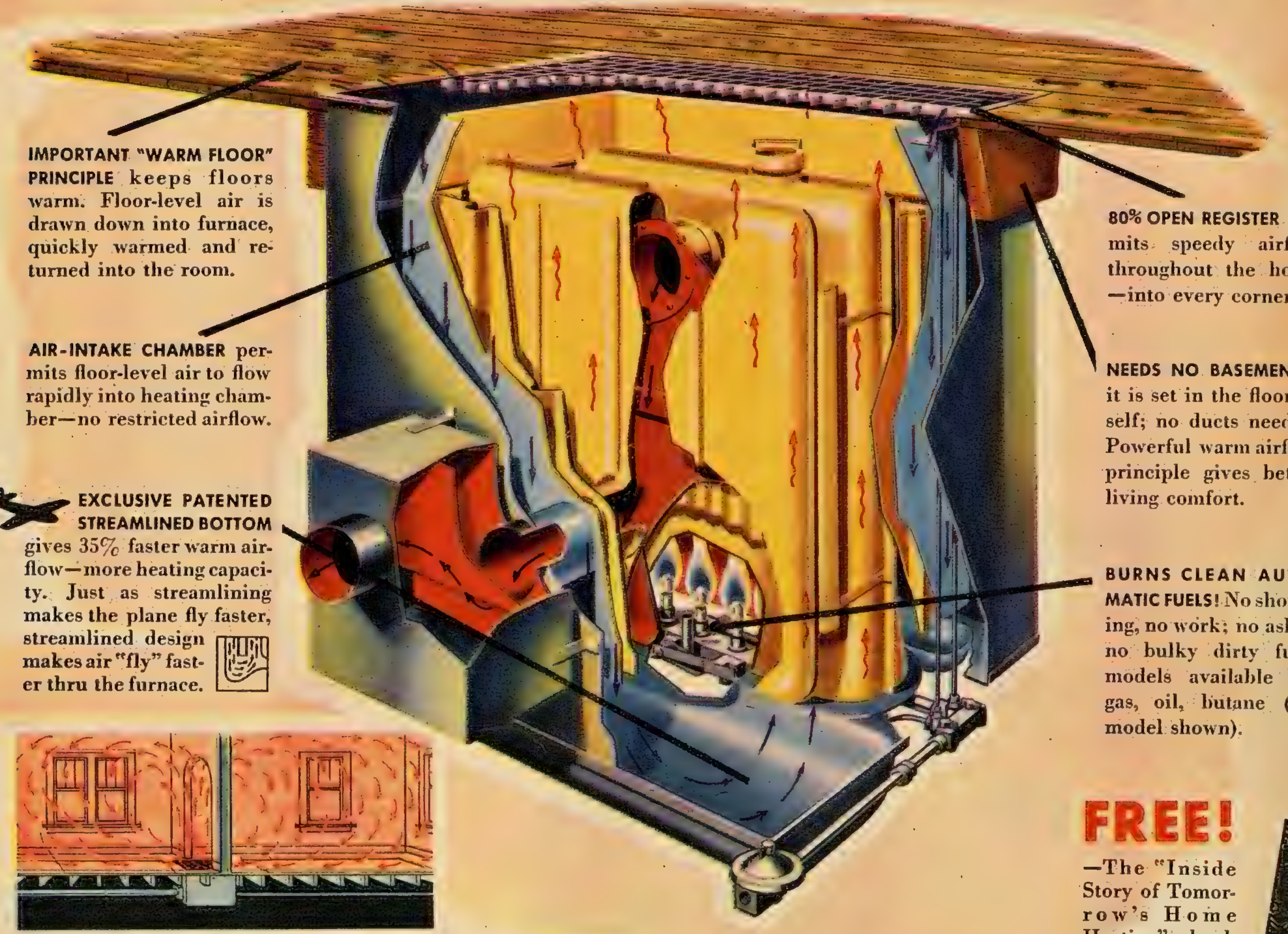

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NEEDS NO BASEMENT—it is set in the floor itself; no ducts needed. Powerful warm airflow principle gives better living comfort.

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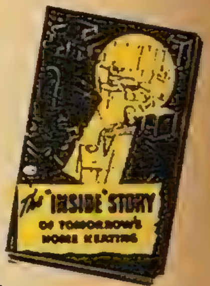

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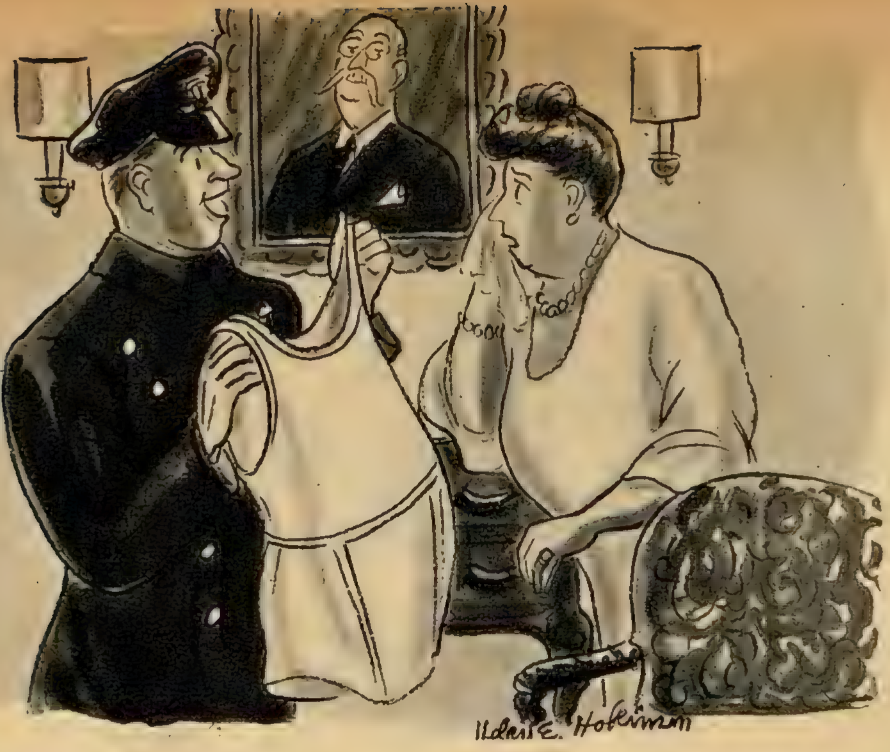

"It can't be desertion, lady. No husband would leave a home where he had Allen-A's!"

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KING LEATHERS OF INDIANA, PA.

(Continued from page 58)

smart you are. When I come back, I'll be bringing her *flowers.* That'll hold you, Will Holt."

Two miles across the valley the down train tooted ten steamy, earnest toots.

Shadow from the Confusion Mountains on the west stretched outward when Rest returned down Slate Ridge. Shortfuse lugged four cans of water against his ribs, two to a side, and a big burden on top covered with wet sacks. Peonies and dogwood and monkey flowers and shooting stars and little white stars-of-bethlehem, masses of them. And ferns. So the widow wanted flowers, did she? In a moment Rest and Shortfuse would round the nose of the ridge and there it would be, spread below: cabin bright and clean with curtains at the windows; smoke rising from one of the chimbleys—Rest's chimbley; smells of something tasty, maybe with cinnamon on it, stealing from the door; the hint of Woman all around. And Will most likely still fussing with his sign. Showing off to the widow. Probably boasting he'd do the hat tree next week while Rest again went for the water; and next the chest; and so, in due course, the whole set of wedding furniture. . . .

Yep, there was the spick-and-span cabin.

But with no smoke curling from the chimbley. No smell of cinnamon or anything else coming from the door.

No shape or sound of Woman.

And no Will.

Shortfuse stopped too. Looking, no doubt, for Whiskystraight.

REST whacked the dallying rump, and hurried down. He entered the cabin. Mrs. Barberry's trunk, mattress, and rocking chair were gone. He looked out the window.

Will's unfinished sign lay out there on the alum-white ground. It read: "Old Goph—" and bore the outlined picture of a gopher's head with two big teeth.

Rest ran and stumbled for the mine tunnel. For the first time since their quarrel he shouted Will's name. Echoes answered.

"You Will!" hollered Rest.

"You Will!" taunted the echoes hollowly.

Nope. Will Holt wasn't about.

Almost glad that his partner wasn't there, wasn't on hand to know that Rest Callum had been first to yield, Rest returned to the cabin dooryard. Glumly he unpacked Shortfuse. He dumped the honey-scented flowers to the ground. So Will and the widow had high-tailed off while he was miles away—picking posies. The treachery of it! "They cooked that up. Didn't want to say good-by. Didn't want to tell me I had to sell out and git. Sent me far off a-purpose and up and lit!"

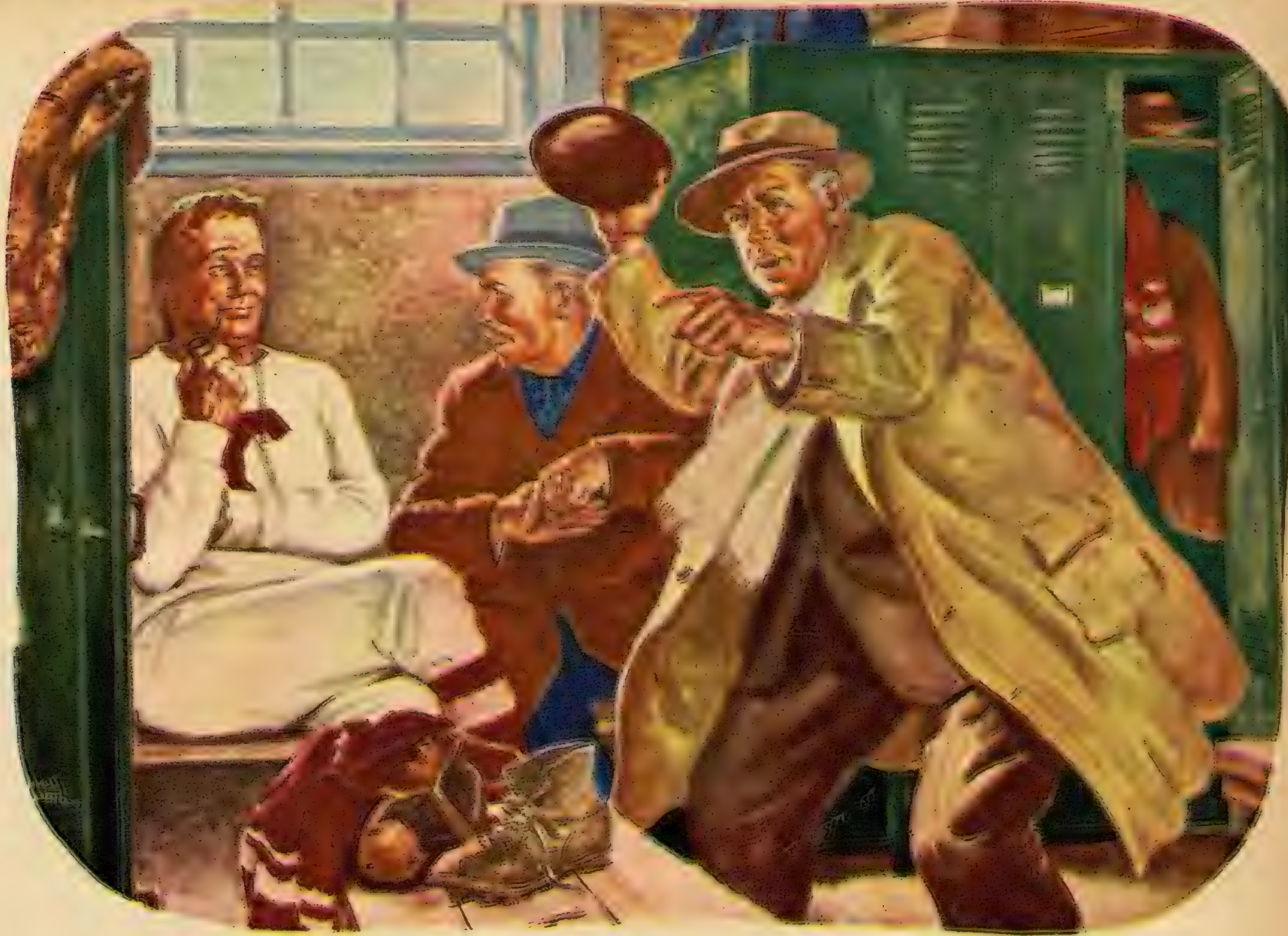
From across the flats, pallid now with evening, came a long chain of toots.

Rest started a fire. He banged a can of beans into a skillet and pitched the empty can out the window. He thumped his coffee on and lighted one lamp. He regretted, now, the loss of Will's pin-up lovelies. They'd be sort of company for a man who was going to live all alone. Or were they lost? He strode to Will's stove and opened its chunky iron door. There they were, where Will's or the widow's hand had rammed them. Rest drew the bundle out and went about the room sticking the pictures on old nails. The pin-up ladies smiled and kept still. Not one of them ordered him about.

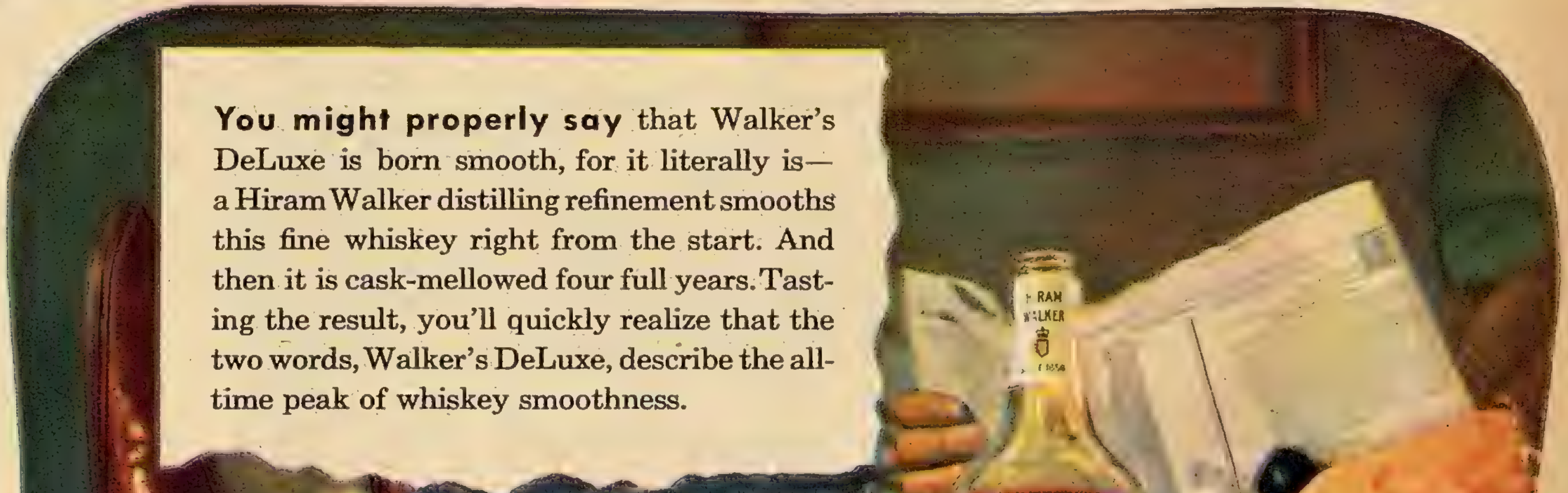
If only Will was here to share, as he used to do. Rest hauled the tables apart and shoved them into their places against opposite walls. If only Will was sitting yonder at his end of the room where he belonged, legs under his own table, black

(Continued on page 62)

"Old Timers"– 2 words that mean golden memories



2 words that mean smooth whiskey – "Walker's DeLuxe"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Distilled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Illinois

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS

(Continued from page 60)

whiskers—yep, whiskers—buried in a bowl of coffee, while Rest buried his rust-colored beard in a bowl over here. Neither partner saying a word. Enjoying the sweetness of an ancient quarrel and the silence that went with it.

Yanked by loneliness, Rest got up and went over and started Will's stove going, put a pot of coffee on it, and lighted Will's lamp for the sense of comradeship it all gave. But that made him think again of how Will and the widow had run off, and Rest lifted his fists to the shingles. He felt like howling, and he howled. "*You* Will Holt!" he cried.

A STEP squeaked on the alum outside. The door bunted open. Will Holt entered. "So you give in," he said. "Making plenty noise a-doing it."

Rest stared.

"I always knew, given time, you'd speak up first," went on Will calmly. "My, what a stubborn cuss you've been. But I didn't expect you'd yowl like a coyote." Showing no surprise at finding his stove hot and his coffee bubbling, Will opened a can of beans, poured them into a skillet, hurled the empty can out the window, fetched a bottle of ketsup, and sat down. He shook out all the ketsup he pleased. While his jaws moved over the beans, his gaze toured the walls. "Nice picters." He lit his pipe and blew smoke contentedly. "Well, she's gone. The woman you sent for. Vamoosed."

Rest couldn't believe his ears. "*I* sent for!"

"Leastways," said Will, "I'd been thinking for these two days that you fetched her here. But I was wrong. I admit it. You haven't the brains for a trick like that. Nobody fetched her. Mrs. Barberry just got off at the wrong whistling post. She thought this mine was hers."

"Hers? But it's ours! I found it!"

"I found it and I've dug most of it, but that don't matter. She thought we were her hired help. First time I saw her, day before yesterday, she was standing in our door and ordering me to go over to the tracks for her duffel." Will puffed awhile. "Soon as I got that sign laid out this morning, she give a yip. 'What name is this?' I tell her, 'The Old Gopher Mine, ma'am. This here will be a picter of his head—' 'The Old Gopher!' she yeeps, 'this ain't my property!' 'No, ma'am, it ain't,' I says, 'not till you marry Rest in the regular manner, and then you will have only half. For I ain't been bought out.' 'Why, the mine my Number Three left me is no Old Gopher! It's the Gold Ophir!' she shrieks. 'I'm at the wrong place. I'm stopping with two sly, deceitful human rattlesnakes!' 'Now, ma'am,' I says, 'you can talk about Rest Callum that way all you please, and maybe you'll be dead right, but I never give you one glance, as man to woman, except for respectfully to admire what is on my plate.' Just as I say that, the morning northbound toots—"

"Ten toots?" asked Rest.

"Lots of 'em anyway. 'That's Jim Hunnaker. He's whistling privately to me!' she kind of whispers, and waves her apron and screams, 'Jim, I'm a-coming!' To me, 'Will Holt, you pile my things on that donkey. I'm going straight over to the tracks and wait till Jim Hunnaker brings that train back!' So," wound up Will, "six hours later, up the valley Jim steams."

"Tooting fifteen times?"

"Not a screech less. Jim starts hanging on the whistle soon as he sees who's sitting on her trunk in the right of way. She climbs right into his cab and I pass her stuff up and I yell, 'The Gold Ophir Mine this time, Jim. And, brother, she can cook!' And the train goes on."

THE END

THE BOBBY-SOCK BRIDE

Continued from Page 33

I got a cable from Bill saying, "Convalescing. Home soon," so I ground my teeth together and waded into the next book.

But it wasn't all just a question of reading the right books. I found that out a few weeks later. Two women, the ageless and deathless kind, were in the store one morning to buy one of the corniest records in stock. While I was wrapping it for them, they got into a conversation about the labor-draft idea.

One said to the other, the older biddy, "I think it is frightful the way people work at common jobs when they are so badly needed in the defense plants."

"Criminal," the other one said.

"The boys will have something to say about that. My Tom was telling me that the boys overseas are hopping mad at the civilians." She gave me a funny look. "They're just as mad at the women, too, working at ordinary jobs when the defense plants are just screaming for them."

SHE was wrong about that. I found out, because I got scared about what Bill would think of me just working in a phonograph-and-radio store when I could be doing war work. I quit my job with Browne then and there and hurried over to the employment office of one of the big airplane companies. It took me two days to fill out all the applications, then the man behind the desk said, "You won't be called for a month or two, sister. You have to be trained, and right now we can't handle more than we have."

Mr. Browne gave me my job back, fortunately. I have to eat.

I went back to my reading, but then another problem came up. I was walking down the main drag one lunchtime and happened to stop in front of a beauty parlor. There was a sign in the window that said: "BE AT YOUR BEST TO MEET YOUR MAN." I went on walking, but I thought of that sign and stopped to look at myself in a window. I was wearing little white bobby socks, white-and-tan shoes, a pleated skirt, a two-ninety-eight blouse, and a green scarf around my neck. I looked all right to me, but would I look all right to Bill?

That night I called on Mabel Sawyer, who lives in a little bungalow at the other end of the auto court. Mabel was a funny kind. She was really the best friend I had and I called on her all the time, because you get awful lonesome, being away from home and all and with Bill gone. We got along fine, but she was ten years older than me and a peroxide blonde and pretty tough about things and—well, kind of fast.

It was Mabel who kept the 4F wolves away from my door, even though she would never let me go out with her crowd. She always said, "They're a lot of bums, honey. You stay in your nest and wait for Bill."

She yelled "Come in" when I knocked on her door and told her who it was. She was sitting before her dressing table in bra and panties, putting on a new face to go out for the evening.

I sat down and watched her, and finally she looked at me in the glass and smiled and said, "What are you so sober about?"

"Oh," I said, "things."

"Don't tell me Bill isn't coming home."

"Oh, he'll be here. Pretty soon, now."

"Then you haven't a worry in the world."

She went back to work on her face, and after a while I asked her, "Mabel, do you think I look all right?"

She turned slowly around and stared at me. "Are you crazy?"

"No, I'm serious. I got thinking today about the way I look, like a kid—"

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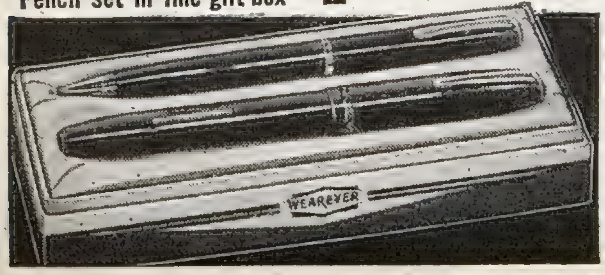


"But, baby, that is just what you are."

"No. I'm not. I'm a married woman—"

Mabel started to laugh and almost shook off her bra. But when she calmed down she stopped smiling and said, "I'm sorry, baby. I forget now and then. I keep thinking you're only eighteen."

"I'll be nineteen in two months and I have been married a year and a half."

"Yes, that's right. You're quite a woman now. And so it's beginning to worry you, the way you look? My Lord!"

"Oh, you know what I mean; bobby socks and pleated skirts and a bow in my hair—kid things like that. Bill has been gone a long time and maybe he won't like to see me look like such a kid."

"If I know anything about men—"

"But this is different," I interrupted. "Men change when they're away at war."

Mabel looked thoughtful. "I guess they do. I've run into some mighty funny cases myself. But we won't go into that."

"You see? Oh, Mabel, it's an awful problem! Bill is studying things. He's thinking about big international problems and postwar stuff and all those things the soldiers talk about. Bill will be serious and thoughtful and more grown up, and I know—I just know he'll expect me to be that way. But how can I look grown up and serious, too, with bobby socks and bows in my hair—" I stopped because I felt like crying.

"Gee, baby—" Mabel stared at the wall, then looked back at me with a different light in her eyes. "You may be right about Bill," she said. "He's no dope. I've heard a lot of that kind of talk, too, what you were just saying."

"Everyone is talking about it."

Mabel grinned and slapped her thigh. "O. K., baby; then we'll do something about it. You're still a kid as far as I'm concerned, but you sure got a form you can hang anything on and make it look good. I'll take tomorrow afternoon off and meet you in front of Browne's."

The next day she gave me three pairs of nylons—I didn't ask where she got them—then we went shopping. She gave me her shoe stamp, so I bought two pairs of high-heeled shoes and an imitation leather bag to match. After that I got a rather severe tailored suit and a summery print dress and two darling hats.

Altogether, it was a neat wardrobe, but my long loose hair was out of place, so I spent the next afternoon in the beauty shop. The operator put my hair up on top of my head and it did wonders, though I could have murdered her later, because it took me half an hour each morning to get it back in place.

Mr. Browne wasn't too pleased when I came to work all dressed up, because he said he liked me better with a more youthful look; but he did admit I now looked more like a young woman of the world. The other girls in the shop were impressed and the youngest one started calling me Mrs. Ellsworth instead of Kitty, so I knew I was a success.

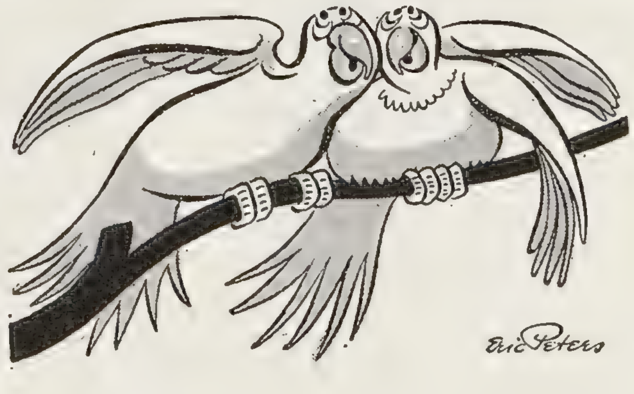
Shortly after that I had a telegram from Bill in Seattle. I didn't even know he had left Australia and I got so excited I couldn't eat dinner or anything, just knowing we were in the same country together. I didn't sleep that night, either, and just stared at the ceiling, and all I could see was Bill's freckled face and his funny lopsided grin.

I GOT up bright and early in the morning and got busy fixing the last odds and ends. Our little bungalow wasn't much, what they call two and a half rooms, which were the living room with a folding wall bed, a small kitchen, and a little dining alcove. But I argued the landlady into hanging new curtains, and I cleaned the whole place out. Then I got rid of all the "cheap" stuff, like kewpie dolls and World's Fair pincushions and things like that. The place started to look a little bare, so I borrowed some black-and-white etchings from an old crab in the auto court and hung them on the walls.

Then, of course, I had to get rid of all the jive records. We had hundreds and hundreds of them. I hid them all in a closet and threw a blanket over them. The professor loaned me a few hundred records of his classics, after another long talk about the bourgeoisie, which must have been very interesting, and I placed them all by the phonograph.

Then I sat back and relaxed and knew I was all set. The records and the heavy books on the shelf by the window, my new clothes and hair-do, the kind of cool look of the bungalow, all the reading I had done on big world affairs—well, I just knew I couldn't fail now. This was one war bride who was going to meet her soldier husband on even terms.

Then I got a wire from Bill in San Francisco saying that he was catching a bus and would be in Santa Monica in the morning. I got all excited and called the bus station half a dozen times, and each time they told me when the bus would



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

PARROTISE: Pollyanna's place of bliss.

FORE! SITE: The golf course of the future.

SIGHREN: A lovesick bewitcher.

EXTRAVELGANT: Riding in a private car.

FORDNANCE: Military supplies from Henry.

C. O. D. FISH: You pay for it on delivery.

4MULA: Prescription for quadruplets.

BASSTARD: A fish without no papa.

CATTLE-LACK: A large de luxe truck with no cows. (Un-herd of.)

HIGHERCINTH: Tallest flower in the garden.

be in. But of course I should have known it would be late.

I was at the bus station an hour ahead of time, at eight in the morning, and the bus didn't get in until eleven. Those three hours seemed like three years. I chewed my fingernails down to a nub and ruined the nice polish, and my ankles started to ache because of the high heels. When the bus finally did get in and I knew it was the right one, I almost fainted and had to go out on the sidewalk for air.

That's where I was when Bill came out the doorway carrying a suitcase in his hand, with some packages under his arm and a big sailor's duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He just stopped there on the sidewalk and stared at me. I stared back at him. Neither of us could move.

The whole world was spinning and I seemed to be falling through space and my knees were like water, and I guess if Bill hadn't dropped everything and caught me I would have fallen. Even when I was crying I felt ashamed of myself for doing it, but I couldn't stop and I hung onto Bill, and he kept patting my shoulder and saying over and over again, "There there." The stories were wrong about that, too. We didn't even think of kissing each other. We just hung on.

He was still in uniform and very tall and thin and his cheeks were hollow and his hair looked like it was gold and his eyes were bluer even than I remembered. I thought he would be pale, because of the hospital and the operation, but he was as dark as an Indian and his skin was like leather and very healthy-looking. His eyes seemed a little wet and he kept blinking and his voice wasn't too steady, but he still had that same funny lopsided grin and the tiny smile wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. No one could ever look at me the way he did, like he was just swallowing me up. It gave me goose pimples, nice goose pimples.

It was a long time before we could let go of each other, and then I held onto his arm. He picked up his gear without saying anything and I took the packages and we started walking down the street, but it was in the wrong direction. We turned back the other way and then passed the main street and had to turn back to that, still without saying anything. I guess there were still tears in my eyes, because Bill stopped at a corner and wiped them with his handkerchief. Then I smiled and he grinned and suddenly took an interest in the rest of the world.

He took a deep breath of air and said, "It's sure good to be back. I can't hardly believe it. Not a foxhole in sight." He stared down the street, then laughed. "Say, how about that little hamburger joint we used to go to. Still there?" I nodded, and he said, "Good. I'm hungry."

I should have remembered it was meatless Tuesday. But he got a sandwich in a drugstore and we sat on stools side by side and I watched him eat. He kept looking sideways at me, with a sort of embarrassed look, then he started looking at the rest of me and not just my face.

When he had finished his sandwich he scratched his head and said, "You've changed, Kit. You look more grown up."

I almost burst with pride. He had noticed it already. I tried to talk grown up too and said, "Well, the war brings many changes, you know."

"Yeah."

He got down from the stool and paid the check and we walked down to the park on the cliff overlooking the ocean. We sat on a bench and held hands. After a long while I nodded at the ocean and said, "It must have been bad out there."

"Yeah. It's rugged." He thought a minute, then said, "But not too bad. You meet a lot of nice guys and you horse around with each other and do a lot of kidding, so it isn't too bad. I hated to leave my friends. It seemed like I was deserting them." Then he laughed and put his arm around me. "Hell! Let's talk about you. What's been cooking?"

"Oh," I said, "the usual. Between working and reading I haven't had much time for anything else." I took a deep breath and said, "Tell me, Bill, what do you think of the underlying structure of AMG? Do you think the Allied provisional governments in conquered territories should extend their control until—"

"Hey," he cried, "hold on! What's AMG?"

"Well, that's—uh—that's Allied Military Government."

"Whaddya know? Say, Kit, remember the night we went to that dance down on the pier and you lost your skirt? Say, many a night I've been sitting out in the jungle thinking of that and laughing like a fool. I guess, now that I'm back, it won't seem so funny, but it was awful funny out there. You remember things like that, things to laugh about."

He shook his head, chuckling to himself, and I waited, then said, "Bill, I have a confession to make. I still work at Browne's Music Box."

He gave me a puzzled look. "So what?"

"Well, I just wanted you to know I've really tried to get a job in a war plant. Honestly I have. But I had to wait. I'll be called in about another week."

"Oh. Better dough?"

"Well, I don't know—I didn't ask."

He laughed and tapped me under the chin with his fist. "You're a silly kid." Then his smile left and he held me hard and whispered, "Let's go home."

I trembled a little, but got to my feet and we started home. It was only a few blocks, but it seemed like miles, and Bill was walking awful fast. When we got inside, Bill chucked his things in a corner and looked around. His smile started to disappear.

He gave me an odd look. "It isn't like I remember. Is this the same place?"

"Yes," I said, taking off my hat. "I changed it around a little. Like it?"

"Yeah—I guess."

"Welcome home, Bill."

"Oh, Kit—"

He threw his arms around me then and kissed me, but really kissed me. His hands were shaking a little and I guess mine were, too. He mumbled in my ear, "I've been gone a hell of a long time." Then he stepped away from me and picked up the packages. "Here. A couple of presents."

One was a sort of kangaroo cushion from Australia and some other souvenirs and a piece of tapa cloth and some bright native scarves. They were all beautiful, and he just beamed as I opened each one.

When I was opening the last package he looked across the room and said happily, "Whaddya know? Same old phonograph. Let's put on a record."

I got out one of the professor's classics, something by Debussy, and started the machine going. Then I opened the last package and took out a long, black lace nightgown that made me blush just to look at it. I glanced at Bill and he was watching me with a twisted grin. He started toward me, but just then the record began to play. Bill came to a halt. He had the funniest expression.

"What the devil," he asked, "is that?"

"Oh," I said, "just something I picked up. We have a nice collection now."

He gave me a suspicious look. "Yeah?"

"Oh, yes. Some of the really more serious music."

"No James—no Krupa?"

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"Heaven forbid." I gave him a shocked look and showed him all the records. He stared at them, then sat down and lit a cigarette. It worried me the way he was looking out the window. And he had forgotten all about the nightgown.

I sat opposite him, getting more worried by the minute, and got up now and then to change records. After a long time Bill said very softly, "There have been a lot of changes here at home. We used to talk about that back in the jungles."

"Yes," I said. "I know. The newspapers and magazines are always writing about what the soldiers are thinking. And we at home try to—uh—live up to what is expected of us. We think we know what you want. You want security—"

His right eyebrow cocked up a little. "Whaddya mean, security? You're getting so you talk awful big, Kit. I got my mustering-out pay and I saved some, and won sixty bucks in a crap game coming back. I got almost six hundred dollars. That's more'n I ever had in my life. I also learnt a lot about radio, so when we get home the old man can help me set up my own radio shop." He tamped out his cigarette. "Say, look. What the hell's going on here?"

I felt like someone was strangling me and cried, "Please, Bill, I don't want to fail you. I'll help. Honest I will." I pointed at the big books on the shelf and said, "I've read them all. I'm not very smart, Bill, but I'll read them through again. And I've talked with people and—"

Bill half got up from his chair. "What are you talking about, Kit? I don't get it. Are you thinking of my wound, that I'm an invalid, or something? There's nothing wrong with me. A silver rib is as good as a regular one."

"No," I said, biting my lip. "It's the change in you I'm talking about."

He got all the way to his feet and yelled, "Me! You sit there with that suit on like a—a woman bank clerk and your hair up on top of your head and play those corny records and talk about me changing? You sure got a nerve! They warned me about this. They told me what to expect. I didn't believe 'em. I always said, 'Not Kit. No, sir.' Brother, if they could see this set-up! What a laugh!"

I stared at him as if I had lost my senses. When I got them back I said, "Bill—there in the jungle—when you weren't fighting, you used to get together with the others and talk things over and—"

"Oh, sure," he said. "We heard all the news broadcasts and talked plenty big ourselves, but— Well, you know how those things are. What we really wanted—"

"What was it, Bill?" I asked in a hurry.

He shouted, "It sure isn't what I'm getting! I didn't stick my neck out over there just so I'd come home and find everything changed. Cripes! I liked things like they were. It was the other guy who wanted to change us all around. That's what we were fighting against."

"But the Four Freedoms and international equality and—"

"Oh, nuts. That stuff is for the politicians and the chest beaters." He paced back and forth before me and said, "The big thing all us G. I.s talked about was home, just home, that's all. A gal we used to know, the Saturday-night dance, election bonfires, barbecue picnics, how much speed you could get out of a souped-up Ford, name bands, the movie stars, the way mom could cook." He stopped pacing and said more softly, "I was lucky to get through high school. I'm no long-hair. How should I know whether an international idea is good or bad? All I know is what I knew before I went away, and that's what I wanted when I got back."

He turned toward the door and said, "I'm going for a walk."

IT was awful quiet in the bungalow after he had gone. I looked at his gear piled up on the floor and the big books on the shelf. That gear of Bill's had already been somewhere and had done things. Maybe those books would go somewhere, too, and maybe the big writers and thinkers knew what they were talking about. But I was suspicious, because Bill wasn't interested, and there are millions of Bills.

I guess I should have felt terrible, with him walking out and all, but I didn't. I felt grand. I knew he wouldn't be gone long and it would give me time to let my hair down and put a bow in it and put the kewpie dolls and World's Fair cushions back where they belonged and drag out all our good jive records and have them playing for Bill when he came back. I didn't need a crystal ball to know what would happen then, even if I am young.

But the main reason I felt so good was because I knew something the big people had overlooked. The big change in the Bills overseas was just that they were growing up. We were growing up at home, too. We wanted the same things.

So when I got up to change my clothes I kept on the long nylons. Now I felt like I was entitled to them.

THE END

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WHAT WILL WE DO WITH GOVERNMENT WAR PLANTS?

Continued from Page 19

Mr. Jones: In steel, the government will own only about 10 per cent of the total capacity of the country, but even that will be enough to affect the industry seriously, because the steel industry of the entire country has operated over a period of twenty or twenty-five years at only 60 per cent of capacity. Therefore the government plants, operated at full capacity, would absorb 20 per cent of the total requirements for steel. In dollars, the government's investment is approximately one billion.

The additional steel-manufacturing facilities in some respects are more modern than the older plants, and it should not be difficult to work out a reasonable adjustment of this excess capacity with industry.

Moreover, the new facilities have been geographically well distributed, which is to the nation's interest. There is a complete steel mill, from ore to finished products, located at Geneva, Utah, where necessary raw materials are available. The plant cost $190,000,000 and is operated for account of RFC by the Geneva Steel Company, a subsidiary of the U. S. Steel Corporation. We have built a $100,000,000 plant at Homestead, Pennsylvania, which is leased to Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company for the period of the war.

We have built a steel mill at Chicago costing $85,000,000. This mill is operated by Republic Steel Corporation. There is a moderate-sized plant in southern California, a small plant in Texas, and substantial additions in Alabama. We have built 120 smaller steel plants and additions to plants in connection with privately-owned steel plants. Title to all of these is in the U. S. government.

Question: Does the government own the entire synthetic-rubber industry?

Mr. Jones: The government owns in excess of 97 per cent of it. It is not reasonable to suppose that we will rely entirely upon synthetic rubber after the war, but we will need to maintain and operate the most efficient of these plants and produce a very substantial amount of our rubber requirements, so that never again will we be wholly dependent upon outside sources for rubber.

We have built this important industry in little more than two years at a cost of $750,000,000. At the rate of our present production, we will manufacture in excess of 800,000 tons of synthetic rubber this year, with a substantially larger capacity. The technique in the production, manufacture, and use of synthetic rubber is constantly being perfected, and it now appears that synthetic rubber can compete in price, quality, and use with natural rubber. Some synthetic rubbers are superior to natural rubber for certain purposes.

Question: What are some of the other industries in which the government has acquired an unusually large financial interest?

Mr. Jones: One is the manufacture of machine tools. The lack of sufficient machine-tool manufacturing facilities was one of the most serious problems confronting us at the beginning of the war. The RFC expanded this industry and will own almost one half of the country's machine-tool manufacturing facilities. There again the fate of this industry will in large measure depend upon the wisdom and fairness of government.

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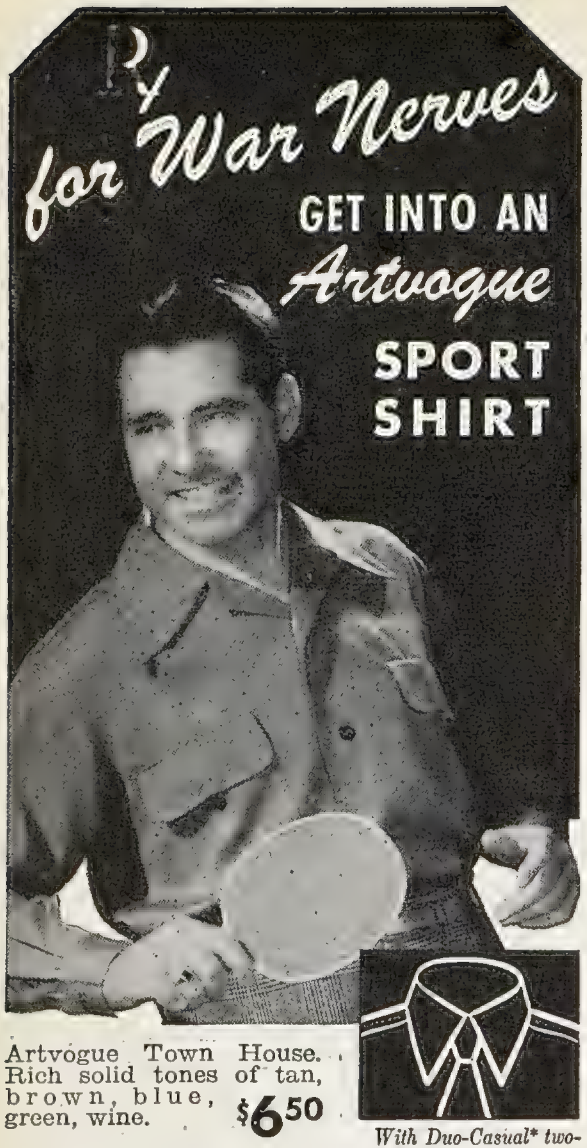

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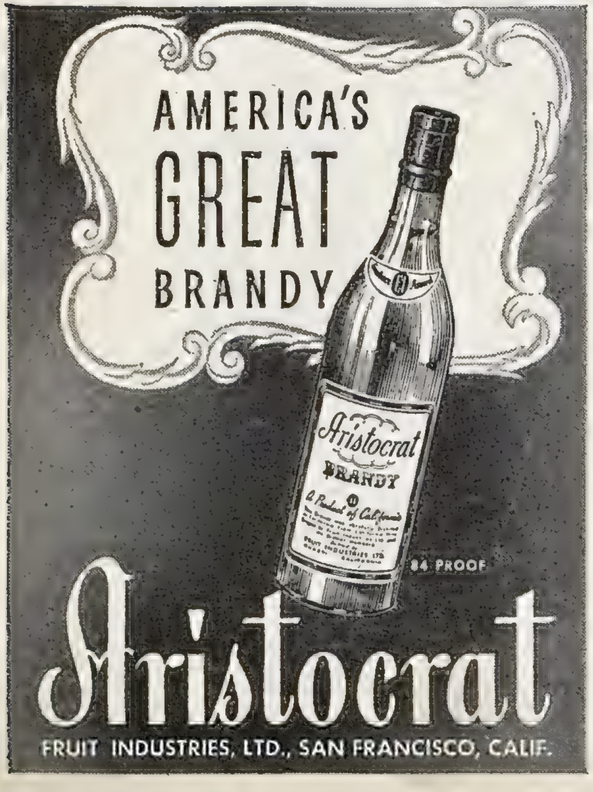

Aristocrat

FRUIT INDUSTRIES, LTD., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

The RFC has also financed the construction of fifty plants for the manufacture of high-octane aviation gasoline at a cost of $500,000,000. Twenty of these plants are owned by the RFC.

The RFC has also built and is building 3,800 miles of pipe lines, at a cost of $180,000,000. Most important is the big twenty-four-inch line running from Longview, Texas, to Philadelphia and New York, a distance of 1,500 miles. This line was completed at a cost of $95,000,000 and will have a capacity of 300,000 barrels of crude oil a day. It is owned by the RFC and operated for its account by men in the oil industry.

QUESTION: Is there a real danger of increasing monopolies in disposing of our war plants?

MR. JONES: It would not be to the best interest of the country if all our government plants got into the hands of big business and thereby increased monopolistic tendencies. We should not permit the war further to concentrate our economy in big units. The country is better off with smaller units, even if not always so efficient.

However, twenty of the 1,860 plants financed by the RFC cost approximately two billion dollars, or an average of $100,000,000 per plant. More than 300 government war plants cost between $100,000,000 and $5,000,000. These are not the sort of operations that little business can handle.

Certainly, wherever possible, local people living in the sections where plants are operated should have every encouragement and opportunity to buy and operate the plants and equipment when they can furnish capable management and an appropriate amount of equity capital.

QUESTION: Can we expect the government to be ready with its reconversion plans by the time hostilities cease?

MR. JONES: It will not be possible for government to do its job of conversion the minute hostilities cease, any more than business and industry will be prepared overnight to go into full-scale production of peacetime goods. There should, however, be no unnecessary delays by government or industry. No government operation created for war purposes should be maintained a day after its functions have been fulfilled, and it will be just as necessary that government convert its activities after the war as for business and industry to jump when the gong sounds.

We should bear in mind, however, that we can now see only in broad outlines the job which will need to be done. We cannot say today that big business without exception will need no help. We cannot say that all small business will need help. We cannot say what plants government should keep, what plants it should sell, or what plants it should scrap.

The crux of the reconversion period will be to provide employment for those who want work and who must work to make a living. This can be done in large measure when we are ready to produce, manufacture, and distribute the things which we have had to do without.

No nation so rich in genius, enterprise, and natural resources as we are need be frightened by a plant-disposal problem which involves only one year's normal construction expenditures. If our country can finance and win a 250-billion-dollar war, sending men and materials in unprecedented numbers and quantities all over the world, we are not going to let conversion to peace get us down; and conversion should not be confined to any one segment of our economy, but should be over all.

THE END

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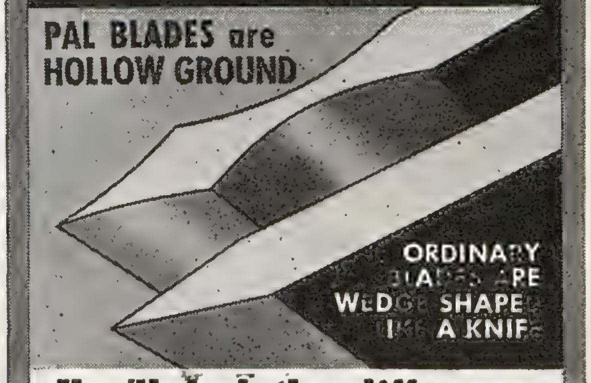

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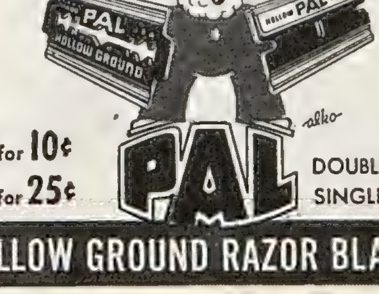

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THIS MAN'S WAR

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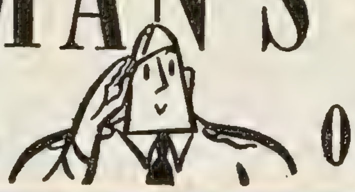
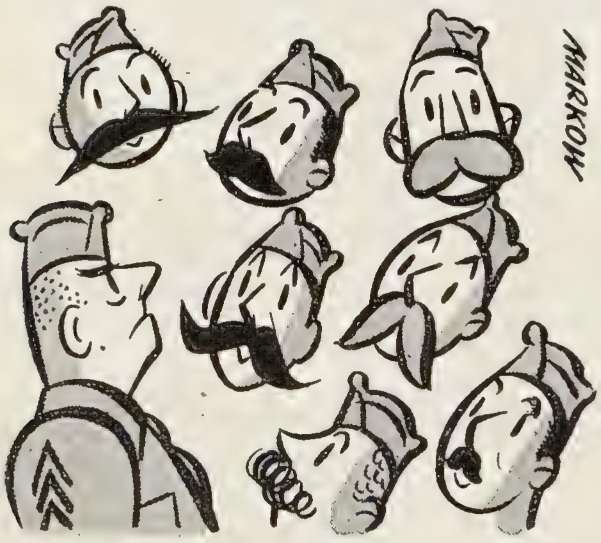


LET'S talk about jobs. Civilian jobs. Next to discharge and a speedy homecoming to loved ones, that will be the chief thought of millions of servicemen when the big postvictory trek back to the United States gets under way.

Some sources have predicted that a heavy percentage of our G. I. Joes and Jills will snoot their old jobs and demand work in new and more exciting fields, such as radio and aviation.

That's swell, if they can find places. But chances are there will not be enough of these interesting jobs for all veterans wanting them. With so many men returning from the fighting fronts and vast numbers of war workers being released at home, it's probable the job Joe left behind will look pretty good to him. Certainly he'd be wise to fasten on to it until something better appears.



The question.

Fortunately, his right to return to the old job is protected by law in so far as such protection can be given. Selective Service, which took him away, stands ready to lend its impressive weight to getting him back into his former position. A re-employment committeeman is being designated on each local draft board.

Under the law, each honorably discharged veteran is entitled to be restored to his old job or to a "position of like seniority, status, and pay," provided he applies for re-employment within forty days after discharge. Any person so restored, specifies Senate Document No. 152 (1944), is considered to have been on furlough or leave of absence and must be taken back without loss of seniority or other benefits accorded other employees.

"Further," the document continues, "such persons may not be discharged from such position without cause within one year after such restoration."

These rules do not apply if the veteran held only a temporary job, or if the employer can prove his circumstances have so changed as to make it impossible for him to comply. Also, the veteran must be qualified to handle his old job. If his fitness is questioned because of wounds or other injury, Selective Service officials hold he is entitled to a chance to prove he can do the work.

If conflict arises over a re-employment case, the re-employment chairman or some other member of the local Selective Service board will attempt to adjust the dispute in a way "mutually satisfactory to the veteran and to the employer, but without sacrificing any of the veteran's rights."

If this mediation fails, legal action may be instituted through the local United States Attorney against any employer wrongfully refusing to comply. Meritorious claims will be pressed in court without cost to veterans. Those desiring to do so, however, may hire counsel and file their own suits.

Recalcitrant employers may be compelled not only to restore service personnel to jobs but also to make compensation for loss of wages or other benefits resulting from their non-compliance.

Selective Service intends to pull no punches. The chief of its veterans personnel division, Colonel Paul H. Griffith, made that clear before the recent V. F. W. convention. Taking exception with a union leader on the issue of union members' seniority vs. veterans' rights, Colonel Griffith said: "Under the law, the veteran is entitled to his job back, period. It doesn't make any difference if the veteran displaces a man with greater seniority. He gets his job back without reference to any union agreement or to union membership.

"I'm not anti-union, but I'm pro-veteran. It's very fine to talk about the brotherhood of the veterans in uniform and the veterans in overalls—but there's a difference. I have yet to see one of the high-paid veterans on the home front who would trade places with the boys who have been storming the beaches of Europe and the South Seas and crawling on their bellies through the mud of a foxhole.

"There will be more and more of an effort to give preference to those who stayed at home in this war. We've got to be on our toes to see that the veterans of this war don't get kicked around as we were after the last one."

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Sarge, in my first Army hitch back in 1941 the question of mustaches arose, and our top kick, who had twenty-nine years' service, quoted an Army Regulation which said enlisted men could wear mustaches or even chin beards, if neatly trimmed. Since then, in three branches of the service, I have worn a mustache at all times. But now, out here in the Pacific, my present First Sergeant has directed us to cut off all mustaches. I and many of the men would appreciate data on ARs referring to mustaches.

T/5 G. B., c/o Postmaster, San Francisco.

The question of G. I. mustaches is a ticklish one. Actually, there is no AR on the subject. Only thing that comes within a whisker-length is AR 40-205, Par. 7, which states that such soldiers as have beards must keep them neatly trimmed at all times. Mustaches aren't mentioned. That seems to leave the issue on a man-to-man basis between you and your beaver-battling Top. I suggest you bolster your argument with citations about hirsute heroes of

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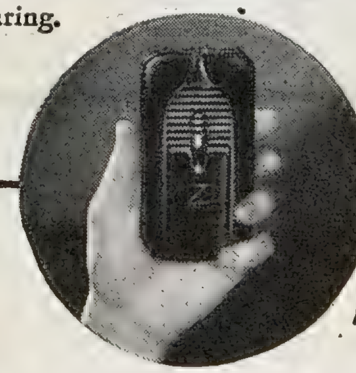

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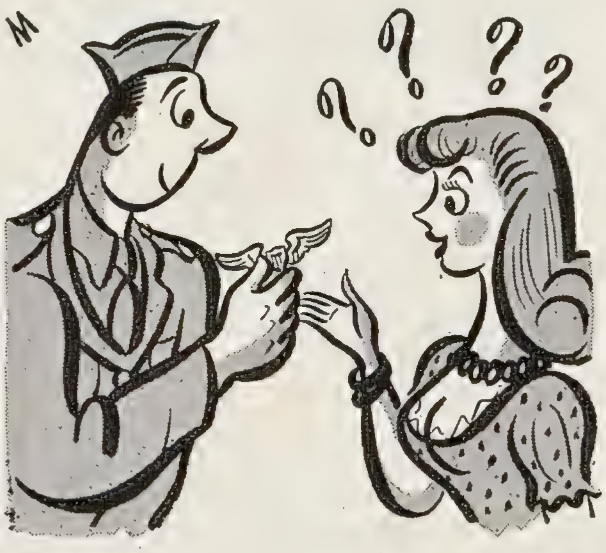
our historic past. World War I was decided by a doughboy army whose second louies, in large numbers, wore mustaches. Sergeant York wore a mustache. General of the Armies John J. Pershing did, and does. Among notable mustaches of the present war, that of Major General Frank O'D. Hunter, commanding general of the First Air Force, comes first to mind.

* * *

I have kept company for some time with a fighter pilot, who says he is not serious for reasons concerning his hopes of a career. Recently, however, he gave me a pair of Silver Wings. Many people say a gift of "Wings" means engagement. In fact, some have congratulated me. I didn't say anything to him about it, but I am wondering just what your knowledge is concerning this. Do Wings mean engagement, or do they just sort of mean I'm his "best girl"?

Miss Curious, East Cleveland, O.



Meaning?

You are quite correct in accepting with a certain reserve a gift of Wings unaccompanied by a declaration in words. I'd say it represents an encouraging interest on the part of your flier. But don't go ordering a trousseau and orange blossoms until he pops the question.

* * *

Here's an argument about the rank or precedence of two second lieutenants. Both were commissioned the same date, in the same component of the Army. "A" says the older man is the ranking officer. "B" argues it is the one with the lowest serial number. Which wins?

2nd Lieut. M. L. K.,
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco.

"A" wins. AR 600-15, Par. 4 states that reserve officers of the same date of rank and same length of active commissioned service shall rank according to age.

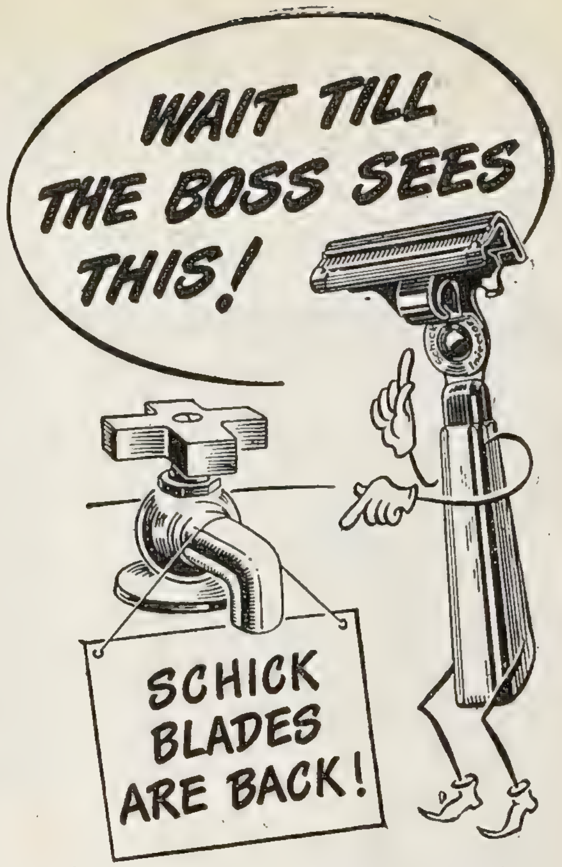
* * *

Who pays for clothing lost when a Navy vessel is sunk?

Seaman's Wife, Rock Island, Ill.

The Navy provides a replacement for clothing and small stores lost under such circumstances, after the seaman has made a proper claim for reimbursement in kind, under Regulation D-10117. The Navy also makes a cash reimbursement for articles not customarily issued in kind, such as watches, eye glasses, and toilet articles.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.


WAIT TILL THE BOSS SEES THIS!
SCHICK BLADES ARE BACK!

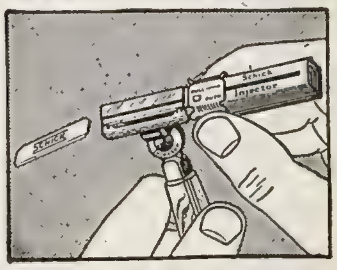
(Sorry—No New Razors Yet Except for the Armed Forces!)

If you've got a Schick Injector Razor—or can possibly borrow one—that's all that's necessary. The rest is easy shaving—'cause Schick Blades are back again. Just make a mental note to pick up a cartridge of these extra keen blades *today* and you're all set for tomorrow morning.

While we still can't get the material for new razors, except for the Armed Forces, we're now able to supply civilians as well as military demands for Schick Injector Blades. And man—that's good news! You can take advantage of these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years.

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

...an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.



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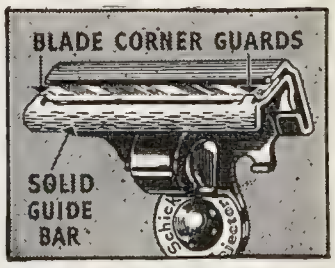
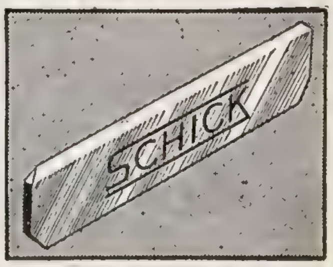
. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.



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Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

You'll like King's Treasure

The Bagpipe . . .

The true origin of the bagpipe is lost in musty years of antiquity. It was probably introduced into the British Isles by the Romans. The Highland Scots adopted it as an instrument for martial music. The bagpipe and kilt were banned from 1745 to 1750 by England after the battle of Culloden. Later it was restored to Scotland and became world renowned as the Highlander's traditional musical instrument.

As typically *Scotch* as the Bagpipe

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BLENDED SCOTCH TYPE WHISKY
86.8 Proof

There is no person in the world more discriminating than the man who prefers Scotch! His well seasoned taste buds will immediately detect an inferior product. We know that! And, so when we tell you that KING'S TREASURE — *(as typically Scotch as the Bagpipe)* —"is a smooth, mellow blend possessing the traditionally distinctive bouquet and flavour demanded by lovers of Scotch whisky"— we know, also, that we fool no one but ourselves if KING'S TREASURE doesn't measure up to our claims.

Taste KING'S TREASURE... carefully, *yes, critically!* Roll it over your tongue... note the familiar smoky taste... the rich, pungent tang of Scotch liquors... and you will say, *"Here, indeed is a pleasurable experience."*

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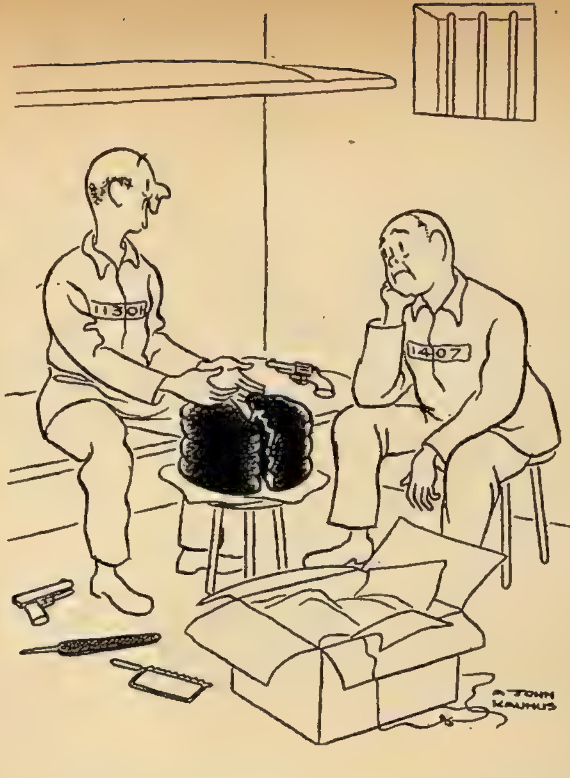

"Just wait till you taste this icing!"

SUPERBOY

Continued from Page 37

"Herbert," I says, "they tell me that new zombie picture's terrific."

I hop out of the swing, take hold of the kid's arm and head him down the street before he's had a chance to turn up to his room and lock himself in with his misery.

Now, anybody else walking down Butternut Street to Eighty-fifth, then down Eighty-fifth to the Tivoli Theater wouldn't see much of anything except a row of half-paid-for bungalows and, on Eighty-fifth, a string of grocery stores, barber shops, cafeterias, and dime stores, but Herbert and me see things different. We see coral atolls and snipers tied to coconut trees, and when Lucy Munroe whips around the corner in her red roadster it's a light cruiser picking off a Jap transport. We see wild Indians swooping down off Dead Man's Mesa, which is really only the Meadow Park Citizens' Bank, and we see tanks lumbering across no man's land, and if the tanks are only laundry trucks and milk wagons, it doesn't matter. It's the same with the Western Union boy, who's a Signal Corps courier, and the Good Humor man is a general riding up to the front in a command car. That's what Herbert sees and that's what I see. We're eye to eye, the kid and me.

"Jeeps," Herbert mumbles, "a bunch of jeeps."

"Cluett can't handle them Commandos," I says. "They need a field general, not a desk man."

But Herbert don't say a thing. All the zip's gone out of the kid. When Mrs. Lerner's pet Persian slinks across the street (a coyote that Herbert's picked off a dozen times with his .44), Herbert don't even reach for his Colt.

"Cluett can have 'em," Herbert says. "I'm through."

"Herbert," I says, "that don't sound like you." I rumple the kid's hair. "We ain't giving in without a fight," I says. "Not even to Superboy."

"Rocky," the kid says, "maybe you're right."

A COUPLE nights later I come home to find Kate in the kitchen, whipping up an all-Herbert dinner, everything the kid likes, from pork chops and thick white gravy to chocolate cake and vanilla ice

(Continued on page 74)

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PROTECTION FOR YOUR CAR

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(Continued from page 72)

cream, only when he parks himself at the family trough he hardly touches a thing, even passes up the cake and ice cream with a half-hearted nibble.

"Herbert," I says, "what's wrong?"

The kid shrugs like it was nothing, just the end of the world. When he goes moping off to the parlor, Kate shakes her head and whispers, "He's brokenhearted over something." I follow the kid into the front room and switch on the radio. It's time for Dusty Dalton's Prairie Patrol, our Korn Krunchie saga of the sagebrush, which I figure will lift the kid out of the lower depths. Old Dusty comes out shooting, galloping over the networks, cornering a gang of cattle rustlers in Pecos Canyon.

"Dusty's hot tonight," I says. "The Bogart of the Badlands."

Herbert suddenly hops up and switches off the radio, then runs upstairs to his room and slams the door. Now, when Herbert don't eat, that's a shock, but when Herbert walks out on Dusty Dalton, that's something to look into. Quick, I trot up to the kid's bunkhouse, and when I give the Prairie Patrol password, he slowly opens the door. I can see clean streaks where the tears have dribbled down over his freckles.

"Look, kid," I says, man to man. "What's the trouble?"

Herbert won't tell me at first, but finally I get the whole sordid story. It's Anderson Cluett again, and this time he's really pulled a sneak punch. Seems that he and Dusty Dalton travel in the same radio circles, and Superboy's decided to throw a big party tomorrow night for Dusty to meet the Meadow Park younger set, all of whom he's invited—except Herbert.

"Rocky," the kid says, "this washes me up. I'm through."

"Herbert," I says, "I'm surprised. This blockbuster brain muscles in on your gang and what do you do? Throw in the towel."

"I ain't throwing in the towel," Herbert says. "I could beat that twerp with blackboard 'rasers."

"That ain't the way you got to beat him," I says. "You got to beat him at his own racket."

I sit down on the edge of the kid's bed and start fiddling with his cap pistols. I'm kind of feeling my way along. I don't know all the answers. All I know is the kid thinks I'm a great guy and I can't let him down. When he's in a spot I got to do something. Sometimes I wish I was smart.

"Look," I says. "Let's go into a huddle and ask ourselves, Now what would Dusty Dalton do in a tight spot like this?"

Herbert don't say a word for a long time, just sits there running his fingers over the Jap samurai sword his dad sent him for his birthday. Suddenly the kid starts biting his lower lip, the way he does when he's puzzling out something.

"Rocky," he says, "you remember that time Dusty was guarding the stagecoach with the big railroad payroll?"

"Sure," I says. How could an old Korn Krunchie box-top saver like me forget the way Dusty switched stagecoaches?

"You're the type of public-spirited man, J. S., that the town has too few of!"

"Well," Herbert says, "I was just thinking."

"Herbert," I says, "are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

The kid begins to brighten. He shuts the door, so Kate can't get wind of the plot, then we go into a strategy huddle. First thing we need is an undercover man to work in the enemy camp, and Herbert says he thinks we can count on Dinky Phelps, because Dinky's got to the point where he's had just about all the culture he can take, and he'd be glad to get in on a Commando raid. Then we have to figure out how we can get Kate out of the way, on account of this is strictly an operation for men.

"Rocky," the kid says, "you think you could fix it with Mrs. Phelps to get Aunt Kate over to her house tomorrow night?"

"Sure," I says. "I'll handle the dames."

The kid's back in the groove again. He's pacing the floor, figuring out all the angles, getting his timing down perfect, and it looks to me like we've got a sure thing. If there's any hitch, the worst that can happen to us is a minor rap for kidnaping.

"Kate," I says, when Herbert and I amble downstairs together, "how about another crack at that chow?"

Kate takes one look at Herbert's freckled grin, then stares at me, shaking her head, like she was trying to figure out how I do it. You'd think that after ten years the girl would catch on to the Rocky Ford cunning.

"Everything all right?" Kate says.

"Everything's swell," Herbert says, and the kid looks up at me like I was Lincoln's statue.

NEXT day I knock off early so we can have a quick feeding, and Kate's surprised—and a little suspicious—at the eager-beaver way Herbert and I dig into the dishwashing. The kid clears the table in record time, and we dry the crockery so fast Kate can't keep up with us.

"Mrs. Phelps has invited me over for the evening," Kate says.

"That's nice," I says, and Herbert's face has an innocent openness, like a cat perched alongside an empty canary cage.

Dinky Phelps is waiting outside for Kate to leave, and when he sees her go out, he pops in, and the three of us go into conference.

"Dinky," Herbert says, "this is the biggest job we've ever pulled off. We can't have any hitches."

(Continued on page 76)

THE SERGEANT WAS A NASTY MAN
AT G.I. JOES HE'D SCREAM.
BUT SINCE THEY GAVE HIM BURMA-SHAVE
THEIR LIFE IS JUST A DREAM!

BURMA-SHAVE tames hard-boiled beards—but quick! A special ingredient softens whiskers—sets 'em up so's your razor swoops through with no pull, sting, scrape or burn . . . no "dry skin" after-shave feeling. Proof of popularity—over 200,000,000 Burma-Shaves last year and the number's still growing. BURMA-SHAVE, *Minneapolis 5, Minn.*

Burma-Shave
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AT YOUR DRUG COUNTER, POST EXCHANGE, OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

Bring Our Boys Back Sooner—Buy and Keep, More War Bonds!

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TRADE-MARK

(Continued from page 74)

"You can count on me," Dinky says, "just so long as I don't have to answer any more questions. I've had all the quiz books I can handle."

"Dinky," says Herbert, "this is gonna teach that Cluett double-crosser a lesson he'd never of learned out of a quiz book."

Herbert loads both cap pistols for the raid, then he goes over all the details with Dinky, and after Dinky's got his assignment down pat, he starts for the door, then hesitates, and I see his face getting red. "Herbert," Dinky says, "you ain't got any hard feelings—I mean about the way I been working with that Cluett tomato?"

"Forget it," Herbert says.

"We'd all of walked out on that jeep long ago," Dinky says, "only he kept promising us we'd get to meet Dusty Dalton."

"The gang's gonna get to meet Dusty O. K.," Herbert says.

After Dinky leaves, I ask Herbert if he's sure he knows how to handle his part of the mission, and the kid says he could do it blindfolded. He gives me the Prairie Patrol handshake, then scoots out the door, and I watch him circling the Cluetts' back yard, finally disappearing behind Mrs. Lerner's dahlias. I get out the car and drive down to the drugstore to lay in a stock of ginger ale and ice cream, which I park in the refrigerator, then I drive around the corner and wait for Herbert and Dinky.

Herbert shows up first, and I can tell by the kid's expression that everything's gone off without a hitch.

"A cinch," the kid says. "I just tightened the needle valve in the carburetor, and waited till old Mr. Cluett tried to start the car, then when he went back in the house I loosened it again."

Pretty soon Dinky comes running up, and he reports that his end of the plot has also worked out according to plan.

"I got there just as Mr. Cluett was getting ready to drive down to the bus station," Dinky says, "and then when he came in and said the car wouldn't start, I told him my dad had to meet the eight-o'clock bus anyway, and we'd pick up Dusty for him."

"They fall for it?" Herbert asks.

"Sure," Dinky says, "only of course Anderson wanted to ride down with me, but I told him it was *my* old man's car and there wasn't room for anybody but me."

"Dinky," I says, "you have just kicked culture in the teeth."

None of us have ever seen Dusty Dalton in the flesh, but when the eight-o'clock bus rolls in, Herbert's got a plan to pick Dusty out from the suburban mob. The kid hops out of the car, shoots off both pistols and gives the Prairie Patrol distress call—a long coyote howl. Everybody looks startled, but a tall guy in a tweed suit starts grinning and hustles up to Herbert.

"You Dusty?" the kid says.

The tall guy shakes hands with Herbert, and the kid's so excited he almost forgets the Patrol grip. Sure enough, it's the Korn Krunchie cowboy, only in mufti he looks more like a bond salesman.

"My real name's Fitzgerald," Dusty says —"Tommy Fitzgerald—only I want you fellows to call me Dusty."

"Gee, Dusty, thanks," Herbert says, and then he introduces me and Dinky.

I explain there's been a slight switch in the party plans; we're having the shindig at our house instead of the Cluetts', and Dusty seems relieved.

"The Cluetts," he tells me confidentially, "are something I can take only in small doses, especially that kid. But I have to be nice to him because we have the same sponsor."

By the time we get home, we're all pretty chummy, and Herbert's on top of the world, sitting right next to the Korn Krunchie Kid, swapping yarns like a couple of old Indian fighters down at the Red Dog Saloon.

"Dusty," the kid asks, "how you gonna get out of that trap the Ted Mills gang's got you in?"

"I can handle that Mills hombre," Dusty says. "You tune in tomorrow night."

"Gee," Herbert says, "gee whiz!"

We smuggle Dusty into the house without his knowing he's been highjacked, and I tell him to take off his coat, loosen his tie, and make himself at home. We park him in the big easy chair, which ordinarily is reserved for the titular head of the house, then I hear Herbert draw Dinky aside and give him his final instructions.

"You go back and tell the Cluetts he didn't show up," Herbert says. "Then pass the word along to Joe Varney and Lennie Field and the gang that they better drop by here as soon as they can duck out. Don't tell 'em Dusty's here."

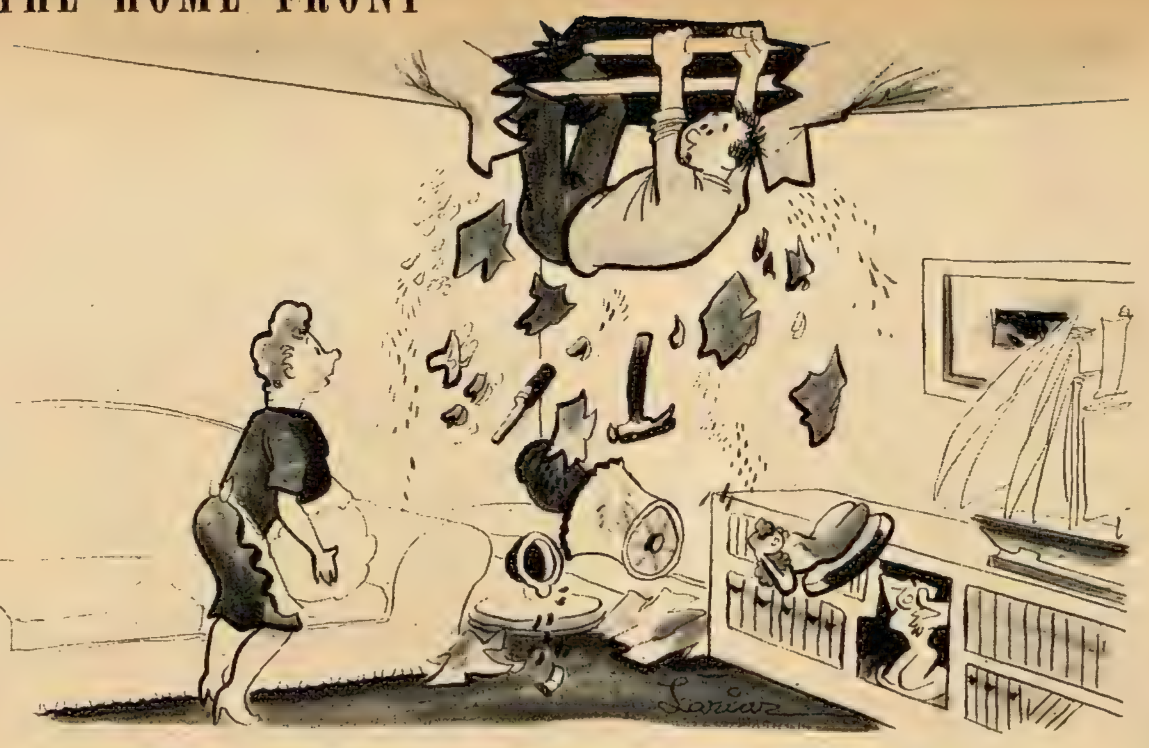
"How about Anderson?" Dinky says.

"Forget about Anderson," Herbert says.

I ask Dusty if he wants a drink and he

(Continued on page 78)

THE HOME FRONT



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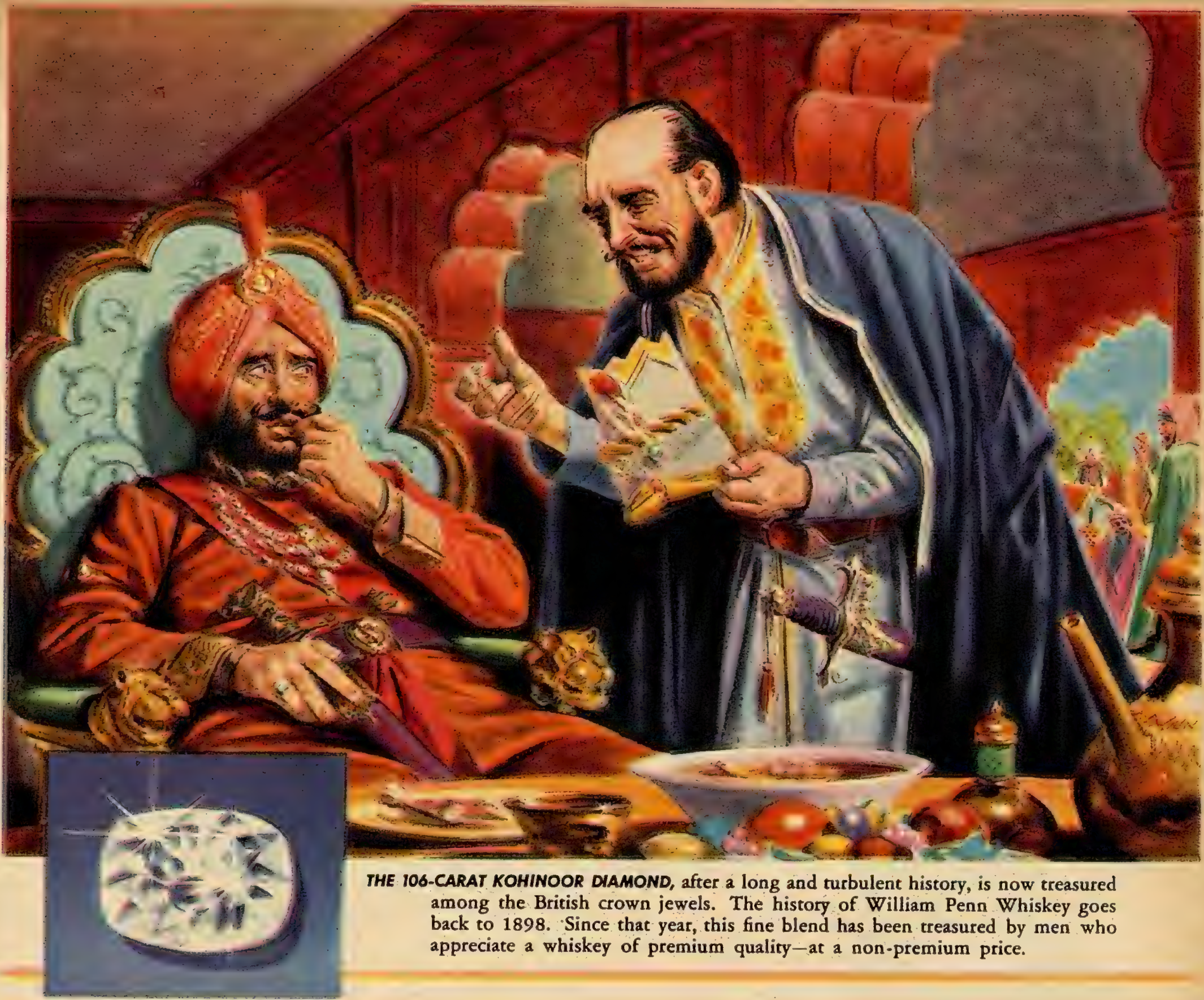

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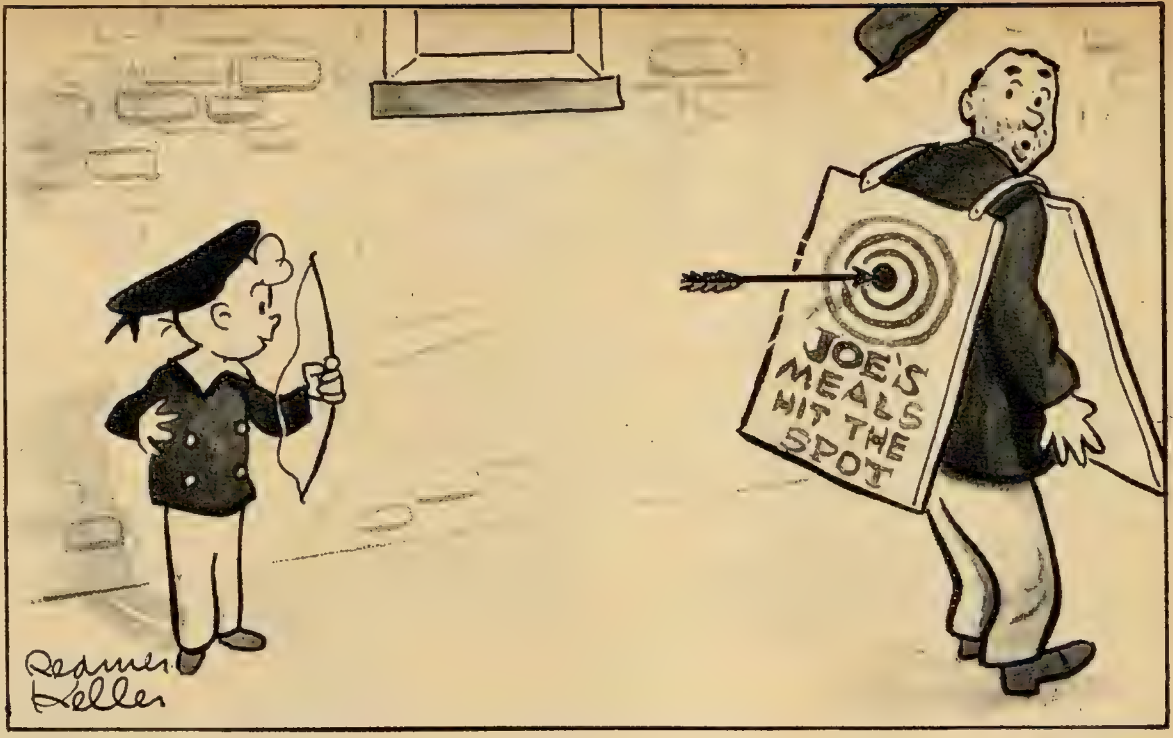
JOE'S MEALS HIT THE SPOT
Reamer Keller

(*Continued from page 76*)

says no thanks, then, when Herbert's out in the kitchen dishing up the ice cream, he explains he never takes a drink in front of kids, doesn't want to set 'em a bad example. I'm beginning to like Dusty.

"Where's the rest of the party?" Dusty says.

"Oh," I says, "they'll be along in a minute."

We have some ice cream and ginger ale, and pretty soon Dinky comes back with Joe Varney, Lennie Field, and the rest of the gang trailing along behind him. When the gang hears Dusty's voice in the parlor, they let out a wild whoop and crowd around him.

"Dusty," Herbert says, "I want you to meet my gang."

The kid introduces them, and Dusty shakes hands all around, then he says, "Herbert, looks to me like you got a mighty fine outfit here."

"The best outfit in town," Herbert says.

I bring out more refreshments, then the kids all settle down on the floor in a big arc around Dusty, and the radio cowpuncher starts spinning some of his sagebrush sagas. The kids' eyes just about pop out of their heads, and it's so quiet in the room that whenever Dusty stops for breath you can hear my alarm clock ticking upstairs.

"How'd you ever shoot your way outta that cabin?" Herbert says, and Dusty hops up, grabs the kid's cap pistols and says, "Well, I'll show you."

Dusty picks out Dinky and Joe and Lennie, and he says, "You fellows be the sheriff's posse and Herbert will be Injun Mike. O. K., now Injun Mike and I are holed up in this cabin—that'll be the living room—and the posse rides up through that defile—that'll be the hall there."

The kids all get into position, and pretty soon the living room is bristling with gunfire. Sure enough, Dusty gets Injun Mike out of the cabin and rides off in a cloud of dust across the mesa, ducking around the refrigerator and the electric stove.

"Let's do that one where they threw you in the well, Dusty," Joe Varney says.

The rough-riding hombres of the Old West get into position again, and I help move the furniture to make a barricade for a stand against the cattle rustlers who're trying to blast us out. Dinky Phelps grabs the wooden submachine gun and starts going eh-eh-eh-eh-eh, while the other prairie rangers shoot off cap pistols, and just as Dusty makes a dash for it across Devil's Gulch, Kate walks in and gets caught in a canyon crossfire.

"What in the world!" Kate says.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," Dusty says, still in character. Then he remembers himself and says, "I mean I beg your pardon."

"Kate," I says, "this is Dusty Dalton."

"Oh," Kate says, and she smiles, because for a year now Herbert's been having us all eat Korn Krunchies like crazy so he could save enough box tops to be a Prairie Patrol senior deputy.

"A little rodeo," I explain, when Kate spots the parlor chaos.

Kate says to go right ahead, she's got some sewing to do upstairs, and the rodeo won't bother her at all. She starts up the steps, then turns around and frowns.

"Where's Herbert?" she says.

"Why, he was here just a minute ago," I says, and we start looking for him. We open the closet door at the end of Devil's Gulch, ransack the kitchen mesa, and peek under the clump of sage behind the sofa, but no Herbert.

"I thought I saw him going across the street," Dusty says.

We go to the door, and sure enough, there's Herbert. But the kids' eyes just about pop out of their heads because he's got Anderson Cluett with him. A very much subdued Anderson Cluett. Superboy has been outsupered, and it's clear to the naked eye that Herbert is back in the saddle.

Dusty shakes hands with Anderson, and at first the kids don't know how to treat the Quiz Whiz—whether he rates the glad hand or the cold shoulder, but when they see Herbert fetching him ginger ale and ice cream, they seem to figure the hatchet's buried, and Dinky even passes him the cookies.

"Dinky," Herbert says, "we been needing an adjutant to handle our paper work. Whatta you think about Andy taking over?"

"Why, sure," Dinky says. "Whatever you say."

"Well, Andy, how about it?" Herbert says, and Anderson busts into a big grin and says, "Gee, that's swell!" Which maybe ain't the language of Shakespeare, but it sounds good, coming from a kid like Anderson.

"Rocky," Kate says, "that was a big thing for Herbert to do."

Dusty Dalton grins and turns to Kate. "You know, Mrs. Ford, maybe I ought to be sending box tops to *Herbert*."

THE END

POKRYSHKIN—ACE OF ACES

Continued from Page 27

flight; the quiet, solemn little ceremony in the reception hall of the Council of People's Commissars—going forward when his name was called to receive the medals from slight, stooping President Kalinin; posing, reluctantly, for photographs outside against the Kremlin wall; the Pravda reporter who embarrassed him by asking him the secret of his success, and his halting reply, "'I suppose I was taught it"; the visit to the opera to see Offenbach's La Belle Hélène; the flight back to Kuban.

What gave him more pleasure and amusement than anything else was the letter he received from home soon after, telling how his mother had been honored by the city of Novosibirsk.

A friend wrote: "Your mother, who, as you know, hardly ever goes into the center of the city, was given the place of honor in the theater the night you were in Moscow, and you should have seen her sitting with the mayor. Your brother was on her other side, his hair brushed down for the first time in his life, I think. Before the play began, Dmitri Alexeyevitch made a speech about you and said that the night shift at the factory promised to break all records in your honor that night.

"Then someone shouted for your mother. I suppose she had never spoken in public in her life before, but up she comes on the stage with that white Orenburg shawl which you bought her over her shoulders and a bunch of roses in her hand. And if it interests you to know, she said you had always been a good boy and done your duty methodically, but that she wished you'd get married soon."

Whether his mother's hint spurred him or not, Pokryshkin was a married man within six months. His bride, Maria, is an officer in the Women's Auxiliary Forces of the Red Army.

We get one more glimpse of Pokryshkin after those hectic Kuban days. Almost a year later he is over Rumania, a lieutenant colonel with his own regiment and with fifty-nine enemy planes to his credit. We see him eating with his fellow officers in a former German command post, a smoky dugout lit by a shell case filled with kerosene. He rises to take a call on an American field telephone and talks cryptically to the Army command: "One of your messengers is on the circumference waiting for the angle." He repeats the order received, "Saturn to join Great Bear—is that correct?"

He returns to the mess. "Be ready at six," he orders. "And, by the way, all who have flown more than twenty-five times this week get a double portion of soup." Then he goes out, as he always does before a flight, to talk to the mechanics.

Something in the sight of young corn, perhaps, reminds him of Siberia. Then, as he kicks his heel into the black soil of the airfield to test how it is drying out after the morning rain, he smiles with quiet satisfaction, for it is Rumanian soil. His year's career as a fighter pilot has brought Alexander Pokryshkin back beyond the Bessarabian village of Brichany where for him the war began. Somewhere between here and Kuban, he reflects, fifty-nine wrecked planes lie.

Superstitious, he calls a mechanic to point out a tiny spider moving swiftly along the fuselage of his plane.

"Better give the gun a special look-over this afternoon. Looks as if I'll be needing it," he says.

THE END

FISH ARE IMPORTANT PEOPLE

Continued from Page 28

fighting cod, restricted by the weight, had wound the six feet of line round and round the rifle. Up it came.

That's a trick fishermen use to recover long wooden-handled chisels lost from icy woolen mittens when cutting winter net holes. Wool is the best protection for hands while handling wet nets and fish in temperatures of 30 to 60 degrees below zero on the open lake. Water forms a skin of ice on the mittens that helps break the wind. Each man requires from twenty-five to thirty pairs a day, and dries them in the portable heated shack he calls home. Tiny shacks over ice holes are used only in severest weather. Men work faster in the open.

They have other handy devices. Throughout the North, the winter season commences officially on "the first day fish can be taken through the ice after November 10." Holes are chiseled through ice clear and thin. A long plank, or trigger board, with rope attached, is shoved into the water. Buoyancy keeps it against the under ice. Quick twitches on a line work a sharp trigger that bites into the ice and sends the board scooting. When his long rope is paid out, the fisherman cuts a second hole to retrieve the board and hauls his net through the water underneath by the attached line.

At one northern lake town around freeze-up time a train had a twenty-minute stop. The dining-car chef wanted trout. A boy on skates, trailing a hand sled, whisked out over the bay. He identified netted trout by shadowy shape through clear ice, made the haul, and caught the

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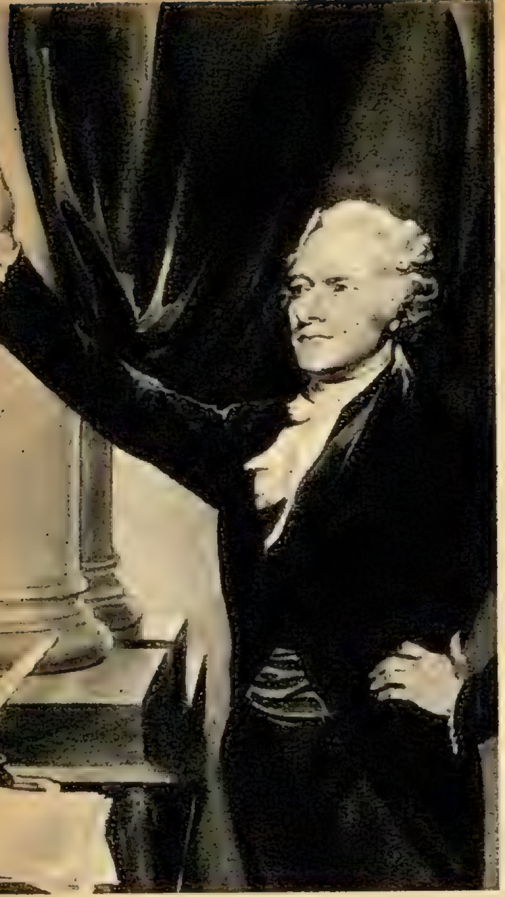

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The framers of the U. S. Constitution met, argued, debated — and in the end imperishable words were written down . . . "to form a more perfect union . . . and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." But obstructing minorities delayed the final ratification, until Alexander Hamilton's trenchant quill pen removed reservation.

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But as winter progresses, ice deepens to four and five feet. Wind-driven snow packs hard on lake surfaces. Great cracks appear suddenly. They flood over and freeze lightly, to lay open-water traps that may cause loss of dog, horse, or tractor outfits, and human lives.

During spring break-up on larger lakes, great floes are torn from the main ice pack, often during black night, and are storm-driven far from sight of land with fishermen and outfits. One such experience would suffice for most men. Rescued lake fishermen go back for more. It's their living.

Use of aircraft brought lakes formerly too remote to be reached by ground transport within an hour or two of market or rail. North of Kenora, Ontario's largest rail shipping point for fish, and in other areas, small lakes teeming with trout, whites, pickerel, and sturgeon were tapped. Bush-flying operators trimmed air-cargo rates by flying supplies to mining camps and loading fish for back haul.

One of the first unofficial fish flights ended in near disaster. A crew of government servicemen on wilderness fire patrol were given a 150-pound contraband sturgeon by an Indian. They put it in the fragile prow of their old Vidette flying boat and took off. The sturgeon came to life in mid-air and cut loose fit to wreck the craft. The mechanic grabbed an ax, swung lustily at its head. The great head moved. The ax bashed a hole in the aircraft's bottom that required a three-day sit-down in the sticks to repair. It also brought on a considerable headache in making out a suitable service flight report.

Fliers since have become better acquainted with sturgeon, but whether they consult practical fishermen or expert ichthyologists, there remains an air of mystery about these great fish. According to science: "The subclasses *Palaeopterygii* and *Crossopterygii*, which were dominant in Paleozoic times, held on through the Mesozoic, and are represented today by the sturgeon, polypterids, and lung fishes."

Whether or not originally of the dragon age, as fishermen prefer to simplify it, Mr. Sturgeon today has many dragon characteristics. In addition to a hard head he carries bonelike armor plate in rows along his sides. He is scaleless, with a sandpaper hide and an odd-shaped tail. The flesh is more like meat than that of any other fish. A small part of the skeleton is bone; the balance of the frame is supported by girders of cartilage. In short, he's a queer fish.

ANYWHERE in the Northern Hemisphere is home to him. Originally a salt-water product of tremendous size, often 1,000 pounds, he explored rivers, liked the feel of fresh water and decided to spend half his time there. Eventually some members of the tribe became landlocked, and made the best of a new situation. Those hooked or netted by fishermen in northern lakes today never have known the sea. Even in the same area specimens may differ widely. Lake sturgeon loaf and grow fat; those combating river currents develop muscles that may discount their market value.

They require protection. In many parts of the North they are contraband. It takes a sturgeon four years to spawn, and it is one species that refuses to recognize the artificial fish-propagation methods of man. Prices are high—roughly one dollar a pound, exclusive of caviar—and for years a war of wits has been waged between police and sturgeon bootleggers.

Where closed waters can be reached by road, all cars are searched. Police boats patrol lakes and rivers and drag for baited night lines and weighted nets. There are convictions, but the bootlegging game goes on. Many fine riverside homes of otherwise law-abiding citizens are said to be sturgeon-built.

One day the police got a break. An aircraft piled into a wide river. Its occupants got clear, but the plane was a wreck. For some baffling reason it took several hours to tow the wreckage the short mile to shore. A curious crowd, including police, was on the dock to view the damage. They got their money's worth. The trailing broken wing had garnered valuable nets by the dozen, and great floundering dollar-a-pound sturgeon by the score. There were sad faces in the crowd, but no one claimed the loot.

Farther north, from where the Albany River empties into Ontario's James Bay, across south of the Barrens to Alberta's Lake Athabaska area, sturgeon is the favorite fare of trappers, prospectors, and fishermen. You'll find sturgeon fried, pickled, smoked, and boiled; caviar in tin pails and in extra frying pans. There's a knack in making caviar, "combed," salted, each tiny egg separated from its fellow and allowed a certain drying time. A good caviar maker rates high.

AT one time the Germans had a racket in caviar. Around Lake of the Woods sturgeon waters, their buyers grabbed the output. Caviar was consigned only in carload lots—as compared with shipments today of twenty pounds. Canadian and U. S. caviar went to Germany, was adulterated with inferior salt-water varieties, and was reshipped to New York to sell at fantastic prices.

The sturgeons' meatlike flesh, which loses freshness quicker than that of other fish, gains them air-transport priority. For this reason, too, captured sturgeon are not killed at once. Fishermen keep them in pens, or tethered near shore with ropes through their gills, and begin killing when the aircraft are seen approaching.

They die hard. Flying alone over wilderness country, a pilot is startled by a wild flop back of him as one sturgeon passenger, then another, decides to cut up rough. There's no hope of bringing quietus by cracking their heads with ax or club. Their heads are off. A big sturgeon, beheaded, de-tailed, and gutted, may continue to jitterbug for twelve hours.

Throughout the North big fish companies sponsor fishermen, fish contractors, and even transportation outfits. They have their markets to supply, and can't chance a shortage through lack of long-view transportation. Boats, gear, and grub are supplied, and a balance struck at season's end. Trucks for fresh fish are iced in summer, heated to prevent freezing in winter. Railcar temperatures are carefully maintained with ice or by charcoal heaters.

Shortage of manpower, less fuel available for boats, and an increased wartime demand for fish have brought new methods. On Lake Athabaska, great barges equipped with quick-freezing units and employing men, women, and children, many of them natives, invade the fishing grounds. Former long boat hauls requiring time, men, and fuel have been eliminated. Hundreds of miles from railhead, fish taken from cold northern waters are promptly filleted, cellophane-wrapped, packaged, and quick-frozen bullet-hard.

Northerners are proud of this new fast and fresh service they are providing for a distant U. S. fish-hungry public. A few of them are even downright boastful. Next time you meet up with a nice pickerel fillet, take him by surprise and ask where he's from. If he's as fresh as these boys claim he is, he'll probably tell you.

THE END

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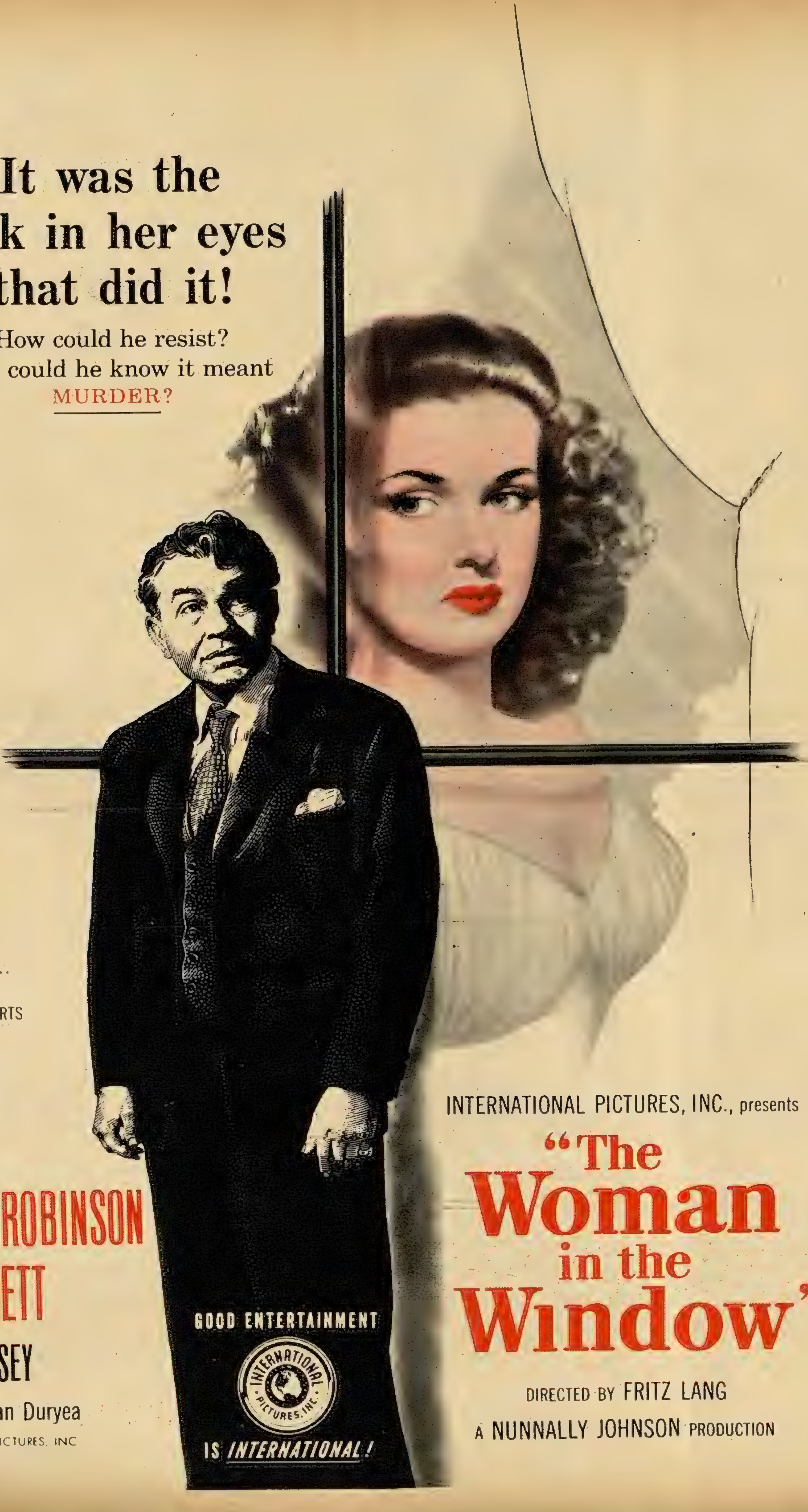

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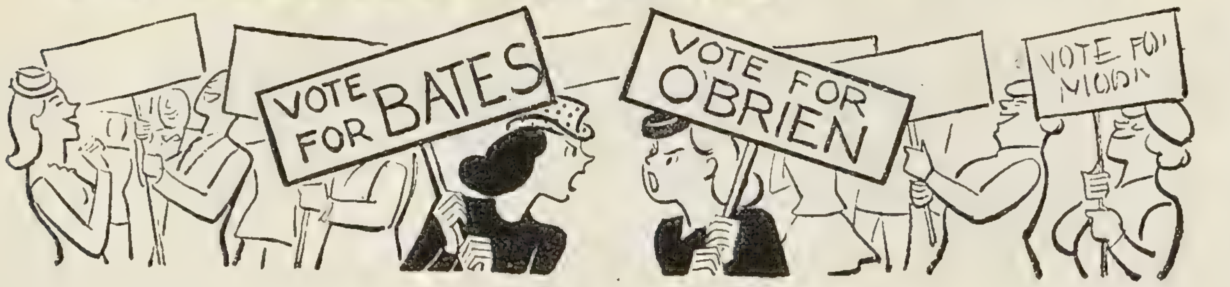
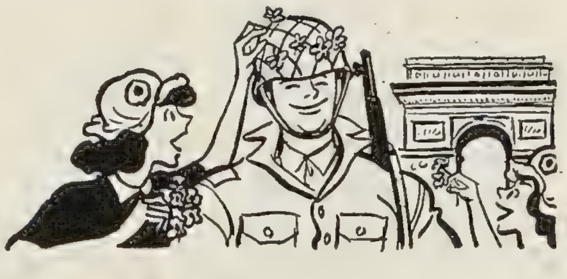


IN THE CHIPS: Mrs. May Marguerite Shaw, who died on August 31 at Long Beach, left a life interest in a trust fund of $100,000 to Mrs. Ita Mae McGuire of Napanee, Ontario, on condition that she care for her fifteen Pekingese dogs until death do them part. Mrs. Shaw's will stipulates that Mrs. McGuire, who has kennels of her own, shall receive at least $200 a month from the interest on the principal of the trust. . . . Woodbury Rand, Boston lawyer, left $40,000 to his pet tomcat, Buster, with the stipulation that said cat was to be cared for by Mr. Rand's housekeeper, Margaret T. Thompson. Seven Rand cousins, an uncle, and Mr. Rand's ex-washwoman are contesting the will. . . . Two years ago Miss Elizabeth M. Miller of Monsey, New York, willed that the income from her estate should be used for the care of her pet cheetah and dachshund, then ten years old apiece. The income amounts to around $5,000 a year. On the death of the two animals, Robert E. Swezey, New York lawyer, is to inherit the estate, originally estimated at $20,000, but recently revealed to be worth $160,000.

SECOND BIRTHDAY: The Spars will celebrate their second birthday on November 23. In their two years of service with the U. S. Coast Guard, they have developed into a vital crew of more than 9,000 women. Spars are doing a splendid job of releasing Coast Guardsmen from shore stations to replace battle-weary veterans at sea. More than half of the men of the Coast Guard are at sea doing essential work, including convoy duty, troop transportation, the operation of invasion barges, and sea and air coastal patrol. As members of the Coast Guard Reserve, Spars receive the same pay as Coast Guardsmen. They wear the smart navy blue uniform designed by Mainbocher for members of the Women's Reserve of the Navy and Coast Guard. Applications for enlistment are received at Coast Guard recruiting stations and substations located in fifty-four cities. Further information will be sent anyone who requests it by writing the Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard Headquarters, Washington, D. C. Spars receive their six weeks' basic training at the Coast Guard Training Station in Palm Beach's famous Biltmore Hotel. Many Spar officers have been taken from the ranks.

BOOM IN DIVORCES: The Washoe County divorce courts of Nevada reported that an all-time high had been reached in 1943 with 5,846 divorce actions. Said Elwood H. Beemer, county clerk, "Wartime prosperity and hasty marriages are to blame." . . . The speed-up of divorce in Great Britain since the beginning of the war has almost trebled the cases coming into court. The Archbishop of York counsels forgiveness of wartime infidelity, and suggests a renewal of marriage vows for husbands and wives who have been separated by the war, and the appointment of reconcilers, experienced men and women with whom the couple can discuss their marital problems before resorting to divorce. . . . Jackson A. Dykman, president of the New York State Bar Association, says that more and more soldiers are seeking divorces. . . . Conscientious objectors to divorce could hardly blame Mrs. Mavournene E. Bonner for suing in Newark, New Jersey's Chancery Court, for divorce from George H. Bonner. She charged that he left her a month after their marriage in December, 1935, and later married Miss Mildred Qualters of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. At the hearing, the second Mrs. Bonner introduced herself and testified that her husband, George H. Bonner, had left her three months after their marriage in May, 1942. The divorce was granted, and the two indignant Mrs. Bonners left the courtroom arm in arm.

"MAKING FACES": Eddie Senz, make-up man for four New York movie studios, claims that any woman can create an optical illusion of loveliness with the help of a three-way plan: Correct hair style; correct eyebrow arch; correct shape of the mouth. These three goals may be achieved, says Senz, by properly styled and applied make-up.



VANISHING ACT

**What I should dearly love to know
Is where on earth do waiters go
As soon as I've contrived to make
A choice between the scrod and steak.**

**They also disappear the minute
My water glass has nothing in it,
And vanish instantly, by heck,
Just when I want to pay my check!**

SOMETHING NEW IN HATS: As the Allies went about liberating France, doting French girls threaded flowers through the netting on G. I. Joe's tin hat.

SWEET YOUNG THINGS: Teen-agers are going in for scented hair. Some twist their pigtails around in a jar of sachet. Others do a more thorough job by sprinkling sachet on their hairbrush and brushing the hair vigorously so that the fragrance sifts through the whole mop.

Bring the Moon
IN
WITH YOU . . .

There is to moonlight—and to candlelight—a gossamer charm that bathes in splendor everything it touches—a mysterious spell that flees harsh light. For every important date, bring the moon indoors—use candlelight.

But not all candles are the same. Taperlites are specially made to provide the warm allure that mellows and makes dainty. More—Taperlites have the patented FIRM-FIT end that holds them perfectly erect. For candlelight steady as a moonbeam, insist on Taperlites. At department, drug, houseware and grocery stores.

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On C-Day the dealer who displays the CLARION sign will be ready to meet your radio needs and supply you with fine merchandise properly priced.

The CLARION line will include table models, table combinations, console combinations, battery sets, portables, and chair-sides.

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If you're interested in smoother shaves . . . cleaner, longer-lasting shaves . . . and extra shaves, ask for HOSPITAL Brand Blades the next time you visit your neighborhood druggist!

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Susie Parkington is ready to leave her husband when she learns of his business methods.

MRS. PARKINGTON

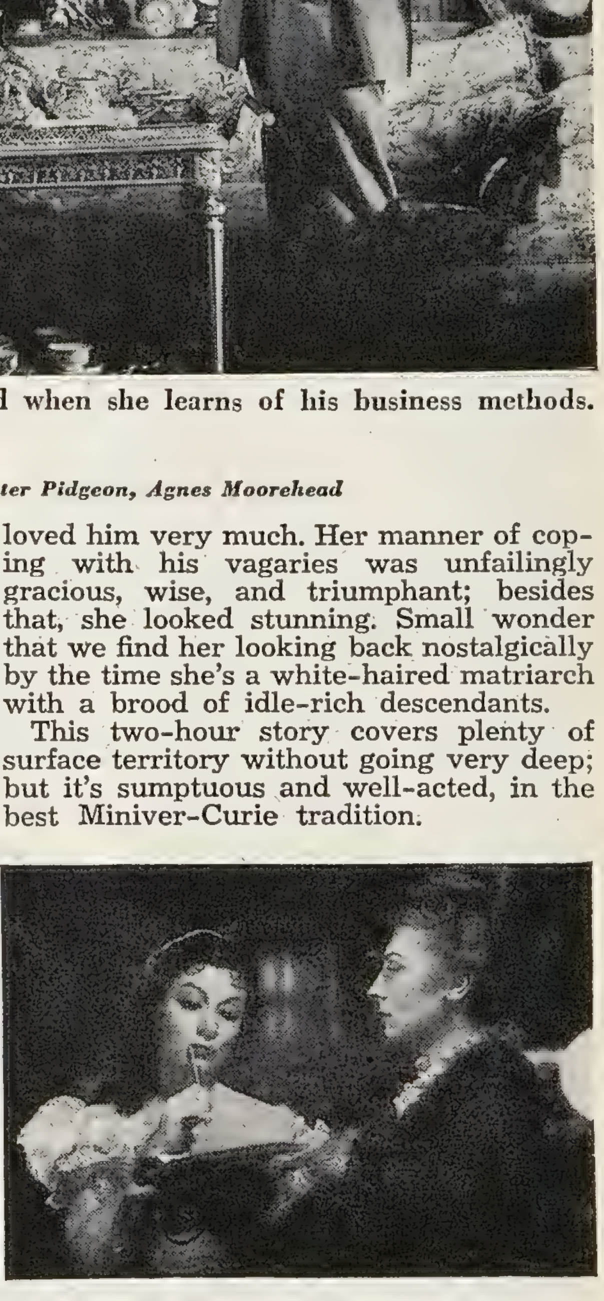
(M-G-M)
Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Agnes Moorehead

GREER GARSON and Walter Pidgeon are happily married again in this lavish lifetime saga of the filthy-rich Parkingtons. But it's Susie Parkington's story, from the time the dashing "major" romantically whisks her away from a drab Nebraska boardinghouse back in 1872 to great-grandmotherhood in 1938.

Susie's almost legendary husband was handsome, rich, ruthless in business, and had a way with the ladies. Naturally, she loved him very much. Her manner of coping with his vagaries was unfailingly gracious, wise, and triumphant; besides that, she looked stunning. Small wonder that we find her looking back nostalgically by the time she's a white-haired matriarch with a brood of idle-rich descendants.

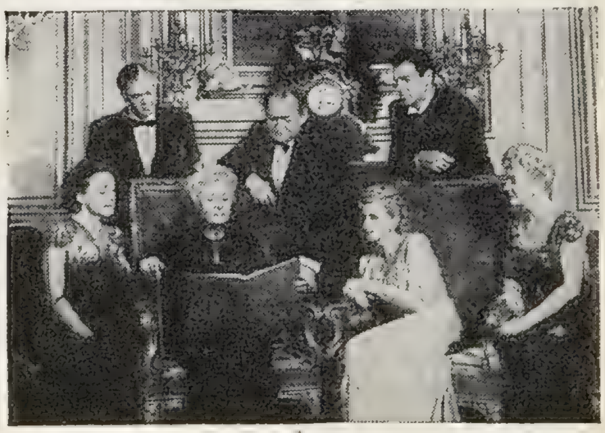
This two-hour story covers plenty of surface territory without going very deep; but it's sumptuous and well-acted, in the best Miniver-Curie tradition.

1 Major Parkington's mine has just blown up, killing Susie's mother. Remorse and real love make him decide to marry her.



2 Under the guidance of a former sweetheart of the major (Agnes Moorehead), Susie learns to spend her husband's money.

3 After three years, the major surprises his wife with a fabulous mansion. Secretly she wishes he had let her help plan it.



4 A faked volume of family "history" is octogenarian Susie's gift from her worthless money-grabbing grandchildren.

THE MASTER RACE

(Edward A. Golden-RKO)
George Coulouris, Stanley Ridges, Osa Massen

IS militaristic Germany already sending out plotters to disrupt the Allied reconstruction of Europe and pave the way to another war? This picture's subject matter, based on dangerous reality, is remarkably well-timed and of extreme importance. Unfortunately, in the script it bogs down into heterogeneous melodrama.

Nazi Colonel von Beck (George Coulouris), posing as a wounded Belgian, wangles his way into the Belgian village of Kolar. When the American Army takes over the job of reconstruction, he cunningly sows the seeds of discord among the townspeople. As if that were not enough, just about every conceivable type of human anguish is going on full blast in Kolar, with violence a-plenty. As in Golden's similar (and profitable) production, Hitler's Children, many of the situations are valid and moving, but they're all tossed together in a grandstand play for the sensational. This may prove exciting if you don't get a headache first.

1 Von Beck begins his machinations in Kolar by forcing the daughter of Nazi collaborationists to be his unwilling tool.

2 A Belgian wife, victimized by the Nazis in her husband's absence, mistrusts any friendly interest in her nameless child.

3 The villagers begin to quarrel as they go back to till the ruined fields. Von Beck's dupes cause them to mistrust Allied help.

4 But the American major in charge, gaining the loyalty of the townspeople by exposing von Beck, finally wins their applause.

MY PAL WOLF

(RKO)
Sharyn Moffett, Grey Shadow

A LONELY little girl and a big police dog make the basis of an appealing little story which deserves a better chance than it got here. But even if most of the grown-up characterizations are pointless and unreal, seven-year-old Sharyn Moffett is delightful all the way through. And Grey Shadow (a husky great-grandson of the famous Strongheart) is a real hunk of dog. As a lost Army dog who consoles a neglected little girl, he shares honors with Sharyn and some loyal, lovable small boys. Nice for the kids.

SPECIAL MENTION

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (Warner Bros.). Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre.
Chills and chuckles in a fast, funny version of the wacky Broadway hit.
DRAGON SEED (M-G-M). Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon.
A superb treatment of Pearl Buck's novel about wartime China.
FRENCHMAN'S CREEK (Paramount). Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova, Basil Rathbone.
A super-sumptuous, swashbuckling Technicolor romance. Fills the eye rather than the heart.
SINCE YOU WENT AWAY (United Artists). Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten.
David Selznick's sentiment-filled panorama of the American home front.
WILSON (20th Century-Fox). Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn, Ruth Nelson.
A grandly sweeping portrayal of idealist Wilson and his whole era. Top-notch film Americana.

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The greatest star of the screen!

You remember how America thrilled as a voice came over the radio—"Our planes have bombed Tokyo!"

★ ★ ★ ★

We thrilled again and again to learn how Lieutenant Colonel Doolittle led his men in the greatest gamble of the war—how they took off from the carrier "Hornet"—how they loosed their bombs on the city—how some were forced to abandon their planes over China—and how they found their way out.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now that epic story reaches the screen in M-G-M's mighty film, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", based on Captain Ted W. Lawson's *Collier's* serial and best-selling book.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now you can see for yourself what that adventure meant to the men who went out to avenge Pearl Harbor—the human story behind the boys who left home and sweethearts and wives to dare death in the skies.

"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is the story of their courage and their glory.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is one of the very few truly great pictures to come out of this war.

★ ★ ★ ★

Director Mervyn LeRoy and Producer Sam Zimbalist have imbued it with mounting excitement, gripping tension and warm human understanding.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has provided an ace cast—Van Johnson, Robert Walker (great roles for two rising young actors), Phyllis Thaxter, to name a few.

★ ★ ★ ★

AND—as a crowning touch—SPENCER TRACY as Lieutenant Colonel Doolittle.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is a thrilling picture that will make your American heart swell with pride... a prophecy of things to come.

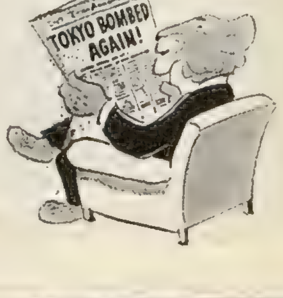
★ ★ ★ ★

As this is being written our planes are coming closer and closer to Tokyo. By the time you read it they may even have bombed Hirohito's capital again. If not, it won't be long now.

★ ★ ★ ★

And if we seem a little excited about the picture, you'll understand why when you see it.

—Leo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OR TO *Conceal*—

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BLUEPRINT FOR BATTLE

Continued from Page 23

preparations in the base hospitals to receive the wounded who presently would be coming back.

The Public Relations officer assigned the war correspondents through the fleet, and made arrangements to get their copy back to Pearl Harbor for censorship and wireless transmission to America.

Exact plans were drawn for the refueling of ships at sea, with times and locations precisely established in advance. There were plans for the replacement of pilots and planes inevitably to be lost in the carrier operations, and for the replenishment of bombs and shells for the ships' magazines. Such matters as religious services and paydays, mail deliveries and moving pictures, the treatment of Japanese prisoners, and the supply of American flags to hoist over newly won territory all went into the master plan.

While the specialists and their staffs labored over these endless details, other men with other talents created the plan of the battle itself: how it would be fought, and, above all, the time schedule for each successive phase of the action.

AMPHIBIOUS operations very distant from a fixed base require infinitely more careful advance thinking than would a forthright sea battle between fleets, or a military action fought out on land, for the simple reason that communication is difficult at sea.

A large number of carriers, not within sight of one another, must send sweeps of planes out toward the target in proper rotation. And when they are out of sight, when visual signals are not possible, they cannot check momentarily on what is going forward, because they cannot open the radio, except in the most critical circumstances. The enemy, with his radio direction finders, could learn very quickly and easily the manner in which the fleet was disposed. Likewise, approach waters at the beachheads must be swept clear of mines at the last possible moment. Otherwise we should lose all chances of surprise. The assaulting infantry must move in absolute unison, with an absolute minimum of communication between the command and the various echelons.

Under our doctrine, the five-pronged nature of these amphibious attacks is under the immediate direction of five men—each charged with his own particular duty. At Saipan, General Hale was responsible for the preliminary bombing by his own Seventh A. A. F. Admiral Mitscher directed the operations of the carrier-based aircraft of the Navy. Admiral Turner was in command of the landing operations—of clearing mine fields and knocking out fixed defenses and getting the troops from transports onto solid ground. Once they were established on the beachhead, General Smith of the Marines took over.

The fleet itself was under the command of Admiral Spruance, who was, in addition, the over-all commander of the entire operation. All other admirals and generals were subject to his orders.

Consider the difficulties which confront a commander like Admiral Spruance in such a widespread and complex action. He was on a ship, with his personal staff. General Hale was at his own advanced headquarters. Admiral Turner was on his own command ship, as close as he could get to the land operations, separated from the fleet. Admiral Mitscher was on the flagship of the Carrier Force. General Smith was on his headquarters ship, preparing to go ashore with his men.

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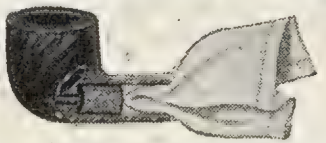

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At all PX's; Navy's

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It was impossible for the commanding officer to call a conference of his colleagues. It was extremely difficult even to communicate with them. He could open the radio to send out critical orders, of course. But the radio could not be used for the interchange of opinion and suggestion, except in the very gravest emergency. It was for these reasons that the plans were laid out in such very great detail in advance.

On the other hand, such plans must be flexible enough to allow for a wide variety of mischances, including mistakes on the part of the hundreds of echelon commanders involved, or violent and unexpected changes of weather, or opposition in strength far beyond our best calculations, or enemy activities difficult to foresee (such as the emergence of the Japanese fleet at Saipan, after it had been in hiding for twenty months).

Echelon commanders, therefore, are given two or three alternatives from the Preferred Plan. If everything goes as expected, they must use Plan 1, of course. If such and such should happen, they may use Optional Plan 2. If, again, this or that situation arises, they may use Optional Plan 3—being sure to signal everybody concerned which plan is in effect.

No battle plan, it is obvious, can ever be fixed and certain, for human beings are human beings, and enemies are enemies who do a little thinking on their own. So the outcome of a campaign always rests, finally, with the ranking officers who must conduct it. Nothing can take the place of flexibility, swift improvisation, an instinct for battle, in the minds of the men who must direct that battle.

When the Operation and Supply Plans are established and already working, with the Battle Plan agreed upon, the next step is the preparation of Battle Orders. These go to the Task Group commanders in the fleet, and to brigadiers in the Army and the Marines. And from these head men the Battle Orders filter down through the units, to ship's captains and air-group commanders, to colonels and majors and infantry captains and lieutenants and sergeants. They are passed, at first, verbally in briefing sessions. The colonels talk to the majors, and the majors in turn talk to their captains and lieutenants.

"Gentlemen, this is where you will fight, on Beach Green Two." (Pointer on one of the countless maps on the wall.) "The country is like this . . . The enemy is in Strength X, as far as we can determine. He has weapons A and B and V. The primary mission of your [regiment, battalion, company, platoon, squad] is to do this. . . . You will have support here, and there . . . . After taking the primary objective, you will move forward to . . ."

Finally, mimeographed sheets. Quite a file of them for the ship's captain or the colonel of a regiment. Perhaps a page or two for the second lieutenant. And all of them instruct in one vital thing: timing.

At the base, all through the long days at sea while the ships move closer and closer to the battle scene, men talk and ask questions and work out answers to them.

The pile of plans for the battle of the Marianas was some forty inches high. The reports from that same battle—from pilots and platoon commanders, from captains and colonels and generals and admirals—were nearly forty *feet* high. Hundreds of able and thoughtful Americans have been poring over them since the first one arrived, because it is upon such reports that the plans for the next campaign are built.

THE END

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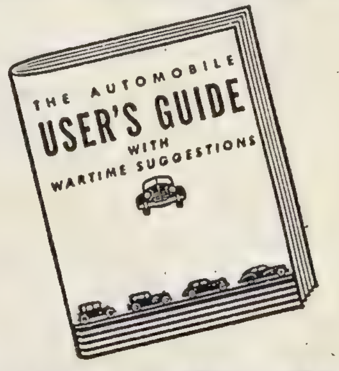
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SAYMAN LINIMENT

Made by the Makers of SAYMAN SALVE

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE

Continued from Page 35

the production of steel was at its height. With tanks and guns to be made for our armed forces, workers in the steel plants had no time to pose for motion pictures. Nor did they. Nor did Vidor expect them to. He prides himself on the fact that, although his steel sequences are breathlessly exciting, he did not once slow up production for a single second in a steel plant. All he had to do was train his Technicolor cameras in any one of a hundred directions over the four square miles of the throbbing South Works. He rushed his compact caravan of camera, sound, generator, electrical, wardrobe, and property trucks here and there in a crazy-quilt design to trap on celluloid the never-ceasing processes of steel in the making. There were no rehearsed scenes for Donlevy. When the steel began flowing, the cameras began grinding, and Donlevy began acting.

There is very little "process" used in the film. The exciting scene where Donlevy hangs by his fingernails to avoid the molten steel lapping at his feet is, of course, "faked," but then, Donlevy is a valuable actor. In fact, he cost M-G-M $162,500.

Vidor selected the South Works for his principal locale because of its grimy, greasy, weathered authenticity. The film's steel sequence takes place between 1900 and 1918. Construction of the South Works was started in 1880. While it is today a model of modern steel-making operations, it has maintained the traditions of the day when steel making was a matter of brawn and muscle, when a foreman in this same South Works held his job because he could lick any man who worked for him. This was the atmosphere and feeling of a lusty growing America that Vidor wanted for his steel episodes.

VIDOR completed the steel sequence in fourteen days. There was only one worry from the first, and that was Donlevy's. Donlevy wasn't sure how a Hollywood actor would be received in a steel plant. On the first day he felt awkward. But from the moment he stripped to the waist to work with the shovel gang at the No. 2 open hearth, he was in. He handled his shovel like a veteran, tossed ferromanganese into the blazing mouth of the furnace without complaining about the searing heat, and asked no favors. By nightfall the 17,000 workers at South Works had accepted Donlevy as one of themselves. "Hey," they said, "he's got hair on his chest."

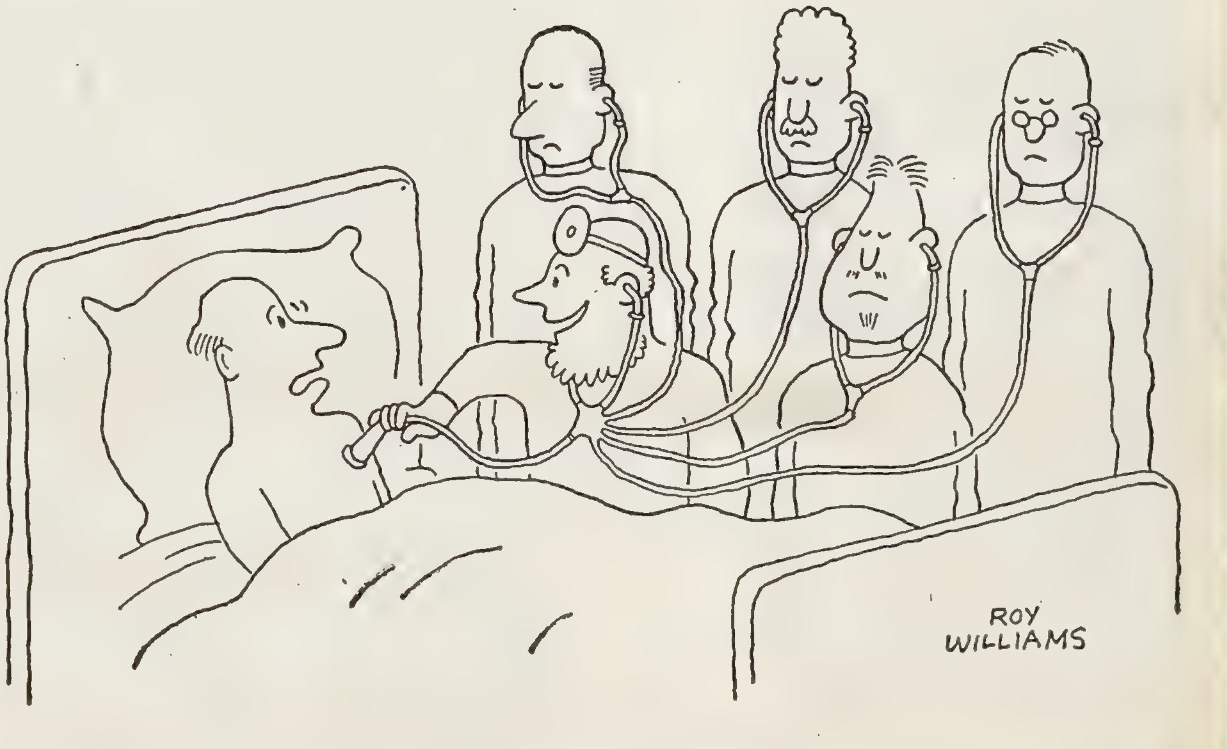
Since the automobile sequence has its setting in the years from 1918 to 1925, Vidor built his own assembly line at the studio. He obtained cars of the period, which later were torn down, renovated, and reassembled in the studio shops. Actual scenes of general automobile construction methods were filmed at the Chrysler factories in Detroit. Most of the aircraft scenes were made at the Douglas plant in California, which is built on the very spot where, in 1925, Vidor filmed the outstanding sequence of The Big Parade.

King Vidor, the grandson of an immigrant, was born and brought up in Galveston, Texas. The screen and its possibilities captured his imagination in his early teens. During a summer vacation he got a job at the local Rex movie house selling tickets and learned to operate the projection machine. When the projectionist went to lunch young Vidor would take over. His prized possession was a cheap, crude camera. By the time he was eighteen he had read about everything there was to read on photography, and got himself a job as the local newsreel cameraman for the old Mutual Company.

Later he went to New York, where he worked at the studios as an extra. With his savings he bought an automobile for fifty dollars and headed west. He arrived in San Francisco with exactly one dollar and ten cents. The San Francisco Exposition was in full swing, and it proved a lifesaver. As a newsreel cameraman he was entitled to a pass to the Exposition—and in those bountiful days there were free food samples galore at all the booths. Vidor lived on the samples until he could sell his car and continue on to Hollywood.

"It was during this period," he says, "that I developed a feeling for realism and a social consciousness. I rubbed elbows with all kinds of people, and I found them fascinating. The common man became the subject of all the stories I wrote. I was influenced perhaps by my own struggles."

In Hollywood he played extra parts and he worked at various times as a property man, script clerk, and cameraman. And all the time he kept writing stories about the common man which no studio would buy. He was an assistant director when he sold his first story. It was the fifty-second one he had written.



"These are my colleagues."

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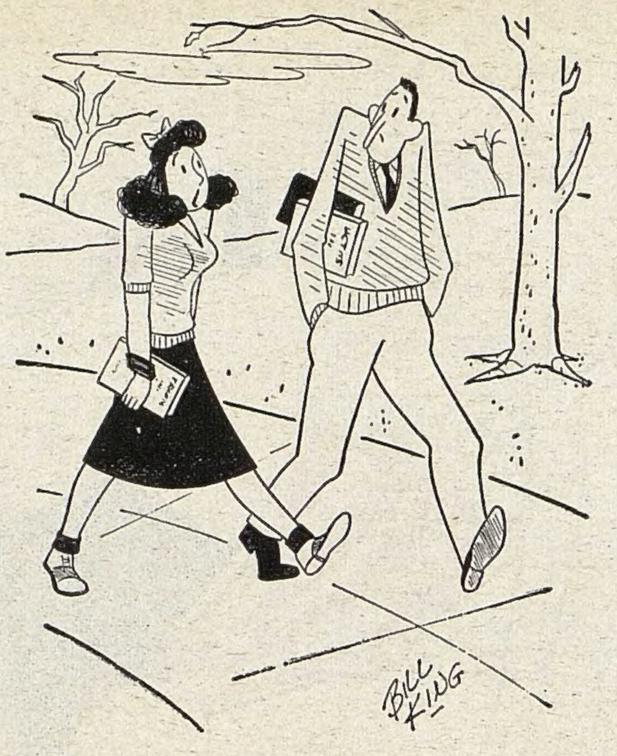
If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



"I have a terrible inferiority complex. I don't think I'm half as intelligent as I really am!"

When he became a director in 1920 he insisted, to the horror of some of his producers, that "the patched shirt of a workingman makes for a far more interesting story than the starched bosom of a society idler." His early pictures were Turn of a Road, Better Times, Poor Relations, The Other Half, The Family Honor, The Jack Knife Man, and Dusk to Dawn, most of them emphasizing social conditions generally, economic issues, unemployment, the relation of capital to labor.

In 1928 he wrote and directed The Crowd, a picture that drew raves from critics all over the country. Its theme—the story of two ordinary middle-class people seeking love, marriage, and happiness, but who are frustrated by their struggle to exist—was contrary to every Hollywood convention. It was, and is, one of the great pictures of Hollywood, but it was years ahead of its time and proved a financial failure. But Vidor quickly recovered his commercial position by directing two Marion Davies comedies.

It is no secret in Hollywood that a director who wants no part of the conventional picture pattern often gets a good stiff call-down from the front office. King Vidor, like many another ambitious director with ideas of his own, has often been forced to compromise. For instance, when the studio executives saw The Crowd, they immediately demanded a happy ending. Vidor said it was impossible. "Well, then," snapped one of the executives, "have it fade out with them laughing." So Vidor scrapped his original ending and substituted the one where the young couple are seated in a vaudeville theater, laughing at the antics of a clown.

But there was no compromise on An American Romance. Vidor was never cramped for time, money, or concept. When M-G-M said carte blanche, they meant exactly that. "An American Romance," says Vidor, "is the only picture I have ever made in which there was never at any time in its preparation or filming a compromise with the original idea. It is the first picture I have made without a single doubt. To me, it is not what you get out of making a picture, but what you give to it. No other picture to my knowledge has combined the elements of education and documentary presentation on so wide a scope and still remained within the realm of entertainment. My own satisfaction came in proving that it could be done."

THE END

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First Prize . . . . . .$500 in War Bonds
Second Prize . . . .$200 in War Bonds
Third Prize . . . . .$100 in War Bonds
and eight prizes of a $25 War Bond each.

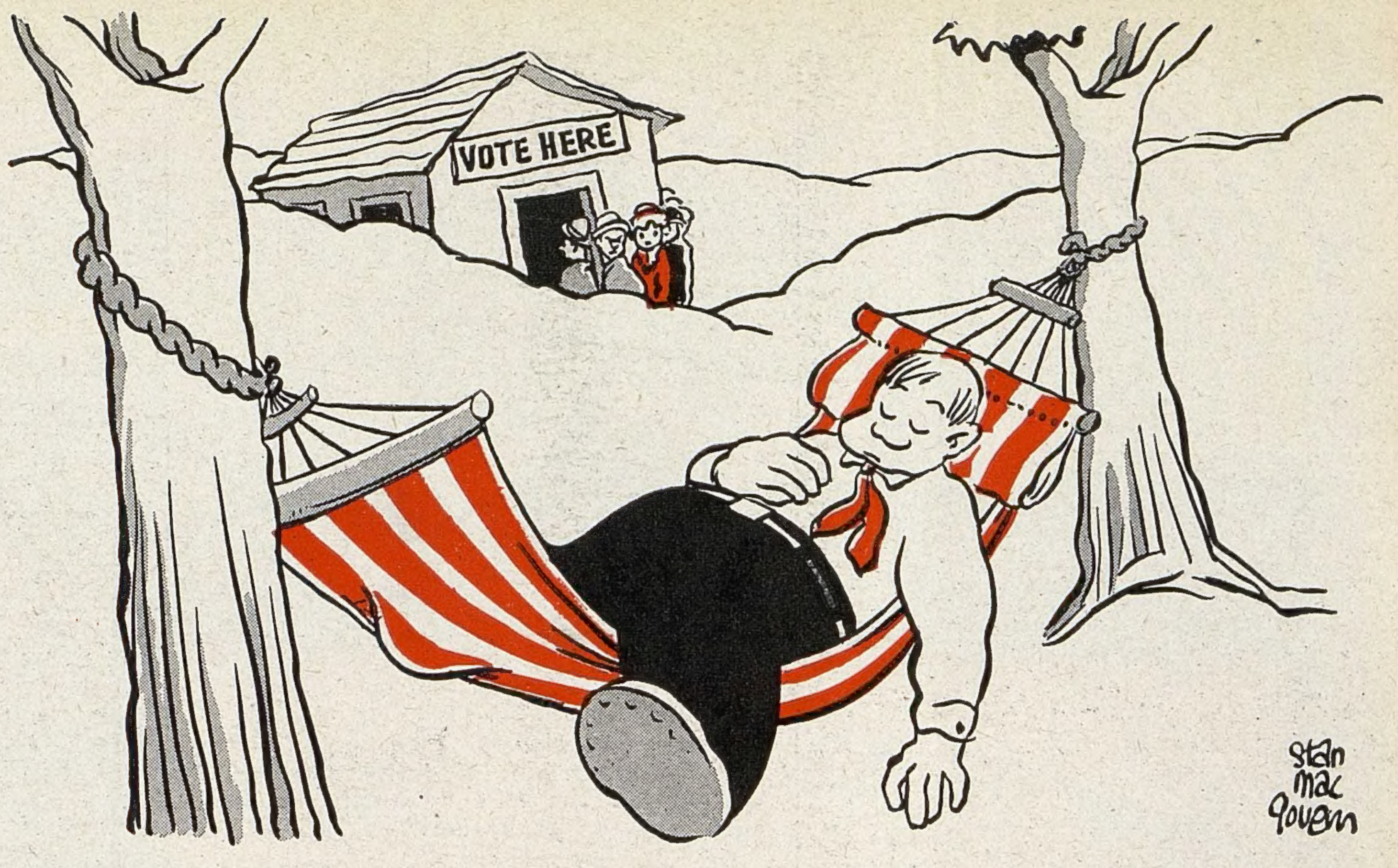
Send your entry to Contest Editor at the address shown below.

MIDWEST RADIO

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Dept. 29-B, Cincinnati 2, O.

NOV. 11, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



"Wake up, buddy! It's your future they're deciding."

ELECTION DAY— AMERICA'S DAY OF DECISION

TO some citizens, Tuesday, November 7, will be just another Tuesday. Yet, on this day we will conduct one of the fateful elections of our history. Some of us will work, others will play golf or rake leaves or clean out the cellar, unmindful of the fact that our future and the future of our children will be decided for years and decades to come.

On this day the American people have an opportunity to mold their future with their own hands, and to a great extent the future of the world itself. We can, by electing the right candidates, vote ourselves the brighter world to which we all look forward. Or by electing the wrong people we can lay the groundwork for turmoil at home and new and bloodier wars abroad which are sure to involve us whether we want to be involved or not.

Our chance to decide these things in the way we want them decided comes on November 7. It will not come again. By the time another election day rolls around the commitments made this Tuesday in all likelihood will have progressed so far as to be irrevocable. If, through laziness or indifference or a failure to realize the questions at stake, the American people lose this election by default and allow power to fall into the hands of wrong-headed incompetents, they will have no one but themselves to blame. Senator Ball of Minnesota recently took pains to point out the time for decision is *now.* The time to elect the right candidates is *now,* and the time to decide America's future is *now.*

If we elect or re-elect the obstructionists, isolationists, or irreconcilables whom history has proved to be so wrong, we are voting ourselves future trouble.

It is an imperative duty for every voter to look closely into the records and public statements of candidates for national office. While attention is centered on the candidates for President and Vice-President, we must not forget that those for the two branches of Congress are of equal importance. It is the national legislative bodies which determine by their votes the course this country is to take.

No congressman and no senator is unimportant. The voters of each state and of each congressional district must think clearly before they mark their ballots.

It goes without saying, of course, that citizens who are entitled to vote and do not do so in this election are guilty of something more than mere negligence. Voting is a prime obligation of citizenship. Anyone who reaps the benefits of citizenship of this country without carrying out his obligation to vote is not only a slacker but a fool. If through laziness or indifference he allows others to select his officials for him, he can have little ground for complaint as to how the country is run. Let make the total vote as close to 100 per cent as possible.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

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Salt Away War Bonds

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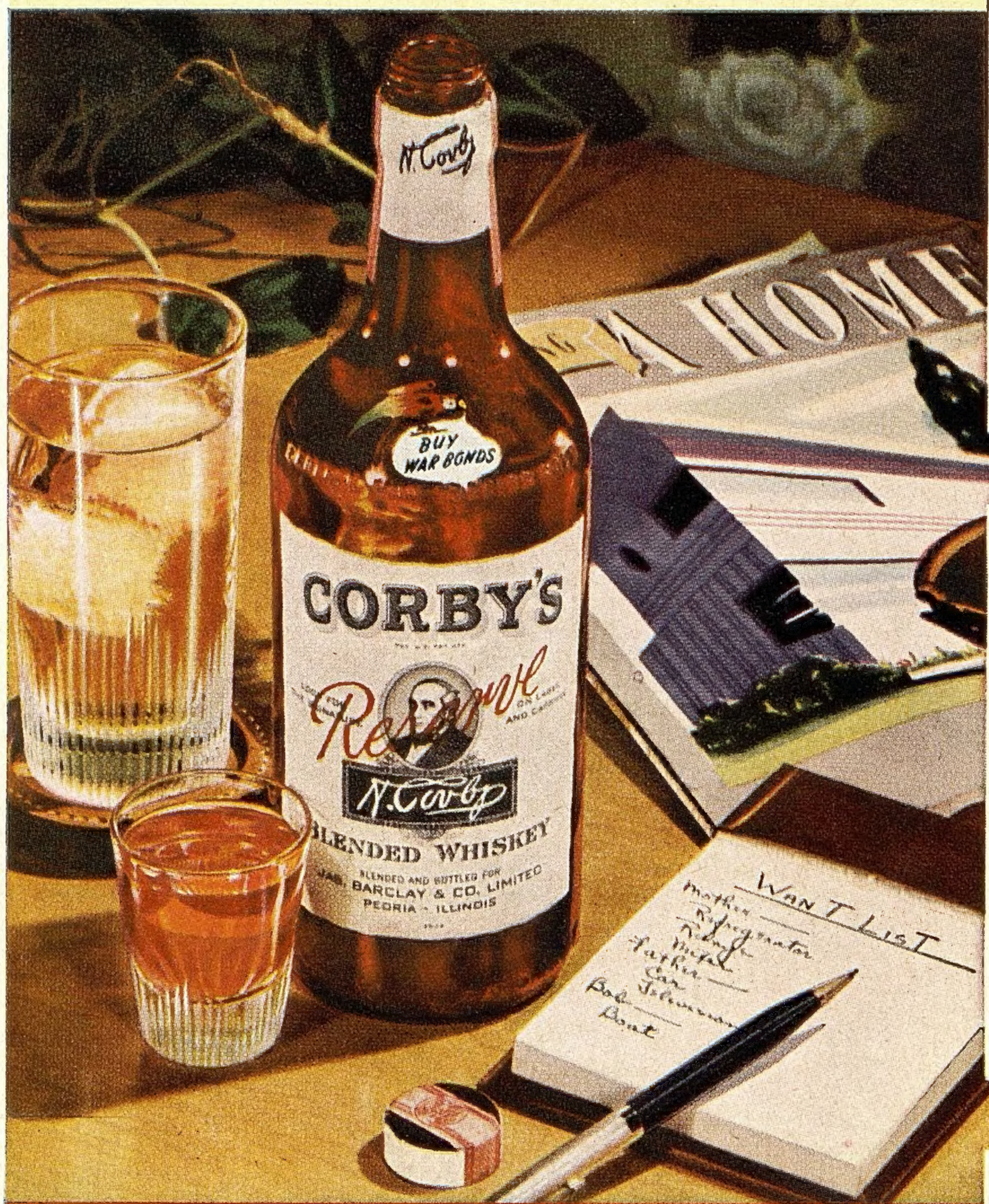
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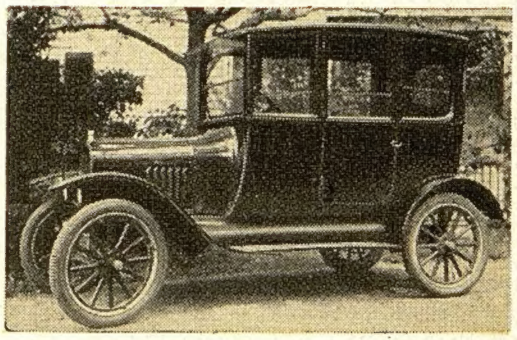
1869 **"BLACK FRIDAY"** in New York when an inflation bubble burst and the cry was "Gold!" Ready cash and sound bonds saved many in this crisis which came during Corby's 11th year of great whiskey tradition in Canada.



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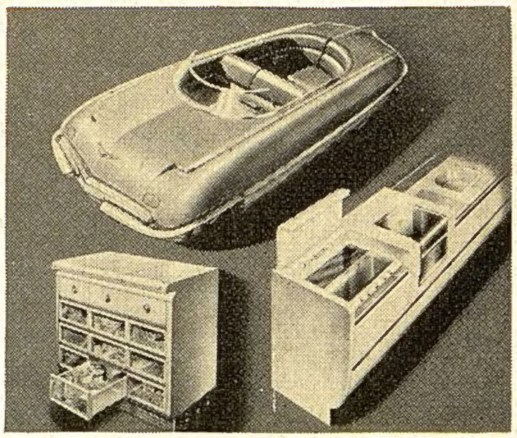

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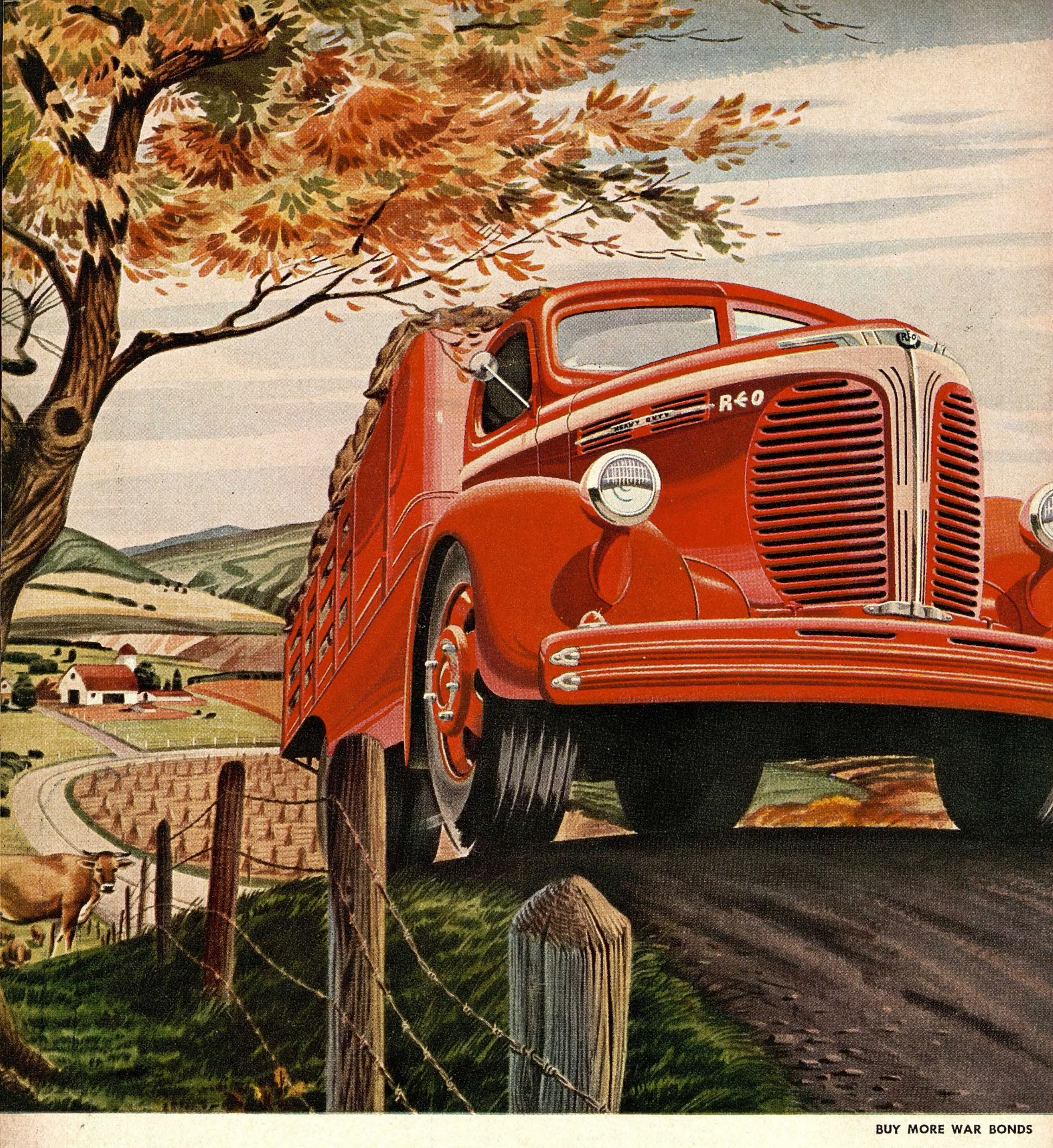

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